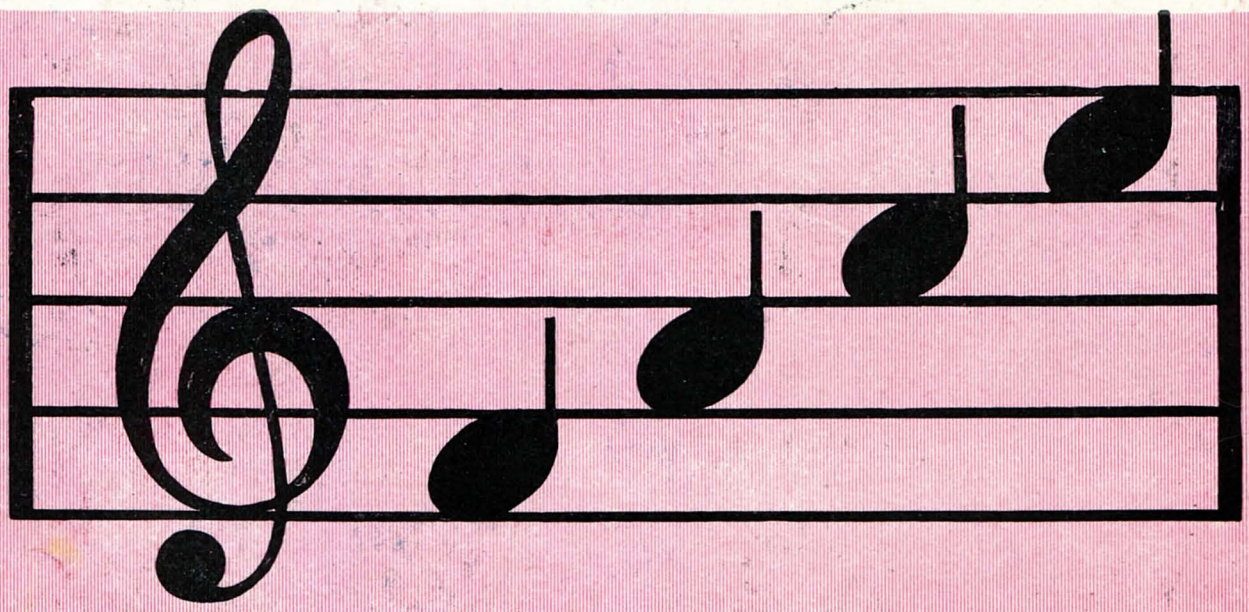
PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

FEB. 1923

20¢

The Best Magazine of the Screen

LILA LEE



See How Easy It Is To Learn Music This New Way

YOU know how easy it is to put letters together and form words, once you have learned the alphabet. Playing a musical instrument is not very much different. Once you learn the notes, playing melodies on the mandolin, piano or violin is simply a matter of putting the notes together correctly.

The first note shown above is F. Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember because they spell the word "face." Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano, represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

Anyone—can now learn to play a musical instrument at home, without a teacher. A new simplified method of teaching reduces all music to its simplest possible form. You can now master singing, piano-playing, or any musical instrument you wish right at home, quickly, easily, without endless study and practice.

Practice is essential, of course—but it's fun the new way. You'll begin to play melodies almost from the start. The "print-and-picture" method of self-teaching is fascinating; it's simply a matter of following one interesting step after another. You learn that the note in the first space is F, and that a certain key on the piano is F. Thereafter you will always be able to read F and play it whenever you see it. Just as you are able to recognize the letters that make a word, you will be able to recognize and play the notes that make a melody. It's easy, interesting.

You don't have to know anything whatever about music to learn to play a musical instrument this new way. You don't have to pin yourself down to regular hours, to regular classes. You practice whenever you can, learn as quickly as you please. All the intricate "mysteries" of music have been reduced to a method of amazing simplicity—each step is made as clear as A B C. Thousands have already learned to play their favorite musical instruments this splendid new quick way.

SUCCESS

"Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over $200 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine."—Melvin Freeland, Macopin, N. J.

"When I started with you I knew nothing about the Cornet or music but now I can play almost any piece of music."—Kasson Swan, Denmark, Col. Co., Nova Scotia.

"I want to extend the heartiest approval of your Piano Course. It has done more for me than years of other lessons."—Moxie N. Lewis, 319 Jefferson, Neosho, Mo.

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Courses for beginners or advanced pupils. Write at once for free book

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Violin	Sight Singing
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Flute	Trombone
Harp	Guitar
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Cello	Steel Guitar
Saxophone	Speech Culture
Mandolin	Finger Control
Voice and	
Automatic	

You Can Play Your Favorite Instrument Three Months From Today

If you are dissatisfied with your present work, let music act as the stepping-stone into a new career. If you long for a hobby, a means of self-expression, let music be the new interest in your life. If you wish to be a social favorite, if you wish to gain popularity—choose your favorite instrument and through the wonderful home-study method of the U. S. School of Music, play it three months from today.

You can do it. Youngsters of 10 to 12 years have done it, and men as old as 60 have found new interest and enjoyment in learning how to play a musical instrument.

You don't have to listen while others entertain any longer. YOU can be the center of attraction, the talented person who holds the audience fascinated.

Is it the piano you wish to play, the mandolin, the violin, the saxophone? Do you want to learn how to sing from notes? Are you eager to be able to play "jazz" on the clarinet, the banjo?

Free Book Explains New Method

It costs you nothing and obligates you in no way whatever to send for our free book called "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." Everyone who is interested in music should send at once for this valuable book. It not only explains the wonderful new simplified method of learning music, but tells about a special short time offer now being made to music-lovers.

Mail this coupon at once for your copy. Remember, it obligates you in no way whatever—it's free. But act now before the supply is exhausted

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
532 Brunswick Building New York

Please Write Your Name and Address Very Plainly, so that there will be no difficulty about the booklet reaching you.

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532 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

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(Name of Instrument or Course)

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

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City.....State.....

New Discovery Gives You Glorious Wavy Hair

Remarkable New Liquid Quickly Gives Every Girl a Wealth of Soft, Glistening, Curly Hair

If your hair is bobbed, Domino Curling Fluid will keep it wavy and in curl, without the least bit of bother.

NO longer need you envy the girl with beautiful wavy hair. For beauty experts have at last discovered a new harmless liquid, which gives even the most stubborn hair a wonderfully natural waviness and curliness.

This new liquid makes your hair fall in soft, fluffy waves and silky curls. It adds a wonderful new charm, youthfulness and beauty to your appearance. No fuss—no bother. Simply moisten the hair with a few drops of this wonderful new liquid called Domino Curling Fluid. One application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually for a week or more. Why ruin your hair with hot irons, or pay big fees to hairdressers? Try this new harmless method and see if your friends aren't amazed at the wonderful improvement in your appearance.

The youthful coiffure is kept at its best—wavy and fluffy—with just a few drops of this marvelous liquid.

An Amazing Discovery

Domino Curling Fluid is one of the greatest beauty discoveries made in years. It is entirely new—nothing just like it has ever been known or used before.

No matter how unruly or stubborn your hair may be—no matter how obstinately it has withstood your efforts to keep it curly—you will be simply astonished to see how quickly Domino Curling Fluid makes your hair soft, wavy and charming.

Busy mothers appear ever so much more youthful when their hair is "well dressed" with no straight wispy strands.

All you have to do is follow the simple, easy directions. Domino Curling Fluid is just what you have been waiting for—because it provides a new way to keep the hair wavy and curly, *without* the bothersome disadvantages of old-fashioned methods.

Special Offer—Send No Money

So that everyone may test this wonderful new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full size bottle of Domino Curling Fluid will be sent you by return mail. Although the regular price is $3.00, you may pay the postman the special reduced price of only $1.45 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

Every child can now have delightfully curly hair, in just the style she wants—*without* ruining her hair with hot irons.

Furthermore, if you are not more than delighted with the results, you may return the bottle within five days and your money will be instantly refunded. We have backed up this guarantee with a special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. Thus, you do not risk a penny.

ONLY $1.45

Send No Money

You have always longed for soft, wavy, curly hair. Here is your opportunity to have it—easily, quickly and surely.

The theatre and social functions call for more elaborate hair dressing and for this Domino Curling Fluid is indispensable.

Already Domino Curling Fluid is bringing new beauty and charm to thousands of others—and it will do the same for you. Mail the coupon now—today. Remember, on this special offer you get Domino Curling Fluid at a greatly reduced price. This offer may never appear again—so mail the coupon at once.

DOMINO HOUSE
PHILA., PA.

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Domino House, Dept. C-232,
269 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me one $3.00 bottle of Domino Curling Fluid. When the postman hands it to me, I will pay him $1.45 (plus few cents postage), in full payment. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I will return it in five days and you agree to promptly refund my money.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

If you wish you may send cash with order and save the postage. (Price outside U. S. $1.60 cash with order.)

Vol. XVII MONTHLY No. 6

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR

FEBRUARY, 1923

What the Fans Think 8
An open forum of discussion about motion pictures.

Can This Man Take Valentino's Place? 15
That is the job that faces Charles de Roche.

Beauty and the Beasts . . . . . Agnes Smith . . 16
Some things you may not know about contest winners and their fate in pictures.

Filming "The Covered Wagon" . . Sidney Blair . . 18
In reviving the historic days of '49 on a huge scale, Famous Players are making motion-picture history.

Our New Type of Screen Comedy . Gordon Gassaway . 21
Producers are now devoting themselves to satirical take-offs on popular "hokum" formulas.

In and Out of the Studios 24
Pictured glimpses of popular players on and off duty.

Where Do They Get that Stuff? . . Helen Klumph . 28
Delving into the sources of inspiration of players for their screen characterizations.

A New Vogue for Flappers . . . Grace Kingsley . 30
Pola Negri has set them in pursuit of the tragic mood.

The Observer 31
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.

Merton Comes to Broadway . . . Ted Evans . . 33
A glance at this now-famous character as portrayed by Glenn Hunter.

An Easy-chair Career . . . . . Myrtle Gebhart . 34
The life of Doris Pawn has been free from the usual movie struggles and excitement.

Favorite Picture Players 35
Portraits in rotogravure of popular players.

The Ups and Downs of Stardom . . Malcolm H. Oettinger 43
Bebe Daniels tells why she gave it up for merely featured rôles.

Memories on My Own Screen . . Norbert Lusk . . 44
Intimate recollections of long association with famous picture personalities.

How American Pictures Gladden Japanese Eyes Hideo Kouchi . . 47
A unique impression of their presentation and effect on Japanese fans, by one of them.

Who Will Be the Next Screen Idol? . Helen Klumph . 48
A survey of the list of young men from whose ranks he is most likely to appear.

The News Reel . . . . . Helen Klumph. . 51
Latest news of Hollywood and the doings of the screen players there.

Continued on the Second Page Following

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Photograph by Daguerre, Chicago

Miss Edna Hathaway, Premiere danseuse, Al Jolson's musical production, "Bombo." Formerly with Chicago Grand Opera Co. Ballet.

"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

Sergei Marinoff

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home."

FEW PEOPLE living outside of New York, Chicago, or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from $10 an hour.

But now, the famous Sergei Marinoff has worked out a system of home instruction. You can learn classic dancing in all its forms—interpretive, Russian, ballet, aesthetic, Greek—at a mere fraction of the cost of lessons in the studio.

A Fascinating Way to Learn

It is so easy and so delightful. Just put the record on the phonograph, slip into the dainty little dancing costume (furnished free with the Course) and you are ready to start. Now comes the voice of Marinoff himself instructing you, telling you what to do, while the spirited rhythm of the music inspires grace and confidence in you. And guided by the charts, the photographs of Marinoff and his students and the easy text, you master the technique of the dance.

Your progress is rapid and soon you develop confidence so that you are eager to dance before an audience.

FREE

Dancing Costume, Phonograph Records, Complete Studio Outfit

A dainty costume designed so as to permit free use of the limbs, ballet slippers, everything you need to help you with your lessons comes FREE with the course. Simple charts and beautiful photographs illustrate every lesson while phonograph records and simply worded text teach the essential points of technique. You can learn to dance, as you have always longed to dance, and your lessons will be pleasant and easy.

Charm and Grace

The natural beauty of the body is developed, an exquisite grace and flexibility cultivated by correct training in classic dancing. For better health—for greater beauty—for poise—for slenderness—dance! Dancing is the pleasantest form of exercise.

As a means of developing grace in children, dancing is unsurpassed. And with my method, mother and daughter can grow graceful together.

And Fortune—and Glory

The popularity of classic dancing grows greater every day. It has won its place in American life.

For the theatre — vaudeville — the movies—civic and college pageants—for private social affairs—everywhere the dancer is in demand. Startling salaries are paid. And those who can dance for charitable entertainments or for the pleasure of their friends quickly become social favorites. In addition, one is so much more desirable as a partner in ball room dances when she has developed a sense of rhythm, and cultivated suppleness through classic dancing.

Write to Sergei Marinoff

Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff at once and get complete information concerning his splendid system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. This information is *free.* Send the coupon today.

M. SERGEI MARINOFF
School of Classic Dancing
Studio 1282, 1922 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago

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Please send me FREE portfolio of art plates and full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that this is absolutely FREE.

Name .....

Address.....

Do you sing?.....*If not, would you like to?*.....

Contents—*Continued*

They Don't Want to Be Stars 54
Four girls who are content to be the screen's busiest leading ladies.

The Indiscretions of a Star . . . . . Inez Klumph . . 55
Romantic reminiscences of a popular screen hero.

The Screen in Review . . . . . Alison Smith . . 58
A critical summary of the important films of the month.

Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander . . 62
Intimate chatter about picture players, dispensed by Fanny the Fan.

The Great Unknown . . . . . John Addison Elliott . 65
A chat with him—known on the screen as John Gilbert.

What Every Extra Knows . . . . . Dorothea Knox . . 66
The final chapter in this helpful series on motion-picture acting.

She's Not a Limousine Star . . . . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 69
Phyllis Haver demonstrates that bathing beauties can have common sense, too.

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood . . . . Ethel Sands . . 70
She has a thrilling time with Ruth Roland and her serial company.

Their Gifts from Adoring Fans . . . . . Caroline Bell . . 72
An account of the quaint and interesting presents received by the stars.

The Seven Dolors of Pauline . . . . . Edwin Schallert . . 74
A pen sketch of the irrepressible new De Mille heroine, Pauline Garon.

Rex Ingram—Idol Smasher . . . . . Inez McCleary . . 83
He has iconoclastic ideas about pictures and players, and tells them.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases 85
Guideposts to help you select the film that suits your mood of the moment.

The Picture Oracle 94
Answers to questions of our readers.

How Did They Make This Marvelous Picture?

IT is a scene from "Omar the Tentmaker." In it *Omar* falls to dreaming. As he gazes at one of his jugs there appears in it the moving form of his beloved *Shireen.* Then beside the jug appears a huge ghost-like figure of *The Potter,* who suddenly is transformed into *Omar's* archenemy, the *Shah!* You can see by the posture of *Shireen* that she fears and is shrinking from the *Shah,* and that all three are acting as they would if it were real.

Edwin Schallert will tell you how it was done in an article, "Magic Shadows of Mystery" in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY. His is only one of several intensely interesting and informative features that the issue will contain. It is one that you will not want to miss.

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We will be pleased to send you our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

When Valentino Smiles.

AH, me, when Valentino smiles!

We—my husband and I—went to see "Blood and Sand." Several times during the picture I noticed husband looking at me, and each time I yawned—prettily, I hope. Later, driving home, husband remarked, "You like this—this Valentino?" I yawned—prettily, I hope—and fussing with my veil I answered, "After all, there is no one quite as safe and sane as Thomas Meighan, is there?" and I dared not look up for fear that husband might guess that I find Thomas Meighan most interesting when he is either a crook or a barbarian. "Funny, dear, but you always remind me of Thomas Meighan when you look like that—as if you would rather go fishing than have medals pinned on you." (I hoped that T. M. will forgive me, as husband is only good looking over the telephone!) Husband looked at me suddenly, and again I yawned—prettily, I hope—and I called myself names for being so stupid, for piling it on so thick.

Silence.

Five minutes later, still silence.

Now for another scene and no week-end trip, and I was longing to wear the new amber dress. How stupid of me!

Silence.

Perhaps I might return the amber dress to madame —*perhaps*.

At last husband spoke. I held my breath. "Margot, you've simply got to cut down on the electric bill."

Electric bills! What a relief. Electric bills; what are electric bills?—when Valentino smiles——

Ah, me!—when Valentino smiles.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. SINCLAIR DAVIS.

Are There Any More Nominations?

Nomination for the Hall of Infamy, suggested by Ernest Graydon in your December issue:

Famous Players-Lasky—for frittering Wallace Reid on nine trivial pictures in twelve months, instead of two or three worth-while ones, reasonably commensurate with his ability. T. J. L.

Lowell, Mass.

I suggest giving Goldwyn a niche in your "Hall of Infamy" for the utterly false, illogical, and stupid "happy ending" they tacked on to "The Sin Flood," which otherwise would have been such a splendid picture. JEROME CANDLER.

No. 5814 Samscroft Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Recipe for Producers.

There is so much agitation about better pictures, but really, I don't see why there should be. Why try to make the pictures highbrow and thus deprive the vast majority of one of their few pleasures? The common people don't want anything highbrow. The wealthy have enough without hogging the movies. Continue to make them like—well, here is my tried recipe for all pictures. I can recommend it highly to any producer:

1 slim, green, heroine, slightly spoiled
1 fresh, hard-boiled villain—may be pickled in own liquor.
1 tender, well-dressed hero, with berries.

Place heroine on screen while crisp and delicious. Mash hero and heroine. Gradually stir in villain with a crust. Mix together. Chill. Quickly enter hero, after heroine is all stirred up. Beat villain. Put in hot water, and bring to boiling point. Can villain. Season with spice. Peel wedding bells, and add if desired. Bake in hot oven, but turn out when only half baked. Serve a little raw, either plain or with thin French dressing. May be passed by censors.

For the sake of a long-suffering public, I am willing to let the producers have it free of charge.

San Jose, California. ISABEL SHAW.

From a Disappointed Fan.

I wonder why it is that the moment a player arrives at stardom, he or she is almost invariably cast in a succession of hopeless, namby-pamby vehicles.

Take that superb actor, Dick Barthelmess. The public first began to notice him when he played the juvenile in "The Valentine Girl." In his subsequent pictures with Dorothy Gish he gained more and more in the estimation of the fans. But it was not until he rendered the *Chink* in "Broken Blossoms," that wonderful picture, that people said, "Dick Barthelmess certainly can act."

After this triumph, we saw him in several good pictures, among them "The Idol Dancer" and "Way Down East." These served to clinch his popularity. But now that he has arrived, we see him as "Tol'able David"—a fairly good picture. We are tricked into sitting through "The Seventh Day," his next picture. What a silly, overdrawn, unconvincing affair it was! And last and least, "Sonny."

Acting is the play instinct. Nobody will dispute the fact that Dick Barthelmess has it.

Now it is claimed by psychologists that an instinct long in disuse finally disappears. Casting directors, or fate, is conspiring to keep Dick's instinct to act in disuse. I, for one, refuse to witness the decline of the most promising young actor in the business. So when his next picture is shown in our town, I shall make myself conspicuous by my absence—unless—unless—but what's the use? LOIS DORNING.

Tacoma, Wash.

Good Looks Are Not All.

Why do fans so often judge a picture by the looks of the stars acting in it? Good looks are assets to movie actors, but could Thomas Meighan move audiences as he did in "Male and Female," or in his latest, "Manslaughter," on his good looks alone? I say no!

Continued on page 10

Free Proof

You Can Learn to Dance In One Evening at Home!

Why be a wallflower? Why miss most of the real fun when you can so easily learn to dance in a single evening right in the privacy of your own home?

Aren't they foolish to envy wonderful dancing ability when they could so easily and quickly learn to dance in their own home?

WEEK end parties—little social affairs—formal and informal occasions—regular dances—the phonograph or orchestra going with toe-tickling music—couples whirling around, dancing the very latest steps—everybody happy, carefree, and having a fine time!

It's a shame for you not to know how to dance, when it is so easy to learn. Arthur Murray, America's greatest dancing teacher, has perfected a wonderful new method that enables you to learn any of the very latest dances in a few minutes—and to learn all of them in a few hours.

Even if you don't know one step from another, you can very quickly learn to dance in a single evening through this method. You don't need to leave your home to learn—you can master any dance in your own room after a few practice steps. And you can now prove it—at Arthur Murray's expense. He will teach you to dance in one evening or your lessons won't cost you a cent. Then, at the very next affair when dancing begins, you can step right out with absolute confidence that every movement you make is perfectly correct, whether you are dancing the Fox Trot, One Step, College Rock, Conversation Walk, Waltz, or any of the newer steps.

Here's What a Few Say:

I am well satisfied that your way of teaching is best. I have taken lessons from dancing teachers in Huntington, W. Va., Chattanooga, Tenn., and Birmingham, Ala. Your instructions are better than the personal teachers, and thru your methods I am becoming a good dancer. I will do all in my power to get new pupils for you.

J. T. BERRY,
Anniston, Ala.

I want to tell you how wonderful your course is. I was taught by other dancing teachers, but I prefer your lessons because I accomplished more and learned more quickly thru your lessons than by other teachers. I am now enjoying myself very much, and advise all those who want to know the correct way of dancing to take your lessons. I am enjoying many pleasant hours.

E. P. MORRIS
3497 Elgin Ave.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

I am delighted with the lessons. People are amazed at the ease with which one grasps the idea from your directions. I feel grateful to you.

GRACE THREFALL
Guler, Wash.

I have made use of all the instructions sent me and am well pleased with the course.

BEULAH ROGERS,
4471 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Your course has given me a good knowledge of dancing. I am getting along fine.

WILLIAM KOLICH,
Elizabeth, N. J.

I know your lessons pretty well. I attended a dance Thursday and got a compliment on my dancing. You know I never danced before and when I got into the ballroom I was the equal of them all. They sure were surprised.

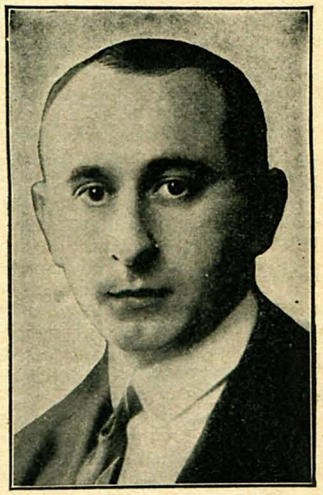
ARMOND MAROHL
Mayville, Wis.

I must say that your dancing course is just simply great! Last night was the first time I danced. I even danced with the best dancers around here, and they all marvelled at how well I danced.

HILDA WERTH,
Hampton, Neb.

Learn Without Partner or Music

With Arthur Murray's remarkable correspondence method, you don't need anyone to explain the simple instructions—neither do you actually require music. After you have learned the steps alone in your own room, you can dance perfectly with anyone. It will also be quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.



This is Arthur Murray, Dancing Instructor to the Vanderbilts and many other fashionable people. He has taught more than 60,000 people how to dance, through his unique easy learn-at-home methods

Arthur Murray is recognized as America's foremost authority on social dancing. Such people as the Vanderbilts, Ex - Governor Locke Craig, as well as scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him. And more than 60,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers through his learn-at-home system.

Special Free Proof Offer

Private instruction in Mr. Murray's studio would cost you $10 for each lesson. But through his new method of teaching dancing in your own home, you get the same high class instruction at a ridiculously low price. And if you aren't delighted, it doesn't cost you a penny.

Here is Mr. Murray's special offer—made for a limited time and the right is reserved to withdraw it at any time without notice. He will send you the following sixteen lessons for five days' free trial.

The Correct Dancing Position—How to Gain Confidence—How to Follow Successfully—The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive—The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot—The Basic Principles in Waltzing—How to Waltz Backward—The Secret of Leading—The Chasse in the Fox Trot—The Forward Waltz Step—How to Leave One Partner to Dance with Another—How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance—What the Advanced Dancer Should Know—How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm—Etiquette of the Ballroom.

Send No Money—Not One Cent

All you need to do to get these sixteen lessons is to simply fill in and mail the coupon and the complete sixteen lessons will be promptly sent. When the postman hands them to you, just deposit $1.00 with him, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. Then examine the system carefully for five days, follow the easy instructions and prove to yourself that you have found the quickest, easiest, most delightful method to learn to dance. If, within 5 days you desire to do so, return the course and your dollar will be promptly refunded to you. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it is yours without any further payment.

You positively cannot fail to become a perfect dancer if you follow the few easy instructions. In fact your satisfaction is guaranteed. Remember, you send no money in advance, just sign and mail the coupon and the complete sixteen-lesson course will come to you by return mail. But mail the coupon now—you may never see this offer again.

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Studio 562, 801 Madison Ave., New York

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 562
801 Madison Avenue, New York

To prove that you can teach me to dance in one evening at home you may send the sixteen-lesson-course and when the postman hands it to me I will deposit $1.00 with him (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. If within five days I decide to return the course I may do so and you will refund my money promptly and without question.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls you may send the dollar with coupon and we will pay postage. Price outside U. S. $1.10 cash with order.

"I'm making real money now"

"SEE that coupon? Remember the day you urged me to send it to Scranton? It was the best thing I ever did.

"Mr. Carter called me in today. Said he'd been watching my work for some time—ever since he learned I was studying with the International Correspondence Schools.

"Then he asked me if I thought I could take over Bill Stevens' job. I told him I was sure that I could—that I had had that goal in view ever since I started my I. C. S. course.

"I start tomorrow, Mary, at an increase of $60 a month. It's wonderful how spare-time study helps a man to get ahead."

FOR thirty years, the I. C. S. has been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

It is the superb effort he makes to bring out the meaning of the picture that makes "Manslaughter" what it is: one of the best ever produced. Both Richard Barthelmess and Wallace Reid are on the right road, and there are many others, both men and women, who are working to make a success, and to bring splendid pictures before an unappreciative public.

Success to one and all of them.

MARY H. ROBERTS.

R. D. 3, Manchester, N. H.

An Arraignment of Movies in General.

Though I am a regular movie-goer, I seldom or never experience the standard reactions. Perhaps, therefore, I cannot qualify as a fan. Nevertheless, I have some opinions about the screen which I should like to express.

To me it is rarely the picture seen that I find fascinating. It is its promise of a radiant future. Some day it is going to dawn on some wide-visioned producer that there is a residuum among us who are not mental cripples; that this minority, although cold to bacchanals, bathing beauties, and similar extraneous decorations, will answer to the appeal of illusion, poetry, logic, and common sense; that there is a distinction between good and lavish pictures—though, on occasion, those adjectives may combine; that by the elimination of outrageously and unnecessarily extravagant features, statistics of which have been fed to us *ad nauseam*, a picture stands a chance of being a financial success, even though it cannot count upon crowded houses in ten thousand villages and neighborhood playhouses.

The trouble with the pictures to-day is that they are so almost uniformly *cheap*—cheap in theme, cheap in sentiment, cheap in taste—no matter how much they may happen to have cost in money. And if they are not cheap in theme, how often the treatment they receive at the hands of directors makes them so. Take "Manslaughter," for example, as vital, straightforward, and dramatic a theme as any adapter could ask, butchered to make a Roman holiday. And those prison scenes! The night I saw the picture the audience laughed at them, and for the best of all reasons.

What the screen needs just now is a certain type of intellectual class consciousness. The speaking stage does not cater exclusively to people of one mental caliber; why should the moving picture producers do so? As it is to-day, the appeal of the movies to the individual of normal intelligence must be that of the dime novel to Lord Macaulay, who kept a careful tabulation on the fly leaf of each volume read of the number of times the heroine fainted, burst into tears, or did some other particularly inopportune thing. Indeed, the obvious absurdities of nine out of ten of the stories set forth on the screen—and, incidentally, of much of the acting of them—are an inexhaustible source of entertainment. Marv J. Holmes, The Duchess, Bertha M. Clay, Laura Jean Libby, these and such as these are indeed outdone.

Not that there are not a few oases in the desert of slush. I confess that I have sometimes gone to scoff and remained—well, not exactly to pray, but to watch with genuine pleasure a picture or a player whose standards of excellence might well be compared with those of the speaking stage. For example, "Broken Blossoms," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—more effective than Mansfield's performance, impressive as that actor was in it—"The Miracle Man"—better than either novel or stage play—"The Four Horsemen," "Orphans of the Storm," "Nanook of the North," and altogether worthy of being included among these screen masterpieces the recently seen "Blood and Sand"—pervaded with a spirit and atmosphere impossible to commend too highly, and also much more interesting than either novel or play.

In connection with this exceptional performance, I want to record a protest against the failure of the screen Solons to give Rodolph Valentino, the hero of that film, a square deal. Of course, I am aware that, considering the amount of adulation in which this particular young man is at present submerged, such a protest may seem erratic. But adulation is one thing and judicious appreciation is "something else again." The latter alone is wholesome, and no artist worth his salt wants publicity—tons of it, at that—based almost solely on his vogue as a matinée idol.

For Valentino deserves something better. I happen to have seen him in some ten different pictures; and although, with the exception of those directed by Ingram and "Blood and Sand," all were more or less "piffle," at some moment or other in each of them he managed to demonstrate his possession of the one asset which stamps a screen player as an actor; namely, the gift of pantomimic expression, intuitive, subtle, spontaneous, and extraordinarily vivid and varied. Moreover, he has created a new field for himself—exotic romance. It is a field which includes a wide range of character and adventure work, and let us hope that he will be wise enough to remain within it.

It is an unfortunate fact that, in America at least, scarcely a handful of people in an average audience discriminates between personality and artistry. With the exception of Lillian Gish, John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, and a very few others, scarcely a leading figure on the screen has a repertoire of much over half a dozen gestures or facial expressions. In the case of Valentino, however, no other player needs subtitles less. Eyes, mouth, hands, and body are made to serve in the unexaggerated projection of his mental and emotional reactions. Watch his category of smiles in "Blood and Sand." Then contrast these varied expressions with even Charlie Chaplin's one unchanging, ungenial, forced grimace—on the whole the most disagreeable smile I have seen on screen or stage.

Another of Valentino's feats is to play both a peasant and a gentleman convincingly, an effort few actors have attempted successfully. And, thank the Lord, he can stand still and listen.

And now—why is it that film players are so seldom discussed from such points of view as those set forth above? Why should the crush of a lot of silly women, or Valentino's own legal entanglements or views of love and matrimony—assuming that they are his—seem so much more important to most reviewers?

Unfortunately—or is it perhaps fortunately?—for Valentino, he has a hard fight ahead to make one of the most Chauvinistic of nations—in spite of our many boasts of freedom from intolerance—accept him at his true artistic value. He is a foreigner; professional jealousy

Continued on page 104

We Offer $1000 and Royalties

For New and Better Screen Stories Acceptable for Our Productions

UNDER the new Palmer Photoplay Production Plan—just inaugurated—we offer to those who can create scenarios acceptable for our own productions a minimum of $1000 and royalties.

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But these rich rewards will go to new writers, such as those whom we have discovered and developed in the past—men and women in every walk of life who perhaps do not now dream that they are qualified for this work.

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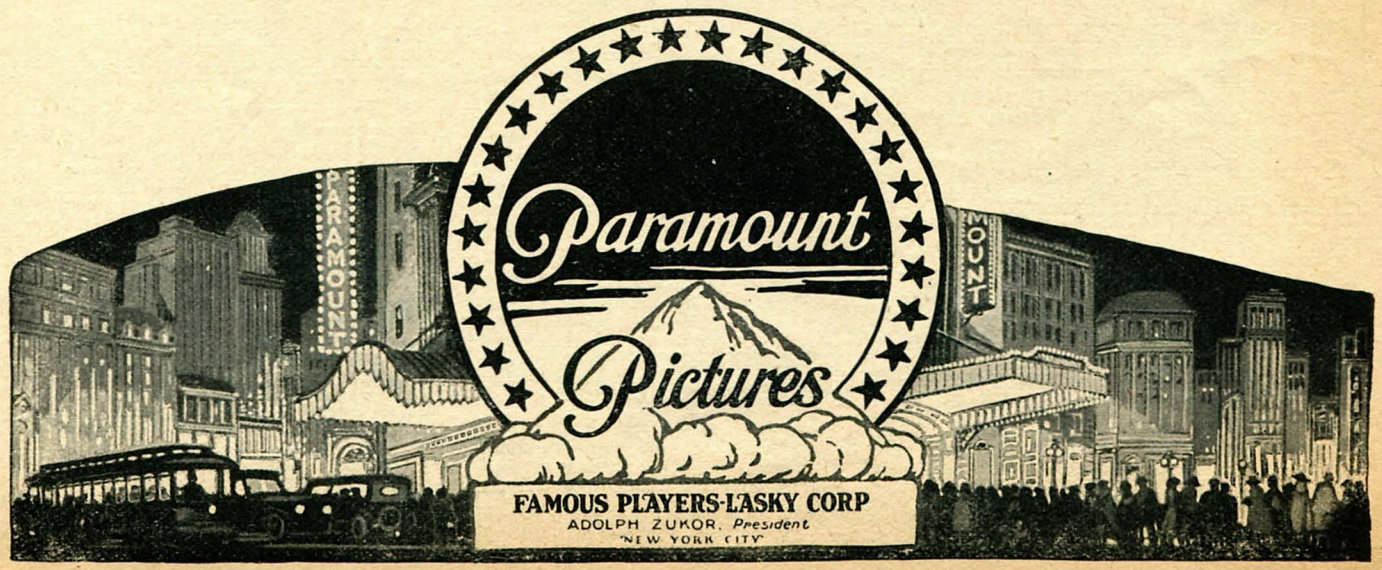

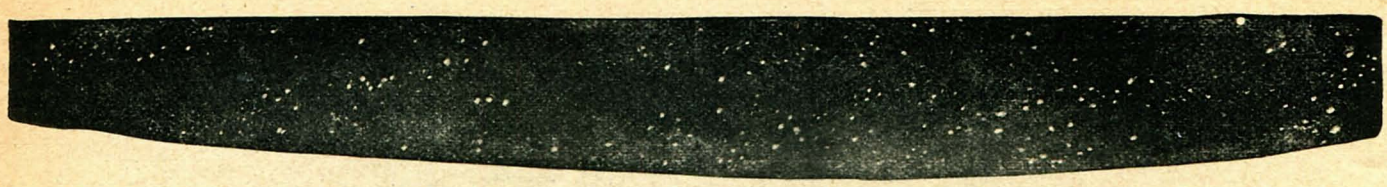

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DATE

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A Cosmopolitan Production

DOROTHY DALTON in
"Dark Secrets"
by Edmund Goulding
Directed by Victor Fleming

GLORIA SWANSON in
"My American Wife"
by Monte M. Katterjohn, based on the story by Hector Turnbull

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production
"Adam's Rib"
by Jeanie Macpherson
With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon

"Drums of Destiny"
With MARY MILES MINTER
Supported by George Fawcett
Adapted by Will M. Ritchey from "Sacrifice"
by Stephen French Whitman

JACK HOLT in
"Nobody's Money"
by William LeBaron
Directed by Wallace Worsley
Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix

A George Melford Production
"JAVA HEAD"
With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan, Raymond Hatton
By Joseph Hergesheimer
Scenario by Waldemar Young

BETTY COMPSON in
"The White Flower"
Story and direction by Julia Crawford Ivers

MARION DAVIES in
"Adam and Eva"
Directed by Robert Vignola
From the play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton
Scenario by Luther Reed
A Cosmopolitan Production

AGNES AYRES in
"Racing Hearts"
With Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix
By Byron Morgan
Directed by Paul Powell
Scenario by Will M. Ritchey

A James Cruze Production
"THE COVERED WAGON"
By Emerson Hough
Scenario by Jack Cunningham
Paramount's great epic drama

"THE Nth COMMANDMENT"
By Fannie Hurst
Directed by Frank Borzage
Scenario by Frances Marion
A Cosmopolitan Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"The Ne'er-Do-Well"
By Rex Beach
Directed by Alfred Green
Scenario by Tom Geraghty

DATE

ALICE BRADY in
"The Leopardess"
By Katharine Newlin Burt
Directed by Henry Kolker
Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller

POLA NEGRI in
A George Fitzmaurice Production
"BELLA DONNA"
Supported by Conway Tearle and Conrad Nagel
By Robert Hichens
Scenario by Ouida Bergere
Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corporation

A William deMille Production
"GRUMPY"
With Theodore Roberts, May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel
By Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval
Screen play by Clara Beranger

"THE GO-GETTER"
By Peter B. Kyne
With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes
Directed by E. H. Griffith
Scenario by John Lynch
A Cosmopolitan Production

GLORIA SWANSON in
"Prodigal Daughters"
Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn
From the story by Joseph Hocking
A Sam Wood Production

A George Melford Production
"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"
With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi and Lewis Stone
by Hector Turnbull

An Allan Dwan Production
"The Glimpses of the Moon"
With BEBE DANIELS
and Nita Naldi
By Edith Wharton
Scenario by Edfrid Bingham

MARY MILES MINTER in
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
With Antonio Moreno
From the novel by John Fox, Jr. and the play by Eugene Walter
Directed by Charles Maigne

DOROTHY DALTON in
"The Law of the Lawless"
From a Pictorial Review Story by Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

JACK HOLT in
"The Tiger's Claw"
By Jack Cunningham
Directed by Joseph Henabery

WALTER HIERS and JACQUELINE LOGAN in
"Mr. Billings Spends His Dime"
By Dana Burnett
Directed by Wesley Ruggles
Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The RUSTLE OF SILK"
With Betty Compson and Conway Tearle
By Cosmo Hamilton
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

DATE

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Ethyle Barrymore's great Empire Theater success
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By John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse
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Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino

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Conrad Nagel and Robert Cain
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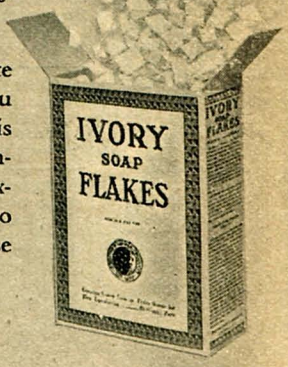

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XVII FEBRUARY, 1923 No. 6

Photo by Pach Bros.

Can This Man Take Valentino's Place?

WHEN the adored Rodolph abruptly left the Paramount fold, the company executives had a hurried consultation as to whom they could get to take his place for the productions soon to be started, in which Valentino was to have appeared. The result of their deliberations was a cable to France to Charles de Roche who left on the next steamer and who is now at work in Hollywood. De Roche is a French actor who had played in "The Spanish Jade," a Paramount picture which John Robertson made in Europe. He will first make a picture with Dorothy Dalton and will then be starred in "The Spanish Cavalier."

Beauty and

What has become of the scores contests, have been

By Agnes

Photo by Witzel

Claire Windsor is one of the real beauties of the screen. Yet she worked for years as an extra before Lois Weber discovered her.

ABOUT a year ago a congressman—I think it was Mr. Herrick, of Oklahoma—wanted to start a law forbidding beauty contests. And every one thought the gentleman was just too quaint and funny for words—something like William Jennings Bryan. After almost a year in Hollywood, I can see no deficiencies in the man's power of reason. Perhaps I am a crab, but——

How many winners of beauty contests are now screen stars as per promise? There is Lois Wilson. Miss Wilson has had to work so hard, to live so strictly, and to play so many parts that she has forgotten she once was a professional beauty. The others? Well, some of them are playing small parts and drifting around Hollywood with bewildered parents who don't know what it is all about. I may have overlooked some successful ones, but I certainly cannot now recall any.

But meanwhile, in all the small towns in the country, the prettiest girl in the high school, the prettiest girl in the office, and the prettiest girl at the country club dance thinks she is destined for a great screen career. They do not know that there are so many pretty girls in Los Angeles with some motion-picture experience that the casting director of any studio says "Nothing at present" on an average of two hundred and fifty-six times a day. They do not realize that, although a girl is at an advantage if she is beautiful, one must be able to act if one is to earn anything but a precarious living in motion pictures.

In the smaller communities, beauty contests are popular. Many motion-picture companies will agree to give the winner a chance to play a screen part. It is all good publicity, and it makes the home folks and the friends of the temporarily lucky girl feel good. And then what happens? With a brass band to see her to the depot, the girl and her parents depart for the Golden West, all ready for fame and fortune. The girl is introduced to the director who is usually polite about it. He gives her a screen test.

Helen Christine Bennett has told you about the terrors of a screen test. The beauty takes the test, and the director watches the result in the projection room. The beauty may look all right, but screen acting is like dancing—you can't do it until you learn. The girl, at first, is bound to be stiff, awkward, and jerky. The director swears under his breath; sometimes he swears out loud. But the beauty must go into the picture so he assigns her to a small rôle. For the sake of art he does his best.

When the film is ready to be cut, the staff of the company takes a long look at the picture and then decides that the beauty is unnecessary—in fact a distinct bad spot. Her scenes are eliminated or else she is used only as "background." The company has fulfilled its agreement, and the beauty is free to try some other casting director. If she is wise, she doesn't tell the casting director that she once was the winner of a beauty contest.

The picture is turned loose on a waiting public, and no one is interested in the beauty except the home folks who approach the long suffering man who runs the local theater. The manager screams to the company for the scenes in which the beauty does her best emoting and the company digs the scenes from the scrap

the Beasts

of girls who, as winners of beauty given screen try outs?

Smith

heap—if they can find them—and sends them on. But they are only used for local consumption.

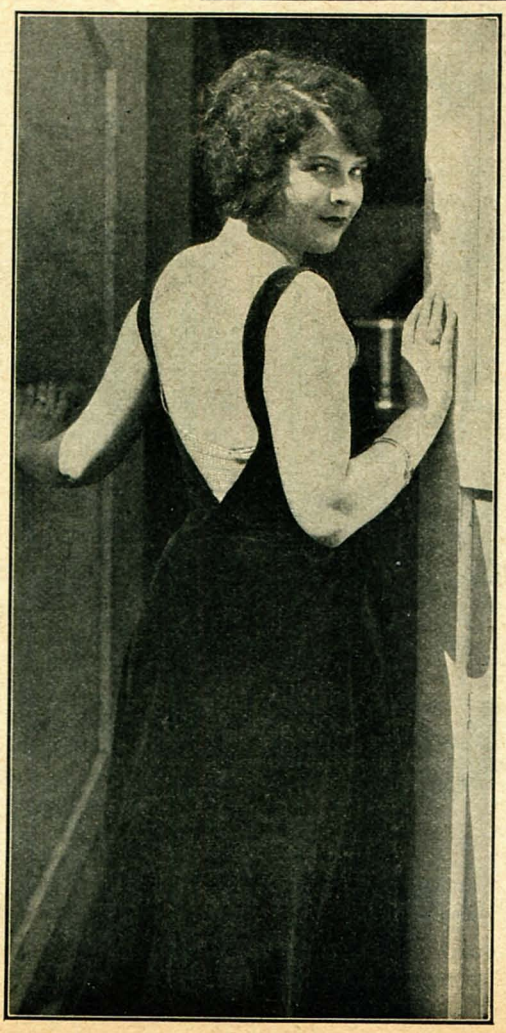
It is all very humiliating. Sometimes the beauty goes home in tears and says that the movies are all wrong and no place for a good girl. But she does not confess that Hollywood is no place for a girl who can't act and who isn't willing to work. I know of a girl who won a beauty contest; she played in one picture. After that, there was no work. But she kept at it. She took her savings and studied acting. She played extra rôles. She behaved like a good sport. Some day you will hear of her. Just now, it wouldn't be fair to mention her name.

I am not trying to prove that there is no place in the movies for a pretty and ambitious girl. I am merely trying to prove that it is better to look before you leap. There are plenty of tragedies around Hollywood. The heroines are the beautiful girls who persuaded pa and ma to sell the farm, rent an expensive bungalow and allow daughter to become an actress. Not being unprejudiced critics, pa and ma had no way of learning whether or not the beautiful daughter could act.

Even the stars who are noted for their beauty don't have an easy time. Katherine MacDonald was an artists' model and a chorus girl before she came to motion pictures. Her sister Mary MacLaren has gone to New York to study acting. Claire Windsor worked for years in extra parts before Lois Weber discovered her. Norma and Constance Talmadge were brought up in a studio. Jacqueline Logan was considered a beauty in the Midnight Frolic, but it took her some time to conquer studio technique.

As for the girls who are not real beauties, judged by the standards of the average committee of a beauty contest: Lillian Gish has made herself beautiful because she has stood for the lovely and spiritual. A real knowledge of life has given Mary Pickford an angelic face. Colleen Moore hasn't a beautiful face, but she has an alert mind. Gloria Swanson was rather a plain girl until she acquired a knack of dressing.

Lois Wilson is one winner of a beauty contest who attained a real success on the screen.



Jacqueline Logan was considered a beauty in "The Midnight Frolic," but she has worked hard to learn studio technique.

No girl can become a beauty by having her picture printed in the local newspaper. Nor can she become a great screen actress by having her friends poll a large number of votes claiming that she is the most beautiful girl in town. The ambitious seventeen-year-old should read all that Dorothea Knox has written about breaking in as an extra. Her articles point the surest road toward getting a foothold on the screen. It is foolish to think that there is any short cut.

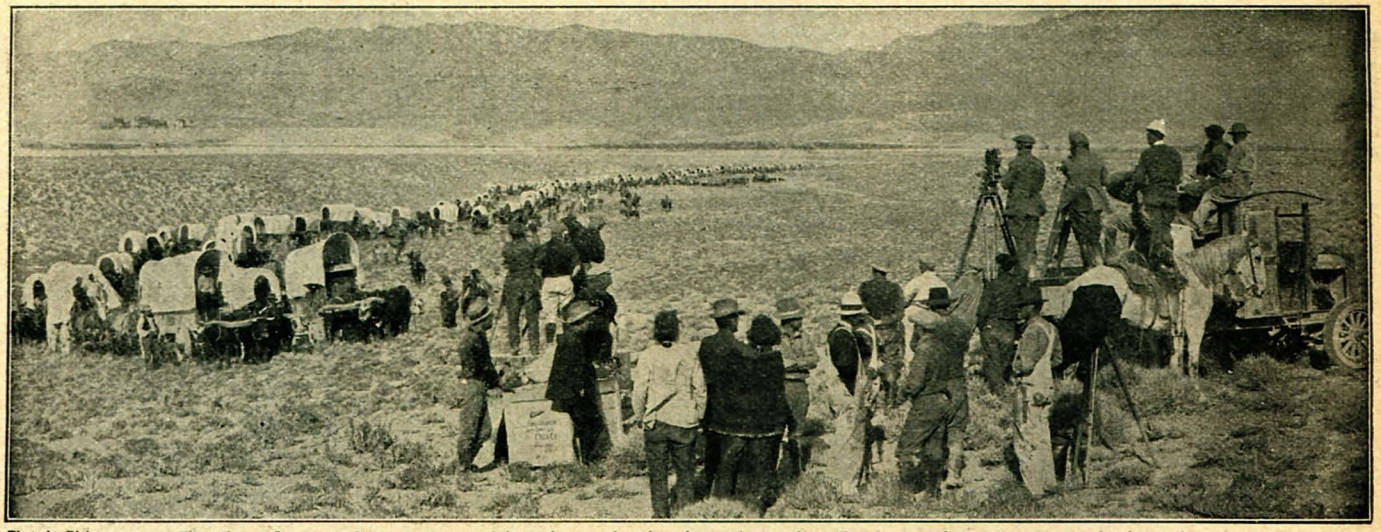


Photo by Richee

The line of covered wagons used in this production is so long that the camera's eye cannot take it all in.

Filming "The Covered Wagon"

One of the biggest productions now being made is the screen version of Emerson Hough's story of how our pioneer forefathers crossed the Western plains in 1848.

By Sidney Blair

OUT in a desert waste in Utah, eighty miles from a railroad, where it is scorching hot by day and freezing cold at night, a motion-picture company is encamped. This little band is fighting its way across the plains much as the pioneers did in 1848, fighting sickness, discouragement; resisting attacks from the Indians and hunting the wild buffalo that roam the plains. They are just actors—but for the making of "The Covered Wagon" they have become pioneers. They started out just to act in a picture, and they find themselves living an American epic. Only the cameras, the lights, the great power wagons are there to remind them of the studio back in Hollywood. The prairie fires, the floods, the blinding snowstorms that sweep relentlessly toward them tell them that they are just helpless atoms, struggling against the elements to gain a home.

These actors are real pioneers. And fifteen hundred men and women of the plains—pioneers and sons of pioneers—have joined them to become actors!

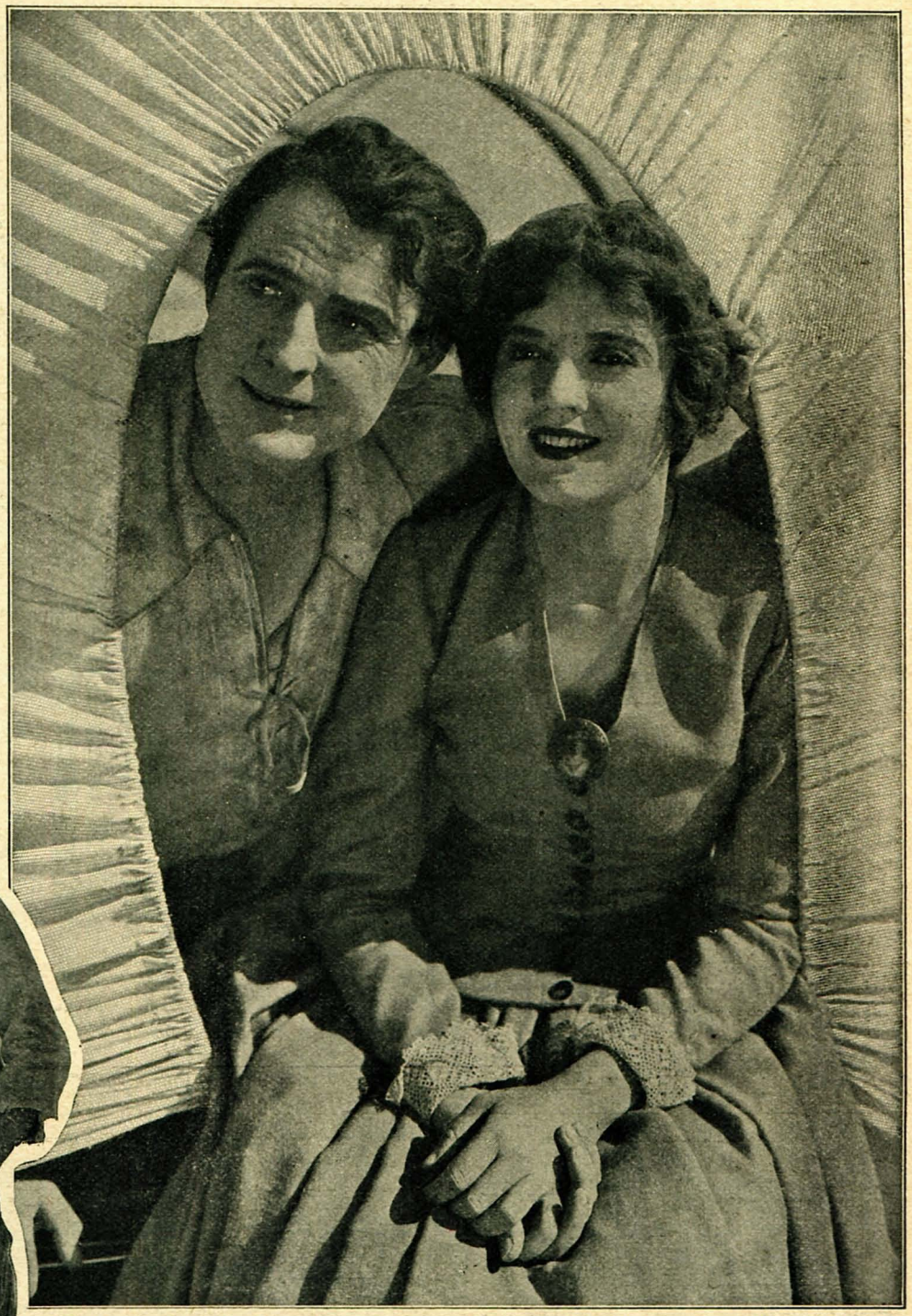
The part of "Will Banion" was so interesting that J. Warren Kerrigan was induced to return to the screen to play it after years of retirement.

When Emerson Hough wrote "The Covered Wagon" he recreated for us the lives of people who crossed the plains in 1848, and brought into sharp outline details that were hazy to us. But the motion picture which James Cruze is making for Paramount from his story will be a living record of the times of which he wrote. Description cannot do justice to the hardihood of the men who broke trail across the prairies, but a glimpse of a wagon train bumping over the roadless plains so long that the camera's eye cannot take it all in, tugs at your heart and makes you feel that you understand a little of the struggles of the men who drove them.

There have been Western pictures by the hundred, but never another undertaking like the filming of "The Covered Wagon." Armies of Indians and cowboys and homeseekers have fought their way across our screens, and patient buffalo,

broken to life in the movies, have developed their technique to the point where they can almost smile as the inevitable finish comes with the burly hero crushing the blond-curled heroine to his breast. But this is the first time that a company has undertaken to give us a page out of pioneer life. There are no college-bred Indians in the company, though plenty of them are available through the casting offices in Hollywood. There are no tame buffalo, though it was much harder to find wild buffalo extant than it was to find real live Indians. According to Paramount officials this is the most expensive production they have ever undertaken.

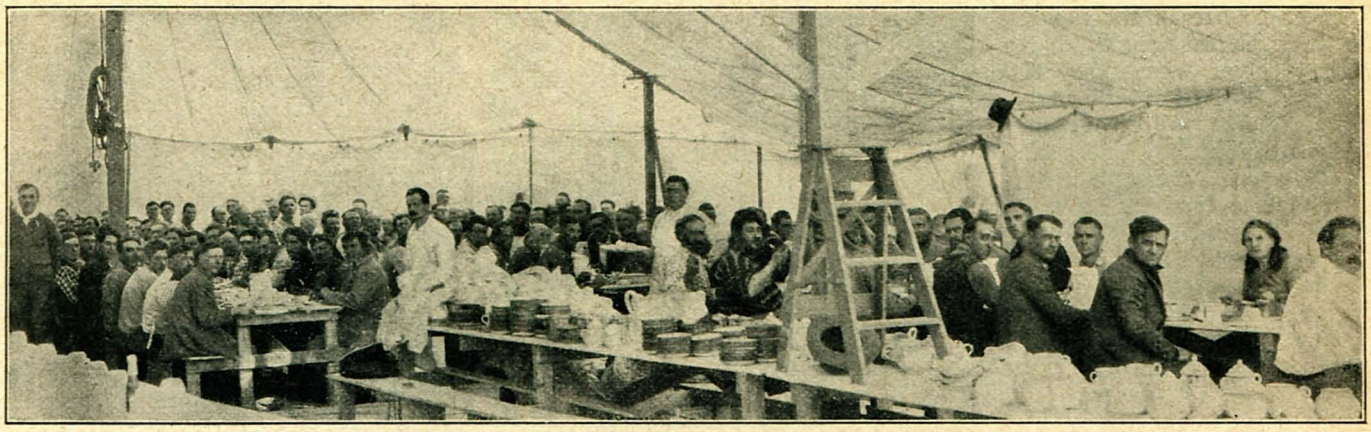
James Cruze and a few members of his company went early in October to Antelope Island in Salt Lake to film the buffalo hunt, which is one of the most thrilling parts of the story of "The Covered Wagon." It took three days to find the buffalo and run them down within camera range, for not being well-mannered studio buffalo they wouldn't obey the assistant director's orders as the other actors did. So that the excited herd wouldn't plunge into the cameras, a platform had to be built as solidly as pioneer stockades and the cameras mounted on this. And though the buffalo plunged right toward them, and butted against the sides of the platform the camera men went on grinding.



The back of one of the old prairie schooners serves Lois Wilson and J. Warren Kerrigan as an observation car.

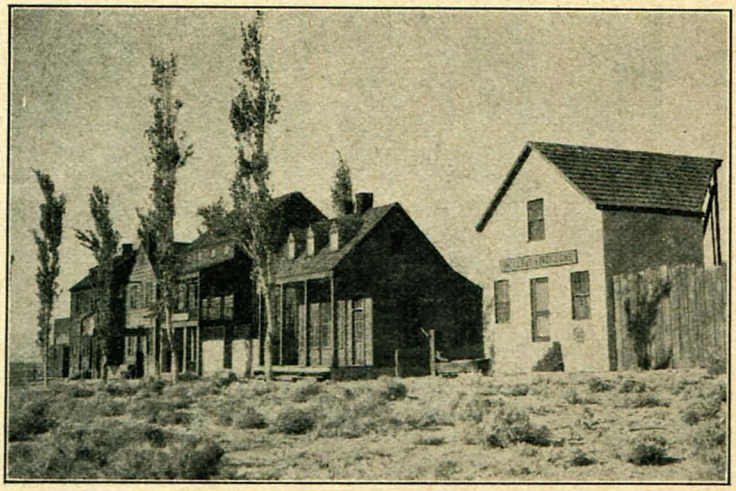
Ernest Torrence, famed for his dirty work in "Tol'able David" is a picturesque villain of the plains in this picture.

As soon as this and a few other scenes were taken, the company went on to Milford, Utah, and from there to a 200,000-acre ranch some eighty miles away. There the company was joined by Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson who play the leads, and the real work of the company was begun. Within a few days tribes of Indians began to arrive—Arapahoes and Bannocks from Wyoming and Kaws from down near Flagstaff, Arizona, bringing their own tepees and squaws and war paint with them. All went well until a rumor circulated among the Kaws that the Arapahoes were going to use real bullets when it came time for the battle scenes.



The mess tent at Camp Cruze will accommodate a thousand persons at once.

In the middle of the night they held a council of war and decided to leave the company flat. Yapping like howling wolves as they crouched through the steps of a war dance, they roused the entire camp, striking terror to the hearts of the peaceful Hollywoodians. James Cruze finally persuaded them that they were the victims of professional jealousy and that some one had maliciously started the rumor about the bullets. So the Kaws decided to stay, and the Arapahoes staged a big ceremonial a few nights later when they adopted Mr. Cruze into their tribe as Standing Bear.



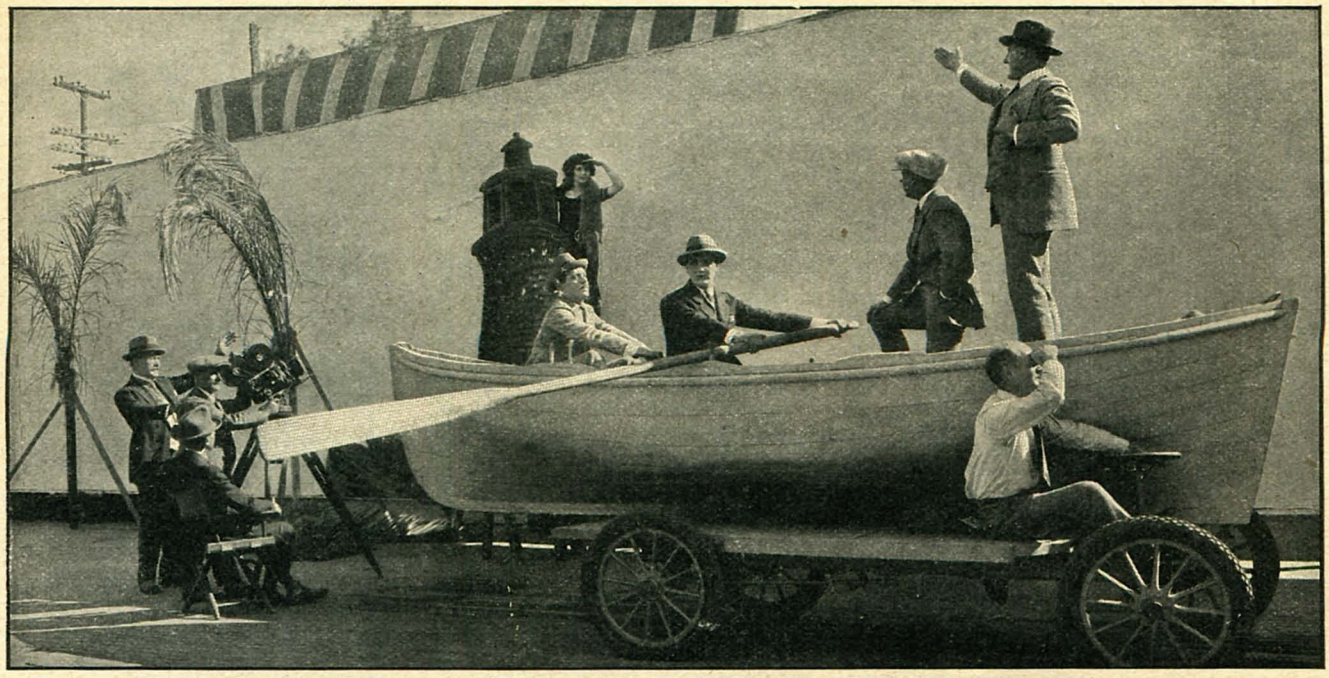
Replicas of old houses at Westport Landing, a pioneer town which has been absorbed by Kansas City, had to be built for some of the early scenes in the picture.

Then came the ranchers and their wives and children, about fifteen hundred of them, who had heard that they could join the motion-picture company, just act natural, and get paid for it. Some of them brought their covered wagons with them, for as late as the eighties those same covered wagons were being built that the pioneers used for travel in the forties. From four States the company brought old covered wagons. But for most of the cast the company had to build prairie schooners of the required sort. Even the sturdy ranchmen were

Continued on page 86

Photo by Richee

"The Covered Wagon" even has a unique orchestra out on location.



Al Christie explains to the author the "Hazel From Hollywood" take-off on the-girl-marooned-in-a-lonely-lighthouse bromide

Our New Type of Screen Comedy

The producers of two-reelers are getting their laughs now by ridiculing some of the cherished traditions of the films.

By Gordon Gassaway

HAVE you noticed all the funny comedies lately that take a poke at some of our pet picture ideas? There has been "The Shriek of Araby" for instance, and "Mud and Sand," "Cold Feet," and "The Three-Must-Get-Theirs."

Soon we will have "Rob'em Good," "East Is Worst," and "Hazel from Hollywood." In fact, there seems to be no end to the newest line of knock 'em cold comedies that will take a crack at all the long-cherished traditional hokum of the pictures. Even some of the popular fiction of today is being lampooned by the comedy kings, notably "When Winter Comes," which has appeared in a comic guise as "When Summer Comes" and the "Merton of the Movies" flood of literature which is going to be kidded by "Hazel from Hollywood."

It looks as though the comedy companies had decided to park their slapsticks, put the old custard pie away in moth balls and make it a long, hard winter for Old Mister Hokum.

Hokum, as you know, is the last sad resort of the tired and harassed director who finds that he simply has to get a kick in his picture even if he has to use the needle. Hokum is an expression for any situation in pictures or on the stage that is injected *deliberately* to make the audience weep—or laugh—or shudder—or all three if possible. These tricks are used over and over again, and in many disguises. All of the very saddest "mother" pictures were filled with hokum. When the baby boy of the family steals the jewels but comes back at last and creeps to the bedside for a blessing—that is hokum. A lot of us are fed up on hokum, and apparently some of the comedy producers have also had their fill.

Ben Turpin burlesques the romantic desert lover in "The Shriek of Araby."

Consider the comedy called "Cold Feet" as an example. In this Al Christie pokes a lot of fun at all the pictures about the Royal Northwest Mounted Police where the sturdy sergeant goes out into the frozen North to "get his man or die in the attempt." That, of course, is hokum. It is used again and again to get a thrill out of the audience. There is always a fight in the snow and usually the hero grows a nice long beard, but he gets his man and drags him back even if he freezes a foot or two in the attempt. In "Cold Feet" we had all the types of Royal Northwest Mounted Police hokum rolled into two reels. There

was the "frozen North," the white-salt snowstorm, the hero growing a beard, and the line about "getting his man."

Motion-picture audiences are getting more canny, and a great many spectators can spot the hokum stuff about as quickly as those in the profession. So "Cold Feet" is immensely popular as a comedy because it is a human characteristic to laugh at any cracks taken at some of our most cherished institutions—even at Henry Ford—and motion-picture hokum is certainly a cherished institution. If you don't believe it, ask the next picture director you meet.

The first comedies having a little fun at the expense of some of the popular picture plots, such as the sheik idea and "Cold Feet," have made so much money that it is little wonder that the winter will be devoted to getting out more of the laugh makers which aim the finger of gentle ridicule at the hokum traditions of the screen. You can bet that the makers of comedies are always the first to put their thumb on the public pulse and they also have a keen knowledge about the way the wind is blowing. It is a pretty sure indication that the public is wising up to the hokum stuff when it has become universally funny enough to be ridiculed in comedies.

That is, there is no use ridiculing anything that no one knows anything about. Ford jokes are funny largely because there are so many Fords. I do not think that Al Christie and Mack Sennett and Hunt Stromberg and some of the other comedy manufacturers have any deep, dark plot in producing these caricatures of popular stories other than to make money. I do not think, for instance, that they are consciously coming to the rescue of a public highly overburdened and bored with too much hokum. Their purpose is not so much philanthropic, as mercenary—but at that they are doing a lot of good because some directors will hesitate much longer now before they drag down the hokum recipe off the shelf and put a basket of little kittens or a cooing dove into their next scenario.

Costume dramas are made the object of some mild joking in "Choose Your Weapons," starring Bobbie Vernon.

However, with a picture such as "Hazel from Hollywood" which is a sort of *magnum opus* for Mr. Christie this season, and in which he takes a great deal of pride, another line of lampooning is arrived at. This picture, of which I have seen the "rushes," takes a wallop at pretty nearly every moth-eaten tradition of Hollywood. It also does not spare the authors of all these stories coming out now about the movies, such as "Laughter, Ltd.," "Merton of the Movies," and the Rob Wagner and Rupert Hughes tales. If "Merton" was intended as a satire on movie life, then "Hazel," as a satire on "Merton" must be a sort of double-barreled bang—not at the movies themselves, but at what some popular fiction writers want people to think about the movies!

The heroine of "East is Worst" copies Constance Talmadge's make-up closely.

I'll give you some inside glimpses of "Hazel from Hollywood" as I saw it the other day out at the Christie studio, as an illustration of how the comedy makers are going about it to get the last possible juicy laugh out of the flaws in hokum—for whatever else you may think, the use of hokum is pretty poor drama, after all. In this picture we have the stirring romance of *Miss Hazel Nutt* who goes to Hollywood to seek her fortune in the movies. At first she has a terrible time finding a job. She can't even get into a studio—which, by the way, is no joke, as some other young ladies can testify. So she finally finds employment in John's lunch counter, a popular—and real—ham-and joint on Hollywood Boulevard. Wishing to appear well in the minds of the *Nutt* family at home, she writes that she is having lunch almost every day with Rudy Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Mary Miles Minter, and a few other celebrities. Here Mr. Christie shows us an interior of

"Hazel" is rescued from the sawmill just in the nick of time by the dauntless hero.

John's with a view of the back of the heads which you should recognize as belonging to Rudy, Gloria, and Mary—all sitting up at the counter and Hazel dealing the dishes off her arm.

One day, when *Hazel* is out for the air, she stumbles upon a movie company taking some stirring scenes of a burning building. In nosing around to get a close view of the proceedings, she gets into the burning building by mistake. When the jaunty hero rushes into the smoke to rescue the movie heroine, he grabs *Hazel* instead and triumphantly carries her out and right up to the camera. By this time the building is burned and the man who is putting up the money of the company refuses to rebuild the set so they have to use *Hazel* in the rest of the picture because she had already appeared in that scene. Thus she becomes a movie star. And then come the laughs at all the hokum ever devised. There is the old sawmill stuff, which has been used time after time to get a thrill on the spinal harps of any audience—where the heroine is bound to a log and fed slowly into the grinding saw until she is rescued just in the nick of time by the dauntless hero. There is the hokum bromide of the girl marooned in a lonely lighthouse, without a hand to guide her. What happens to *Hazel* is plenty. Finally, after many harrowing experiences in the films, *Hazel's* country lover arrives to take her away from it all. And that is that.

And beneath all the comic fun of these satires, there is much that is true. They show the difference between things *as we think they are*—and as they really are, but you must watch closely to detect it.

The comedy companies are the court jesters of the movies. Nothing was ever sacred to a court jester, and I think nothing is safe or sacred with a comedy company. The minds of the makers of laughs are running in the satirical groove now, and there they will stay for a while, until they take another step forward. For these satirical comedies are a distinct advance over the former broad slapstick stuff, and were made possible by the fact that motion-picture audiences demanded something better. We used to be satisfied when pictures were first made to see a man get hit in the eye with a custard pie, just for the novelty of seeing a figure move on a screen where once we had seen only magic-lantern slides. But now the audiences, even in the most out-of-the-way places, want something to think about, even with their laughs.

They get it, too, in that comedy of "Choose Your Weapons" with Bobby Vernon. Here the present vogue of costume dramas such as "The Prisoner of Zenda" "To Have and To Hold" with their stirring duels and mad rescues of ladies in distress are made the raison d'être for a lot of mild joking. Not that costume dramas are ridiculous, any more than some of the stories of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are ridiculous, but they simply offer opportunity for fun making because they are seen by so many people that almost every audience knows at once what the fun is all about. It's just like the Ford joke again.

Court jesters would point a laugh at the new gown worn by the queen, if they thought they could get a laugh. And they were wise enough to know that if the queen wore a new gown to dinner, all the court would be talking about it, and so the laugh would have a universal value. There is no use joking about something that only two out of every thousand people know. Not if you want to make money at it, and the comedy companies are not in the business for their health.

Just so long as there are motion-picture hobbies which are ridden and ridden until their tails—and I might say tales—are worn to a frazzle, such as the time-worn plot of the Cinderella girl who is born poor, but becomes rich, the unfortunate and hard-

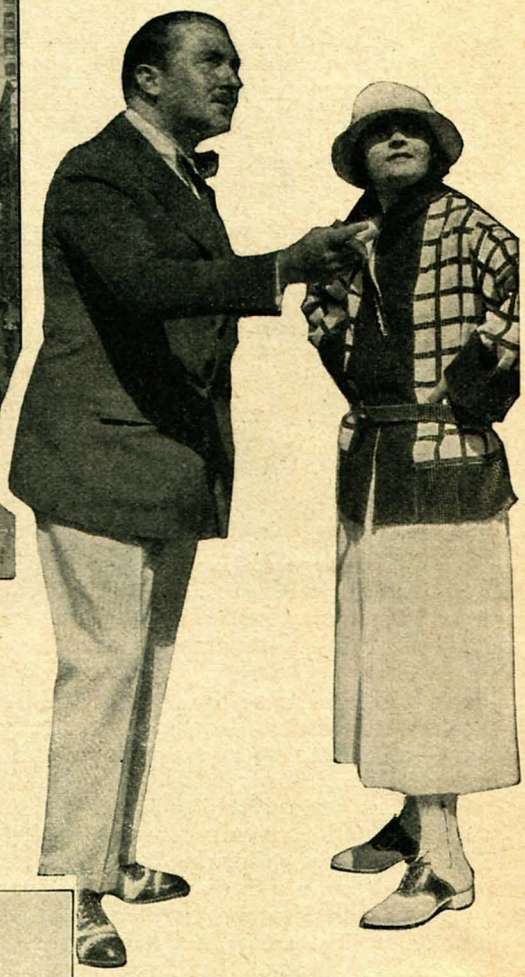
Even Baby Peggy waves the cap-and-bells, with a satire on an amateur theatrical performance.

Continued on page 92

In and Out of

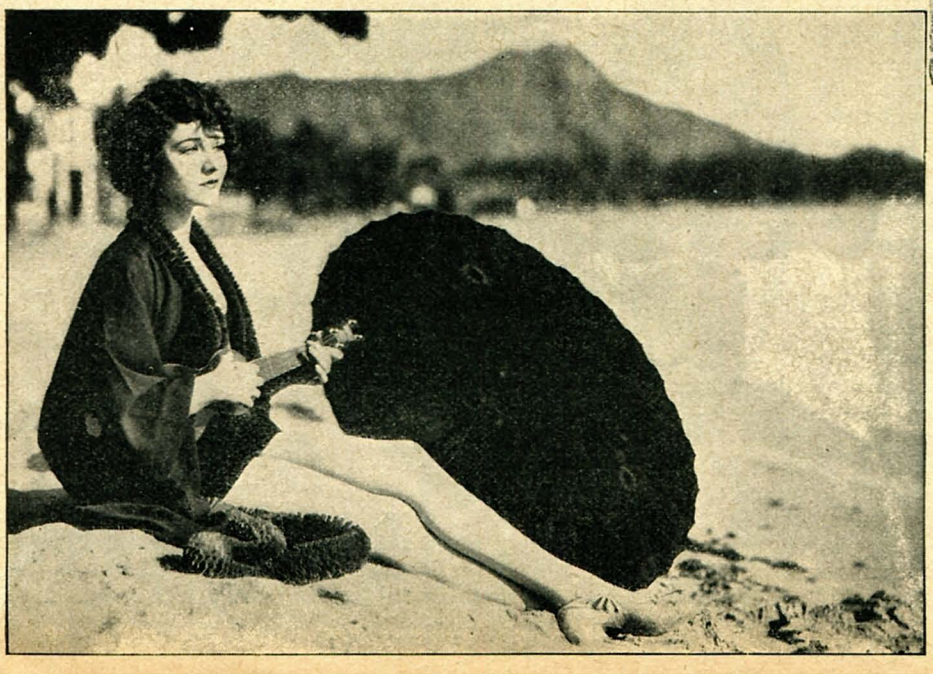
What's happening to fav by their scenarios or pre

Some people take picture making pretty hard, Harold Lloyd, for instance. Just because the public demanded another thrill comedy from him—when he was anxious to forget them and film tear-wringers instead —he went and concentrated every conceivable stunt into one picture, "Safety Last." But read this and weep; he is determined to make this his last stunt picture. The scene above gives you an idea of the thrills in store for you.



"Papa," as Pola Negri calls her director, George Fitzmaurice, has shown her around the Lasky studio and explained to her all the queer American terms for the lights around the sets. "Kill the baby," "Move up the niggers," or "Hit the spot" no longer fill her with dismay.

Betty Compson gets off more easily. She is achieving an almost seraphic calm down on the beach at Waikiki, where she is making "The White Flower."



the Studios

orite players—as dictated
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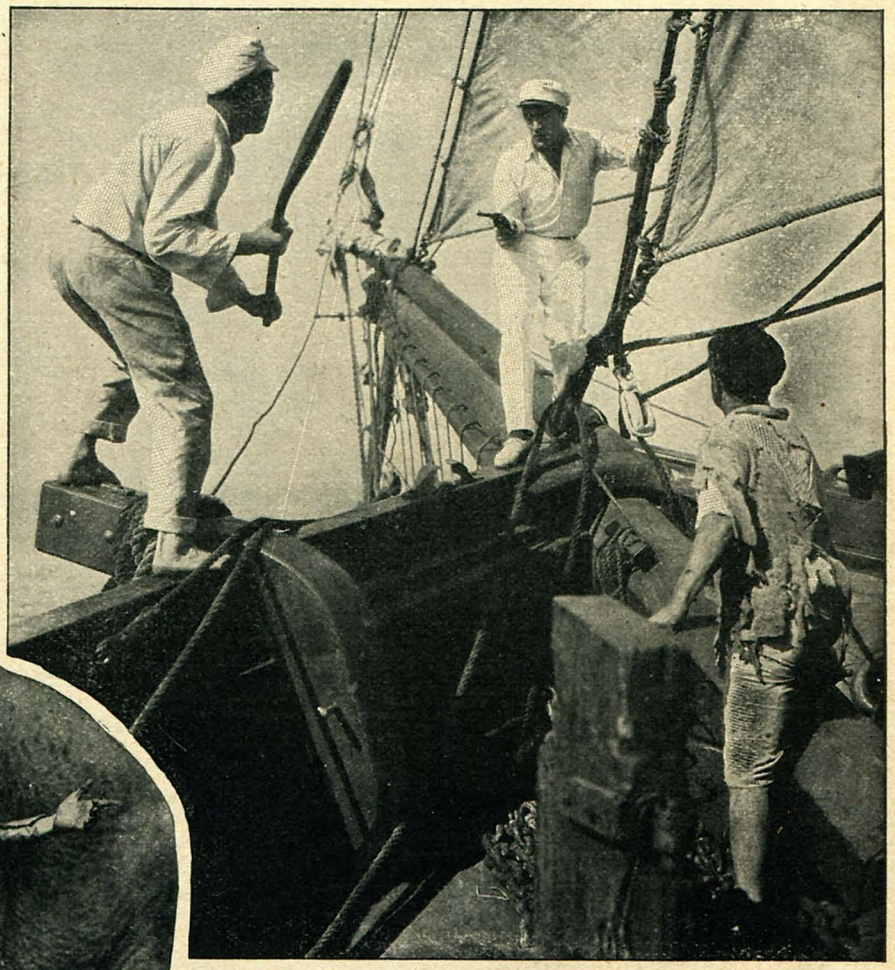
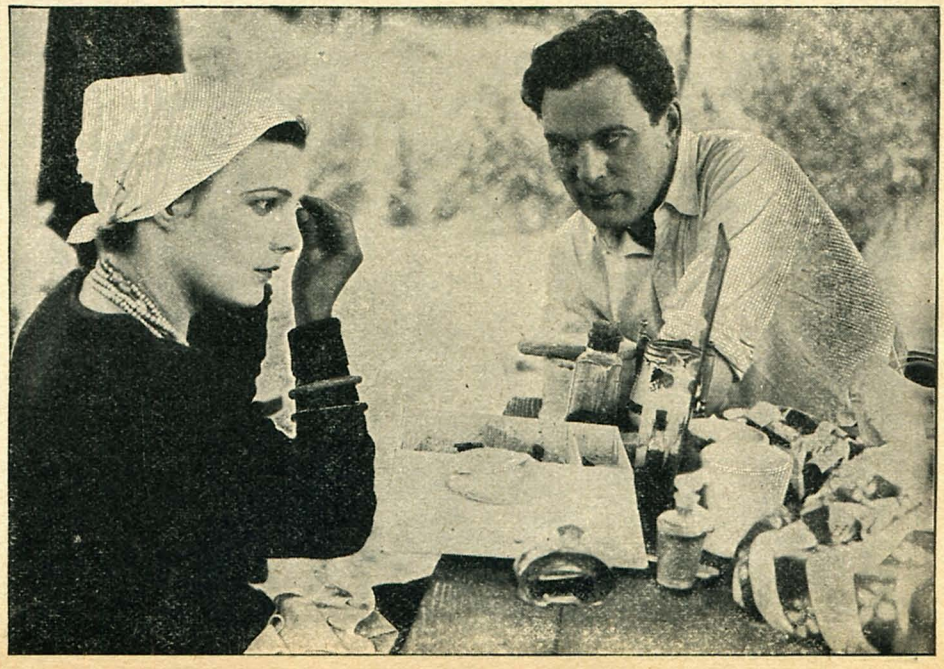
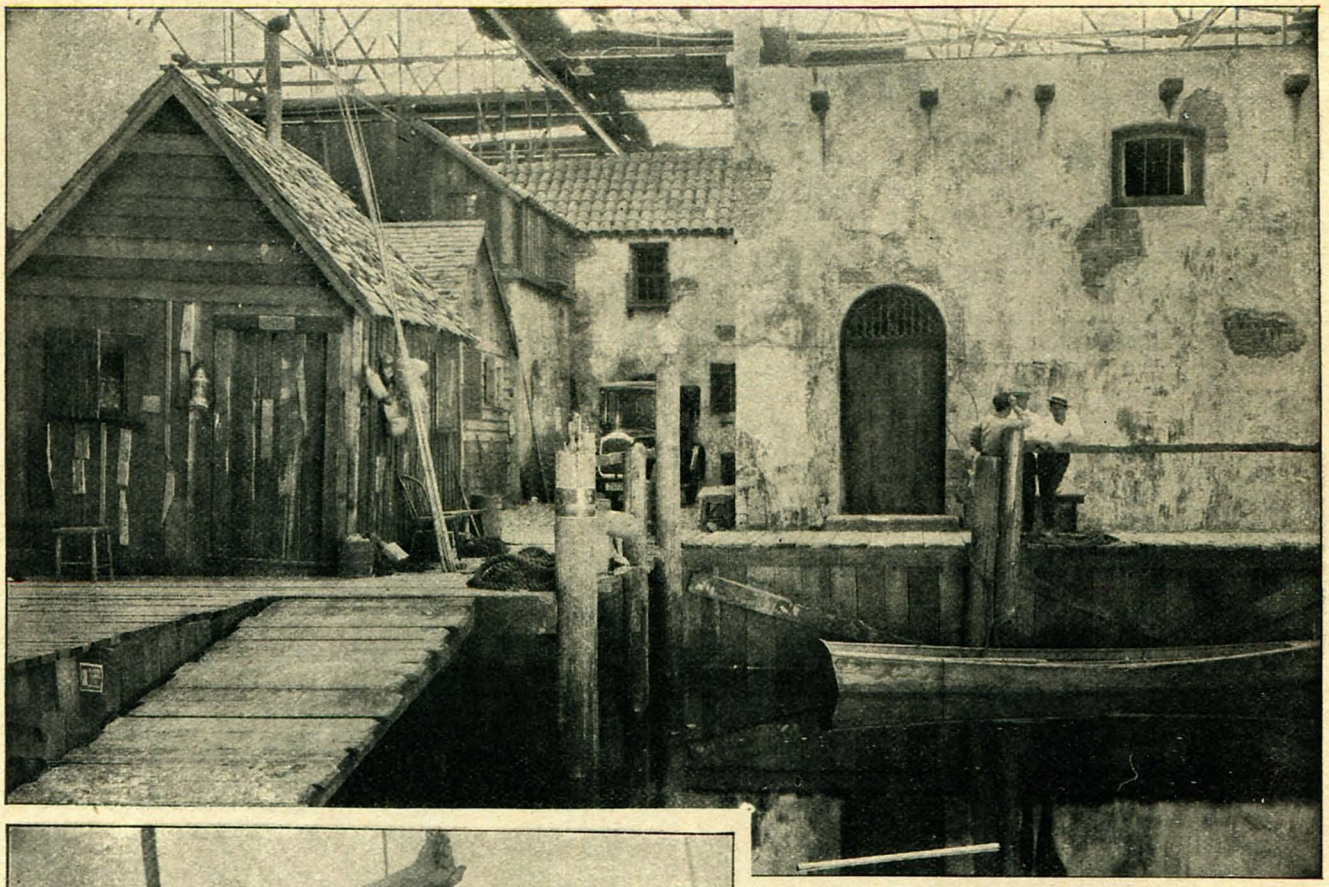


Somebody got knocked off into the very damp Pacific during the making of this scene in Universal's "The Altar Stairs," and it wasn't Frank Mayo. That is one advantage of being the star.

Maybe you think that Madge Bellamy looks as though she enjoyed playing with this elephant in "Ten Ton Love," but ask her, just *ask* her! Or try it yourself some time.

Below you see proof that Leatrice Joy has her troubles trying to make up out on location. Thomas Meighan may be learning some valuable pointers from her, but we doubt if he'll ever consider a large perfume bottle essential in his equipment.



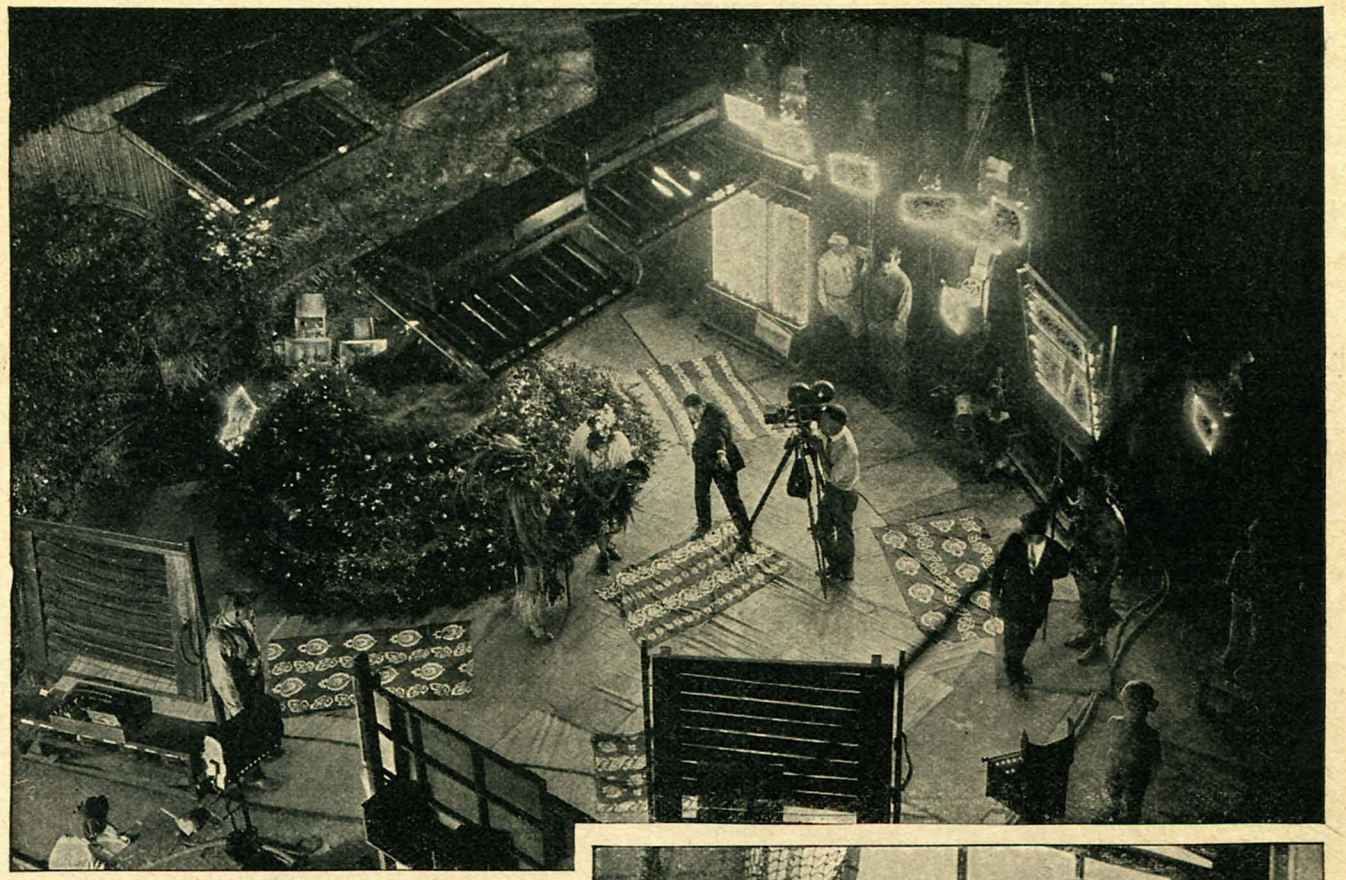


The idea of making water-front scenes sometimes brings terror to the hearts of actors who don't like that kind of neighborhood and don't relish being gaped at by a lot of wharf rats. Bebe Daniels and the rest of Penryhn Stanlaws' company that made "Singed Wings" avoided all that by building this reproduction of the San Francisco water front right in the studio tank, where those dazzling De Mille swimming parties used to be held.

John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte, at the left, enjoyed a breath of the open Pacific when they made "What a Wife Learned" for Ince.

Photo by Freulich

Here's the new coiffure which Priscilla Dean adopted in "White Tiger" along with these dangling earrings and other lures to help snare her victims.



After returning from Tahiti, Raoul Walsh reproduced some native gardens in the Goldwyn studio for scenes of "Passions of the Sea." This shows how they are filmed indoors, with lights blazing all around. On page 81 you can see this scene as it will appear on the screen.

Below, at the right, are Louise Lorraine and Jack Mulhall on the water front in San Francisco, where they are filming "The Fish Patrol" stories by Jack London.

Agnes Ayres has often been accused of having a doll face, and she archly proved it with this imitation.

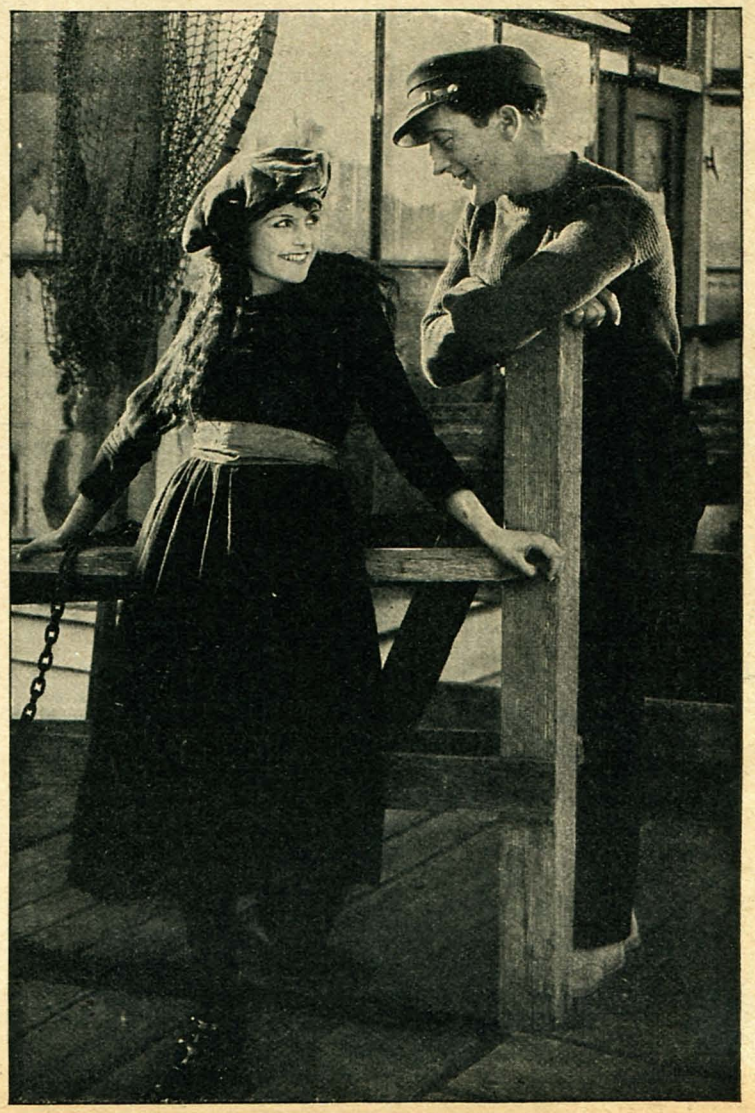


Photo by J. R. Diamond

Where Do They Get That Stuff?

Do screen players get their characterizations from literature—from life—or from imagination? Usually an actor won't tell, but here are a few who did.

By Helen Klumph

ONE afternoon at one of the big Eastern studios a dozen or more girls who had been playing extra parts were tried out in a small but very dramatic rôle. The character was supposed to be the mother of a small baby. On returning home from an errand she finds the apartment building where she lives on fire, and not knowing whether her baby has been saved or not, is pushed back with an excited crowd where she can only watch the fire from a distance, hoping against hope for news of her child's safety.

The way the girls played that part would have been screamingly funny if it hadn't been such a tragic omen of their futures. They sawed the air, they clenched their fists, they rolled their eyes to the high heavens, and their shoulders heaved convulsively. That is, all except one. She hardly moved. In her eyes was a sort of questioning look. It was haunting. It didn't look tragic exactly; it just looked bewildered. An experienced character actress was called in then who convinced the director in one short rehearsal that she was the person for the part. Her interpretation had, somehow, the simplicity of that last girl's actions with all the power of the ones who had worked hard for their effects.

"There are only three kinds of acting," the director told me afterward. "And you've just seen them all. Those first girls think that acting means artifice. They're just pretending, and any one with half an eye could see it. They probably get their ideas of how people act from reading lurid novels. That little quiet girl is the other extreme—she's just a copyist, not an actress. Her points don't get over. She's always acting the way she's seen some one act in real life. The trouper over there who got the part is the only one who used any common sense and imagination."

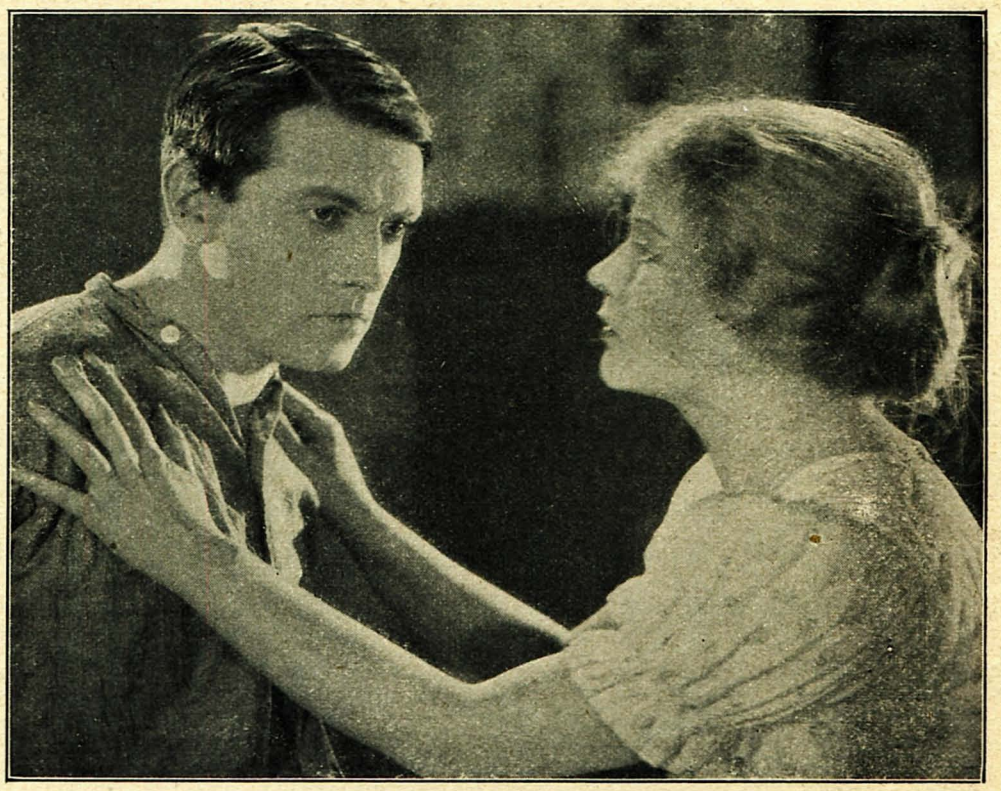
His remarks set me to wondering. Where do players get their stuff, anyhow? Do they try to act like people in books, or do they go around poking into other folks' affairs studying the way different events strike them, or do they just figure out for themselves how people would act under certain circumstances? Or—as the skeptics insist—does the director do all the thinking and use the players just as marionettes?

It isn't easy to find out from a player how he goes about building up a characterization. Not that they are afraid of being copied; they are merely afraid of being laughed at or criticized. Mabel Ballin told me one time that she made a practice of drawing people out, of making them talk about themselves. She found that most of them enjoyed it. She assured me that she'd gained many an idea of people's reactions through that practice. I had an unpleasant feeling of having been under a bell glass all during our acquaintance, and now in spite of Mrs. Ballin's sunny cajoleries I try not to talk about myself when I am with her.

Mabel Ballin encourages people to talk about themselves, and then she builds up her characterizations from what she has learned.

Actors are nice, reasonable folk for the most part so long as you talk about weather, fan mail, or fashions, but when it comes to their art—let me go back and spell it with a capital A—the old bogy, temperament is likely to crop up. Many of them resent any inference that their work is guided by conscious study. With as much modesty of manner as they can command they admit that the divine fire of inspiration is their only guide. Fortunately there are a few who can regard their work as impersonally as though it were fitting shoes or packing toothbrushes, and tell you how they train themselves to do their work. The aforementioned Mabel Ballin is in this companionable group and so is Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess.

"I'm always hoping that I can get an idea of how I ought to play a scene by watching somebody going through the same experience in real life," Dorothy told me one time. "Often I read about accidents in the paper, and wish I could have been there to see how the excitement affected people. Yesterday my big chance came. I was coming down in an elevator in the Metropolitan Life Building when I heard a shot. My first impulse was to get out of the building as soon as possible. But I was hardly through the door when I decided that I must see what was going on. I got inside just as two more shots were fired. A man had killed a woman right there in the corridor in the midst of the crowd, and the people weren't acting at all as you might expect. There was no rushing around or signs of anguish. A few people moved away nervously, but most of them just acted sort of dumb. And if we did that on the screen just think of the way people would pan us! Of course, that was only one incident, but I think it was typical. People in real life don't show emotion much. I'm discouraged about trying to learn from watching them."



Richard Barthelmess played "The Bond Boy" with little movement and much thought. Mary Thurman is shown in this scene with him.

"Nine times out of ten it is like that," Helene Chadwick admitted when I told her of Dorothy's experience, "but the tenth time you may get something. I've learned a lot about human nature and the way it expresses itself, I believe, in the last few days. I've been visiting the women's court and watching the unfortunate girls who are on trial there. Most of them are sullen, but once in a while a girl comes in who commands your sympathy instantly. There may be something plaintive about her expression, or some little helpless-looking movement with her hands that grips you. Such data from life is invaluable to me. I feel as though it will make my work more convincing."

Helene Chadwick studies girls in police courts and gets many ideas for characterizations such as hers in "The Dust Flower" from them.

Any discussion of acting is bound to bring up the question of whether an actor must have lived through similar experiences in order to portray them grippingly, and I think the answer Miss Chadwick evolved is all that need be said on the subject.

"When a sculptor carves some beautiful water nymphs no one suggests that he might have done better if he had ever been one himself."

So let's drop out all consideration of the necessity for an actor's having lived and lived and lived in order to act, and proceed to ask Richard Barthelmess where actors get their ideas about folks. He always has something worth while to say if you can only break down his wall of shyness and reserve.

"It all depends," Dick puffed at me hurriedly in between rushing off of a scene and back on again, "what kind of actor he is. If he likes to act hard with lots of arm-waving and ranting he can study some actors on the stage. But if he wants to be just simple, and genuine and human he can get all the action and emotion he wants to study in average folks. The trouble with me is that I underact a lot of the time. I have to build up scenes. It's easier for the ones who overact. All they have to do is get a good director who can tame them a little bit.

"In 'The Bond Boy' I tried harder than ever to get my points over by thought instead of action. You cannot study a thing like that from life because people's faces aren't nearly so expressive as the things they do. But the camera magnifies to such an extent that subtle points can be put over by thought alone, and I think that is the more interesting way to do it."

The player's problem, reduced to essentials, is to understand why a character does what the scenario calls for—to get inside the rôle in such a way that everything he does seems natural and inevitable to the spectators. Much can be learned about human behavior from books on psychology—but we like our actors young, and while they're acting they have little time or inclination toward such heavy reading. They can learn bits here and there from life, but it is a discouraging process, for most of us are about as animated and expressive as Chinamen. So if you're skeptical about inspiration—there's only one factor left for you to believe in as a guide to players in their character delineations. That's imagination.

A New Vogue for Flappers

By Grace Kingsley

POLA NEGRI has established a new beauty cult in the younger set. Her tragedy make-up has become the last word in smart appearance.

The girl who would follow this mode of make-up must tone down her pink cheeks; she must bleach her tan; she must heave her bottle of peroxide into the river or give it to the poor. And she must have, as it were, a rush of cheeks to the lips.

Also, she must wear a great deal of black.

The more, in short, you can make yourself look like *Juliet* after the knock-out-drops episode, or *Camille* after *Armand* has deserted her, the better your form.

Have you black hair and brown, green, or gray eyes, with a creamy complexion? If so, you're right in it. Because then you can easily assume the Pola Negri make-up.

It's very exotic, that make-up. Your eyes are set off with a dark penciling of the lids. Your skin is either ivory or dead white. Your lips are very, very red. Your teeth are very, very white.

If you are one of these self-made blondes, you let your hair grow dark. If you are a real, blown-in-the-bottle blonde, you wear a white make-up, but darken your eyelids and otherwise do the best you can. But if you verge on the demi-blond type, you can get the tragedy effect with penciled eyelids, and you can wear yellowish powder.

The ingénue of the starry-eyed effect is a thing of the past; the cupid's-bow mouth must be discarded even if it is your one perfected work of art. Lashes can be made up to look long and luxuriant, but they must be so fashioned as to give your eyes an expression of languor, not pertness. And your lips must be thin.

The vogue of the Pola Negri style of beauty has brought in the cynic season.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

What Will Rodolph Do?

What is going to happen to Rodolph Valentino? His difficulties may be straightened out and his plans for the future announced before this magazine can be placed on sale, but at the time of this writing his activities seem to be at a standstill. The last picture he made, "The Young Rajah," has been released, and there is no prospect of his returning to work.

A few months ago, dissatisfied with his working conditions, he left the Lasky studio, came East, and tried to get the courts to release him from his contract, which has some two years yet to run. Famous Players contested his case, and up to the present the courts have sustained them. But Rodolph has so far continued in his refusal to return to the Paramount fold, and apparently prefers to hold out even though it prevents him from making any pictures for the entire duration of the contract. Meanwhile Famous Players also appear to be standing pat, and have imported a French actor, Charles de Roche, who played in their "Spanish Jade" to take the rôle in their forthcoming production, "A Spanish Cavalier," in which Valentino was to have been starred.

It is rumored that powerful interests are backing his fight, and that attempts are being made to purchase Valentino's release from Famous Players-Lasky. Goldwyn, according to report, wants him to play the leading rôle in their forthcoming production of "Ben-Hur."

He Keeps Up His Correspondence

Meanwhile Valentino's fan mail has increased to gigantic proportions, and his very pretty young secretary is working night and day to catch up with it. "Get another assistant at once," the popular young man wrote her from New York, "and more if you need them. If any one takes the trouble to write to me I'd like to answer them personally. But since I cannot do that you must take care of it for me. Be sure that no one is neglected."

That is a very expensive bit of graciousness on Rodolph Valentino's part. One week when the demands for his photographs were particularly heavy it is said that the expense of labor, photographs, and postage amounted to a trifle more than his salary. So perhaps you will back him up in his desire for a big raise in pay.

Consider Colleen's Problem

Speaking of expensive fan mail, consider the case of Colleen Moore. She has made pictures for so many different companies in the past year that she receives mail at eight different addresses! Some of these studios are many miles apart, and in order to collect the mail Miss Moore sends her chauffeur to make the rounds two or three times a week. It costs her ten cents a mile to have her car run. Some enterprising fan might send her a gallon of gasoline instead of inclosing a postage stamp with his request for a photograph.

You Mustn't Always Blame the Director

Exhibitors throughout the country used to own a complete set of platitudes about what constituted box-office attraction, but those days are no more. The pictures that are making people flock to the theaters are upsetting their dope, and no one is happier over this development than Allen Holubar. His is a bitter sort of enjoyment, however, for he is standing by watching others make big successes of stories that he wanted to direct.

Mr. Holubar, like most "independent" directors has to have his choice of a story O. K.'d by the organization that releases his pictures. And his people have been slow to recognize the changes in public taste. His last picture, "Hurricane's Gal," was selected only as a sort of last resort, after the powers above him had rejected forty stories suggested by him. The public should know something of this heartbreaking struggle for better stories.

Among his earlier choices which were rejected were:

"The Storm."—Universal filmed this with great success.

"Disraeli."—George Arliss produced this one with his own company.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower."—"Strong prejudice against costume pictures." Cosmopolitan thought the story big enough to surmount this objection.

"Tiger Rose."—Considered "too stark." Yet audiences all over the country have flocked to it as a stage play.

"Miss Lulu Bett."—Discarded as having no box-office angle. Famous Players made a success of it.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."—Apparently, Mary Pickford's judgment on this was different, as she is going to make it.

"Anna Ascends."—Alice Brady got this one.

"Jane Eyre."—A beautiful production of this was made by Hugo Ballin.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."—Marshall Neilan plans to produce this.

"Manon Lescaut."—This was rejected on the ground that the public was not interested in stories of operas. Mr. Holubar pointed out that it was a famous novel before it was an opera, to no avail.

Some of the other stories and plays submitted by him were "The Broken Wing," "Salome Jane," "Dombey and Son," Tolstoi's "Resurrection," "The Net," and Hauptmann's "Hannele."

Now his "Hurricane's Gal" is a big success, and probably "The White Frontier," his next production will be even a bigger money maker. But it is hardly fair for a director to be tied down to filming such stories as these. Mr. Holubar will probably never do his best work until he has a story in which he is wholeheartedly interested.

The exhibitors seem to learn slowly. But if theatergoers continue to patronize the gray-matter drama as

well as the black and blue, Allen Holubar may yet be allowed to film one of the truly great stories he yearns to try.

Can Theda Bara Come Back?

The Observer is awaiting with interest Theda Bara's return to the screen. What sort of welcome will the fans give her? About five years ago Miss Bara was the most-talked-of woman of the screen. While she might not have been the original vampire, she was at least the most celebrated vamp and the first star to declare herself a ruthless and devastating home-wrecker—on the screen. That she is still, or has been very recently, as popular as ever in such far-away countries as Japan in her old pictures is testified to elsewhere in this issue by a Nipponese contributor.

But, partly because of the absurdly false publicity that was circulated about her, partly because most of the stories given her were cheaply sensational, and partly because the American public lost its taste for lurid vamp melodramas, her vogue declined. In one last desperate attempt Fox tried to change the type of her pictures, but the public didn't seem to rise to Theda as a good little girl, and "Kathleen Mavourneen" was not a great success. Then Theda withdrew from the screen.

Now it is proposed to bring her back as a serious emotional actress. Apparently the effort is a sincere one, both on the part of Miss Bara and the Selznick company, with whom she has affiliated herself. Her first vehicle is to be Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way," a play which, when first produced by Belasco, was acclaimed as one of the most compelling, and one of the most skillfully written plays ever turned out by an American.

There are any number of stars who have "come back" onto the screen after a considerable absence. But we can think offhand of no star, who once was a sensation, who has been able, after losing her prestige, to come back with anything like her former glory. And so it will be interesting to see the result of Miss Bara's attempt.

Clayton Hamilton Expresses His Views

We recently attended a meeting of the Actors' Equity Society in New York. Among the speakers was Clayton Hamilton, formerly a Columbia University lecturer and dramatic critic and more recently a member of the editorial board of a motion-picture company on the West Coast. In spite of his experience—or perhaps because of his experience in movie editorial work—Mr. Hamilton is severe on the subject of motion pictures. Not only is he intolerant of the faults of the films—he couldn't be blamed for that—but he seems to be opposed to movies as an institution.

Among other things, Mr. Hamilton said condescendingly that movies were made for servant girls. Upon attending the showing of a popular picture, Mr. Hamilton said that his wife remarked that she didn't know there were so many servant girls in the country.

That the movies offer wholesome entertainment to working people of all sorts whose opportunity for other recreations is comparatively limited is one of the best things that can be said for them. If it were true that the movies appealed to no one but those persons who live by hard labor it would be nothing to sneer about.

But if Mr. Hamilton meant to intimate that *only* the working classes care for, or should care for the motion pictures that are turned out to-day he will find a good many persons to dispute him. Just before the meeting of the Equity, The Observer had attended the Rivoli Theater and had watched the line of limousines. In the audience were a group of opera singers, several playwrights, a sprinkling of novelists, and a number of New York's professional "first-nighters." In the smaller cities, where good stage productions are scarce, the better elements have come to rely a great deal on the movies for their entertainment.

We wonder how many faults of the movies might be traced to the fact that men who think as Mr. Hamilton does have been holding important positions in motion-picture companies. If we could remove the doubters and the supercilious—together with the ignorant, the cunning, and the greedy—there would be more evidences of sincerity in the products of the studios.

The Good Old Days

If you are tired of blah-blah stories about movie stars, if you are tired of the sort of interviews satirized in "Merton of the Movies," we hope you have been reading Norbert Lusk's articles, "Memories On My Own Screen." Mr. Lusk was one of the fortunate ones who knew motion pictures, not when they were in their infancy, but when they were in their age of innocence.

In those early days, of which he wrote in his first two articles, the stars didn't invite the interviewers to their two-hundred-thousand-dollar bungalows nor did they talk about their latest trip to Europe. The idols of those days were winsome, ingenuous, and naïve girls, very much interested in working at a new and fascinating game. And the men weren't glossy and aloof stars; they were charming and lively young men, rather uncertain of their ability as actors.

Many of those favorites have faded away into oblivion, but some of them still hold their places in the affection of the public. Any interviewer will tell you that, for the most part, the newer stars, imported into pictures from the stage and from the chorus, aren't quite so interesting as the girls and men who have grown up with the business. The actors and actresses who remember when working for the movies meant little glory and less money seem to have more affection and loyalty for the screen than have those who came in when the money was plentiful and the rewards were sure.

Even to-day, if you talk to Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand, or Norma Talmadge, you will find something of the ingenuous spirit that marks the heroines of Mr. Lusk's memories of the good old days.

The Passing of Turkish Tactics

A veteran motion-picture director stopped The Observer the other day to lament the spirit of independence that rules among players to-day. Not so long ago, he insisted, a player never studied his own part with a view to working out his own characterization. The player merely followed directions, dashing here and there and wringing hands or jumping up and down with joy without knowing why. "Catch them young, teach them nothing, and treat them rough," The Observer remarked. "Is that the idea?"

"Yes; that's the only way to make pictures," the director retorted. "The director's got to be the whole show."

And so, since such Turkish tactics have pretty well passed out of motion-picture making, in favor of more intelligent coöperation, The Observer expects that this director won't be making pictures much longer.

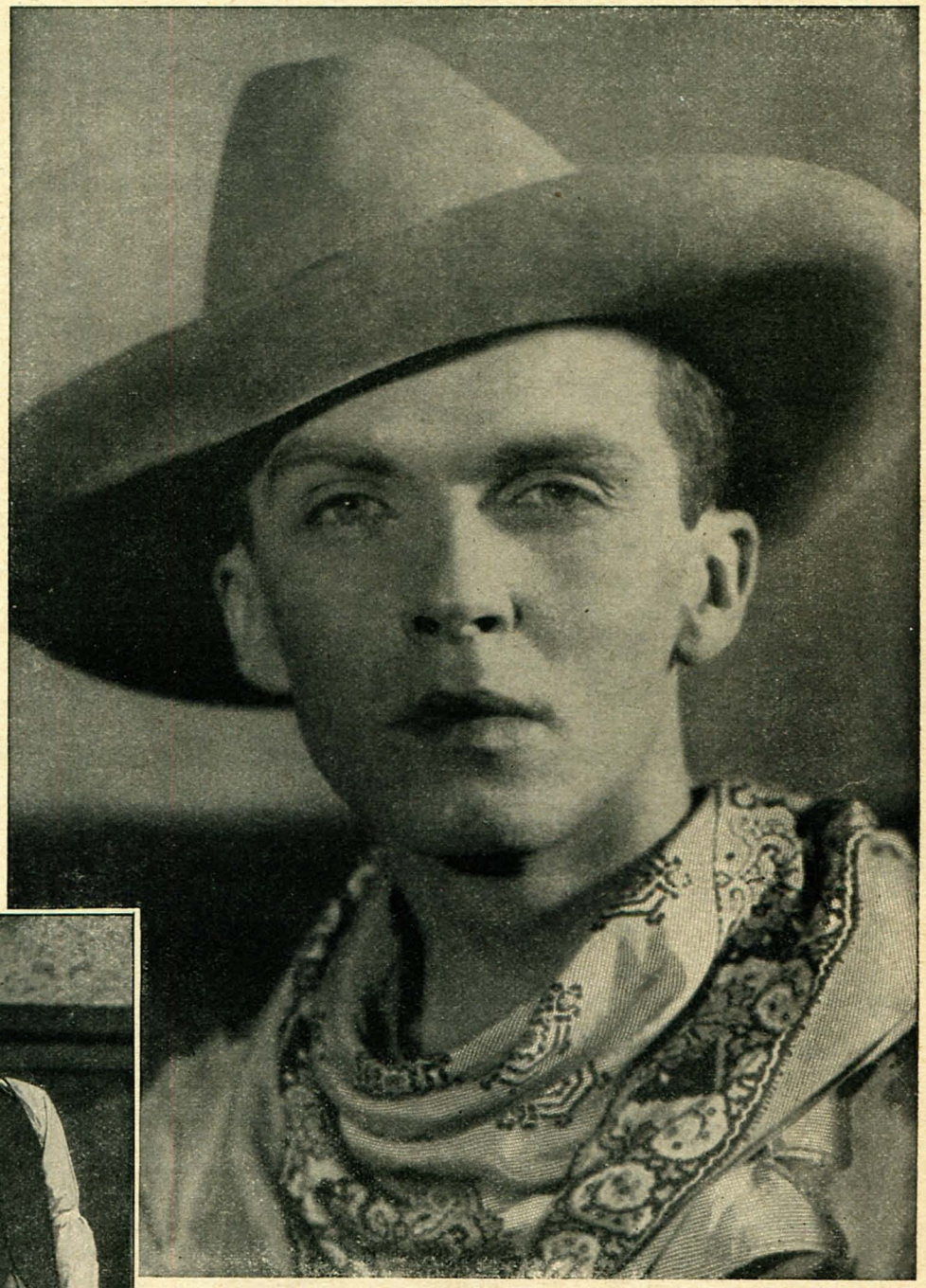
Merton Comes to Broadway

Just now he's the central figure of one of the season's successes on the stage, but he is also going to appear on the screen.

By Ted Evans

MERTON of the Movies," the delightful satire which convulsed the country with laughter, which made certain motion-picture interviewers—and many a player and director—wonder how Harry Leon Wilson had ever found out so much about them, has reached the speaking stage and has settled down apparently for a long run as one of this season's Broadway hits.

It was foreordained that Glenn Hunter should play the title rôle. You know Glenn Hunter, though not so well as you should if you have not seen the New York plays of the last three or four seasons, for it is on the speaking stage that he has made his biggest reputation in such plays as Tarkington's "Seventeen" and "Clarence." But he has been in the films, also. You'll remember him as the young lad who was so hopelessly in love with Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through," and he is being starred in a series of productions by the Film Guild, the first of which was "The Cradle Buster."



Above, you see Merton in his mail-order cowboy outfit, and below doing his "Curse you, you villain!" bit, while clerking in Gashwiler's village store.

In the rôle of *Merton* he has fulfilled all that was expected of him. As the boy who worked in the country store—crazy about the movies, and determined that he was going to become a great screen star—he plays the rôle with a sincerity and a touch of pathos that is in contrast with the rest of the production, which is almost a frank burlesque of every phase of movie making and all the movie types touched upon. One of the most interesting bits is the scene in the studio, in which you see—in exaggerated form—how movies actually are made.

If you have an opportunity to see the play in its stage version you have a treat ahead. If not, don't be downhearted, for it is to be made for the screen, with Glenn Hunter in the title rôle.

An Easy-chair Career

So many stars and players of distinction have had such great difficulties to overcome in getting started, that it's almost surprising to learn about one to whom things came easily.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THROUGHOUT her twenty-four years, Doris Pawn has been saying, *"Sesame"* to life and having life obey her slightest whim. Hence hers is an equable temperament, a happy disposition. If it weren't she'd be a deceased woman or at least a maimed one. For the day upon which I was to interview her was one of those when everything goes wrong. You know, starting with a fog, and you have a cold and your shoe buttons come off and your mother fusses at you about something and—oh, everything gets jangled up.

"If she's a simpering ingénue"—I gnashed my teeth and tore madly past the traffic cop, thereby awakening that individual out of his customary daze—"I'll murder her in cold blood. And if she's dramatic and throws a fit"—my inelegant term for young cinemese who try to impress me with their budding genius—"I'll do it on principles anyhow."

But, fortunately for Doris, she is neither as sweetish as an ice-cream soda, nor as fizzy as a cocktail—rather a half-and-half ginger ale. Neither kittenish nor overly dramatic. So as the afternoon passed she almost coaxed me into an optimistic viewpoint.

Despite the fact that the publicity man had given me the wrong address and Doris the wrong time, we managed to connect, though I had to wait 'steen minutes while she finished her bath and drew on a black-and-gold embroidered kimono. And she didn't apologize for the publicity man's mistake—an error nine out of ten actresses would commit.

"If I'm good-natured," she replied to my comment on her friends' opinion of her, "it's because life has always been good to me. I've had no struggle, never anything to worry about," with a little shrug. She is mistress of all those little arts and mannerisms that so many of the picture girls use subconsciously to enhance their allure, yet no more affected than the average. And there's a welcome trait of frankness about her.

"I was born in Nebraska, the baby of a large family. A domestic postcript, terribly spoiled by my brothers and sisters—so I just take it for granted every one will continue spoiling me. I always wanted to be an actress. It was more than just 'playing show,' it was something in here"—pressing a white hand against her breast, but speaking in such quiet earnestness that my weather eye discerned no dramatics. "Something in me that wanted to be expressed, *had* to be, and I had no other talent of sufficient merit to promise success.

"When we were kids about seven, my little cousin and I used to act out the plays they print in the Sunday magazine section of the papers, dividing the parts between us. We understood nothing of the sex-triangle stuff, and the family used to sit convulsed with laughter at our declamations about our 'pas-shun' and our denunciations of 'the other woman, vile rep-tile!' "

Her laugh, as she pantomimed the scene, rang softly low, melodious—it is the one really beautiful thing about Doris Pawn. And it doesn't sound actressy, cultivated. Her voice makes you hope that her dream of leaving the silent drama for the stage may be realized.

"After appearing in school amateur theatricals, I worked in stock. When I was seventeen we came to California on a visit. My mother returned home, but my brother agreed to stay with me for three months.

"That's a habit of mine," she interrupted her discourse, "giving myself a certain length of time to accomplish something. If it isn't done in that time I give it up. I don't believe in sticking to sinking ships. But before three months were up I had landed with Universal, first in extra work and bits and then in leads for Sidney Ayers and Bob Leonard. After a rôle in Fox's 'Blue Blood and Red,' I went home on a visit and, when I returned, made a few more pictures for Universal and then signed with Fox for two and one half years, mostly doing leads with George Walsh. Then followed a Goldwyn eighteen months' contract, after which I decided to free lance. Better parts and"—frankly—"more money. Easier going."

It is characteristic of Doris' happy-go-lucky, rather willful nature that she never accepts a part not congenial to her. I know of two instances when she turned down splendid offers for no better reason than that they didn't appeal to her. And it is this trait of pleasing herself, rather than of considering her future, I believe, that has held her in mediocre rôles for the seven years she has been on the screen. She is ambitious, in a way, but doesn't take it as hard as she really ought to.

In her formative period, she is halfway between the ingénue she scorns and the dramatic actress of her dreams. It is rather difficult to catalogue her. Fluffy, blond hair, piled high with a myriad of little curls which may or may not be real. The wide, very blue eyes of the ingénue, a little too worldly frank for Pollyanna, despite her good disposition. The rather satirical, slightly selfish mouth of a girl who has always had things come her way through little effort. A stubborn chin that, would she but put into use the latent forces it indicates, might propel her quite a way up the ladder.

Her face, like her nature, is conflicting. Her character has possibilities; it is Greek marble, awaiting Pygmalion in the form of a hard knock or two. What Doris needs is for life to flap on her a good, snappy mustard plaster—to bring out, through retaliation, her fighting qualities.

"I'm working now in 'The Hero,' under the direction of Gasnier. I play a Belgian maid. The cast includes Barbara La Marr, Gaston Glass, David Butler, and myself. Incidentally, it was thought at first inadvisable to film the Gilbert Emery stage play because it was too highbrow, but I don't hold to any such idiotic notions. Certainly the public has brains that equal ours and, mostly surpass ours. If we can understand a highbrow rôle sufficiently to portray it, isn't it ridiculous to assume that the public can't understand it? I think if pictures would cater to a higher grade of intelligence than they've been doing there would be less kicking about poor pictures. 'The Hero' will go over, you wait and see—and we've made but one slight change, in the ending.

"I'm gaining experience," she is the first to admit that her screen work does not place her in anybody's Hall of Fame. "I hope some day to go on the stage, really dramatic work. Of course I don't expect ever to compare with my ideal, Pauline Frederick, but I can strive to approach it, can't I?"

By a girl's room—rather than what she says—so shall ye know her, I always claim. Doris' one-room apart-

Continued on page 101

Favorite Picture Players

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

AFTER years of playing her rôles with no particular distinction Doris Pawn has amazed the producers of "The Hero" with the gripping quality of her emotional work in that picture. On the preceding page, the unusual story of her nonchalant career is revealed.

Photo by Charles Roberts

ANNA Q. NILSSON has fully recovered from burns received during the filming of Reginald Barker's "Hearts Aflame" and appears as beautiful as ever in Cecil De Mille's new production "Adam's Rib."

Photo by Evans Studio

BARBARA LA MARR is just about the busiest person in Hollywood. Her beauty and her talents will be employed opposite Lon Chaney in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

Photo by Freulich

FOR the benefit of those fans who have been wondering what became of Mabel Julienne Scott, she will have the leading rôle in Universal's production "The Power of a Lie."

HELEN FERGUSON is one of the least stationary of Hollywood's leading ladies. Her latest visit is at Warner Brothers' studios, where she is appearing in "Brass."

Photo by Horwitz

KATHRYN McGUIRE so far has remained immune to the example of other bathing-girl excursions into the drama and continues faithful to Mack Sennett. She appears with Ben Turpin in "The Shriek of Araby."

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

ONE of the best stimulants to beauty is to have a name like Arline Pretty. One just has to live up to it. Miss Pretty has a part in "The White Flower," starring Betty Compson.

MOST people think that stardom is the goal of every actress, but it isn't exactly an enviable position, as Bebe Daniels, who voluntarily gave it up to become just a featured actress, tells you in the interview on the opposite page.

The Ups and Downs of Stardom

The w. k. bed of roses often rests on a mattress of thorns and no one knows much more about it than Bebe Daniels.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW must have been thinking of the film fair when he wrote on a nice fresh title page: "You Never Can Tell." You never can tell whether they will be bright or stupid, arrogant or bashful or nervous, more beauteous or less alluring than the camera alleges. Immediately after finding the screen-lovely Jacqueline Logan rather unglamorous in less formal surroundings, whom should I meet but Bebe Daniels! On the silversheet an occasionally striking but never beautiful woman she proved to be, in the ruthless noonday glare of her Algonquin suite, a magnetic beaut—black haired, full lipped, completely soothing to the optic nerves. Meeting the celebrated ones of the perpendicular platform means just one surprise after another.

Bebe is the sort who makes a modest little vocabulary serve very acceptably. She is economical in speech, says the right thing most of the time, and lapses into silence whenever the unspoken word is the most effective. Although she has not gone far into her twenties, she has weathered eight cinematic summers—summers filled with fade-outs, retakes, rushes, snow stuff, cutbacks, close-ups, and static. And the experience she has acquired in this time has left her wise in regard to matters pictorial, wise beyond her looks. To look at Bebe, you would say, "A pippin, with style, confidence, and, in all likelihood, many suitors." After an hour's seance with her, you would add, "fairly crowded with common sense." Bebe knows that contracts are more than mere sign-on-the-dotted-line formulas; she knows that stardom has its trials and tribulations; she knows that being a star is no soft sinecure; and she doesn't wonder, big-eyed, how it all happened. The Daniels head is more than a decorative dome.

"Like many a chick," said Bebe, "I was hatched into stardom a trifle prematurely. Because I caught on somewhat in come-hithery rôles, they decided to make me an electric-light name, doing parts that would always label me a good little bad girl."

She made a wry face, as she thought back to "A Game Chicken," "Two Weeks," "The Speed Girl," and other Realart fiascos in which she was inadventitiously starred.

Regardless of how slightly you interest yourself in the leaping pastels, you are undoubtedly aware that it was the velvet hand of Cecil B. De Mille—sometimes known as Supreme Elevator of the Bathing Girl—that lifted Bebe Daniels from the comparative obscurity of Rolin Comedies to the purple spotlight of such silken masques as "Why Change Your Wife?" and other problem plays with bathtub complexes. You are aware, it is safe to suppose, of her early minor triumphs as Harold Lloyd's leading lady, whence she graduated into long skirts and serious drammer.

"I realize just how poor and inane most all of my Realart pictures were," said Bebe, unabashed. "When Realart gave up the ghost, Paramount gave me a starring contract. I went to Mr. Lasky, and asked to be relieved of starring for a while. I preferred to build up my battered reputation gradually. The critics had hacked huge chunks out of it. So I chose to work under the De Milles and Fitzmaurice and men of that type; I wanted to learn and grow and develop into a star by right of conquest. You know what I mean."

The fact that Bebe said all that without any one coaching her is, I think, fairly indicative of her logic, her sound common sense, her good judgment. She looks soft and luxurious and lazy, but conversation dispels that last idea. For three years she has been saluting the rosy-colored dawn at 6:30, in order to get to the studio by eight. Lots of stars don't, indeed *won't*, do this. But Bebe feels that by extending this effort she will, in due time, be properly rewarded. Perhaps once upon a time she read something about the early bird. There is a world of shrewd thinking behind Bebe's elaborate coiffure. Hers is no vacuous bean; the girl has foresight.

Just as Lila Lee suffered premature stardom and returned to minor parts to work her way back into public favor, Bebe Daniels has also renounced the electrics in order to retrieve lost ground successfully.

"Do you mind being featured, instead of being starred?" I asked, mindful of the billing in "Nice People" and "Pink Gods" and other recent plays, with "all-star" casts.

"What's the difference?" she asked innocently. "It doesn't matter a bit to me how I am billed. If the picture is poor, and I am starred, people will leave the theater saying, 'Never again for this Bebe Daniels!' And if I have a good part, as I did in 'Nice People,' the people will remember me even if I'm not starred. In other words type and electric lights don't make a picture good or bad, any more than they make a player popular or unpopular. The work is the test. Any billing suits me, so long as I have a good part."

Good parts in three pictures brought Bebe stardom, she avers: "Everywoman," "The Dancin' Fool," and "Why Change Your Wife?" in which she played the insinuating manikin.

"That last," I ventured, "is the sort of thing you do best. Why not play such things oftener?"

She disagreed vigorously—and not unwisely.

"I don't want to be a vamp type. They lose favor too soon. Artistically they may be interesting, but commercially they're dangerous. Sympathetic leading women last until they have to dye their hair, but vamps find their vogue more fleeting. People may admire a vamp characterization, but they leave the theater unconsciously disliking the actress. That isn't desirable. In fact that is one reason I turned down the *Dona Sol* part in 'Blood and Sand.'"

At this point we were interrupted by the intrusion of a messenger boy with a box twice as tall as he was.

"Guess you want my autograph on this," Bebe suggested facetiously, as she took the receipt book.

The lad nodded dumbly. As she handed back the pad, Bebe passed a huge basket of fruit to the Blue Line midget.

"Pick out the biggest pear 'n' the biggest apple 'n' the biggest banana you can find," she ordered. Silently he obeyed, and withdrew, awestruck. Of course, some may argue that it was a grand gesture of charity designed to impress the unsuspecting interviewer, but to me it looked like a genuinely spontaneous act, a bona-fide sidelight on the fair Bebe's inner self.

She sits gracefully before you, manifesting composure without suggesting boredom, interest without ex-

Continued on page 96

Memories on

A series of impressions of some of the grea niscent eyes of one who knew them in

By Norber

Photo copyright by Evans

Pauline Frederick brings to the screen the self beloved of her friends who love her off the screen.

BRING together two operatic song birds—their meeting, every little word and movement of it, will have a meaning all its own.

So it was when Mary Garden, in the midst of "Thais," received Geraldine Farrar who came, I suppose, more to inspect the studio where she would herself in a few months work, than to pay tribute to its reigning queen.

For it is in the nature of things for prima donnas not to go out of their way merely to be pleasant to each other. And for some reason—probably newspaper comparison and misquotation of the two—the public prefers to look upon Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar not as pals, but as rivals, the bitterer the better! Though, take it from me, neither recognizes the other as a rival. There's something, you'll agree, in that.

Being diplomats, post-graduates of the finishing school which is the opera house, it was to be expected that their meeting would shine with surface luster.

So when the two were brought together by their cinema impresario, proud no doubt that his pay roll could hold without breaking two such high-salaried employees, their greeting was very cordial. When a joint photograph was proposed there was hesitation on the part of neither. They posed, one on each side of the smiling Mr. Goldwyn.

Tom Moore was said to fall in love with each leading lady.

Miss Garden, I dare say, saw photographic victory for herself, made up as she was for the films, with the gorgeous robes of *Thais* sweeping round her. But Madame Geraldine saw better. She always sees better. She sees best.

In the finished photograph Miss Garden for some reason looked not unlike a bedizened tombstone, while Madame Geraldine's vivid smile bespoke confidence in the camera that had always been her friend. She walked gayly away.

"Look!" cried Mary to all within earshot. "Look at her hips!"

Madame Geraldine never knew this, but probably guessed as much. Months later the sequel, woman's proverbial last word, happened to come from her to me. In a letter she inclosed an amusing newspaper clipping to the effect that she had attended a Garden performance and fainted. Nor was that all.

"But I didn't faint," she wrote. "Mother did. I can stand *anything!*"

This, however, was her sense of humor sparkling on the surface. More than once she remarked that she greatly admired Miss Garden as an artiste and regretted she could not oftener hear her.

That Mary Garden is a genius was never more indisputable than to those studio colleagues who saw her operatic self for the first time. Indeed, those among them less prepared for the transformation wrought by footlights and music thought that the wraithlike, illusive *Mélisande* must be another woman, perhaps a substitute singer.

They saw no faintest reminder of the staccato, darting person who, on her last day in the movies, had tossed regardless gifts of platinum and diamonds to carpenters, mechanics, and electricians, to cut short their awed thanks. Nor could my own memory of her restless body and brittle voice identify in the flaming soft splendor of her *Monna Vanna* the Mary Garden better known to me.

Not that comparisons are in order, but Pauline Frederick impressed me as one of the few stars who brings to the screen the self beloved of her friends who love her off the screen. That is to say, under the studio lights and make-up she looks precisely as she does when eating spaghetti and smoking cigarettes. Making allowances, of course, for the greater seriousness of the screen situation in which she finds herself.

"It's awful, fat always goes to my arms. "Ugh!" were the first words I heard her say. This was before we met. I was loitering

My Own Screen

luminaries of the screen, through the remi-timately, through daily contact at the studios.

Lusk

around the studio for my first glimpse of her. Trifling though the remark was, it had the ring of a soul's despair. We know that adipose tissue is the burden of most stars' woe. Only Miss Frederick made no bones about saying what another actress would have kept from all but her maid.

That is like Pauline Frederick. She is always in character. Candid as a child and with less than a child's ego. It was curiously at variance with her statuesque appearance and mysterious eyes.

Those eyes of hers perplexed me. They contradicted her voice, her manner. Large, gray-blue, at times feline in their bright expressionlessness, they saw everything and told nothing. Their eloquence was saved for the screen.

California "brought out" Miss Frederick as it did few other stars from the East. She blossomed in Hollywood. Troubled at first, probably because of the waning of her romance with Willard Mack, she made the best of that when it seemed beyond repair, and sought forgetfulness in the freedom of outdoor life. Dogs, horses, automobiles, and later a house of her own occupied her time away from the studio. She might be said to have drugged her soul with gasoline. Polly Frederick had more motors than I could keep up with. It was almost impossible to identify a car as hers: she had too many.

Careless, laughing always, her pride seemed to be in sustaining her good nature. One never heard of her wrangling over a picture, nor of her refusal to work with one director in preference to another. Her guiding thought appeared to be "anything to get it over with" that she might plunge into something new.

Forever on the wing, she naturally gave little time to reading. She didn't profess to be a greedy bookworm, as most stars assure new acquaintances they are. Mystery stories and brisk magazine fiction, when she read at all, afforded her all the satisfaction demanded of the printed word. She really surprised me by her indifference to matters of moment and, in one instance, to what might have impressed another as worth noticing.

A soprano well known to patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House visited Los Angeles on a concert tour. It was arranged that she come to the studio.

"I admire Pauline Frederick more than any one else on the screen," she said. "If I could see her act I should be ever so happy."

Miss Frederick was told this, in the hope that she might be interested in a charming admirer from the world of music.

"I never heard of her," the star smiled, "you know I can't keep up with people I don't see." So the little prima donna sat in a chair and watched her favorite actress from a safe distance. The scene was one of mother love and the star had not only for a foil the child actor she adored, little Frankie Lee, but for inspiring atmosphere her own mother as well. She acted with depth and feeling and real tears. Her visitor, then, could find no cause for disappointment in that.

Equally no visitor or associate could find Will Rogers lacking in the wit and persiflage he made famous in the "Follies." Shambling, awkward, shy, he was the same off and on the screen. Drawling, hesitant, he let fall his witticisms, never seeming to run out of them.

What amused me most was his attitude toward the leading lady chosen for him and the love scenes chosen for both by the remorseless scenario writer. Will Rogers dreaded them. He tried to avoid them. What he couldn't side-step, he faked. Not the ladies, but the final fade-out which, as every fan knows, comes with the hero's kiss. He had a schoolboy's—an old-fashioned schoolboy's—comic horror of what is every actor's second nature, the clinch.

Photo by Albert R. Dupont

Will Rogers lost his smile when it came to the love scenes; he had an old-fashioned schoolboy's horror of them.

Cullen Landis' arm was more often used to send a baseball curving, than to support a weeping heroine.

This was all the funnier in a man who for years had played nightly in the "Follies," surrounded by frolicsome girls to whom a kiss was often more casual than a powder pat. But Will Rogers didn't look at it that way. So his love scenes were even more bashful than he was himself in real life.

They improved, though, if not to the point of being sheiklike at least they were less chill. It came about through a succession of pictures with Irene Rich. He became used to her, found her less and less like an actress, and in time got to "trust" her, I suppose. At any rate, there was a celebration with much good-natured kidding when Will Rogers achieved his first film kiss. When the time came for him to renounce the cloying sweetness of the gelatin osculation and to go back to the "Follies," there to rope to his heart's content and to convulse metropolitan audiences with his dry comments on topics of the day, he was happier, I warrant, than when there was a fade-out forever before him.

Tom Moore, on the other hand, seemed to like such scenes. Being Irish, he flourished on them. Acting in the silent drama only seemed to make more fluent his persuasive brogue and blarney. He was said to fall in love with each new leading lady, only to fall all over again with his next. Never mind who played most often with him! They took for granted his racial susceptibility and probably never encouraged him more than was needed to bring out the best in his acting. Again, they may have gone the limit!

His rise to stardom was one of the most deserved rewards of merit I have ever seen bestowed in the studios, where it is not uncommon for a star to be made for reasons better known to the producer than the public. But Tom really had promotion thrust upon him in response to public demand. Of course he had been featured in the old days when Kalem was a name that meant something, and Alice Joyce was the reigning beauty of filmdom. First featured with her, then made director as well.

But when I first knew him he was leading man, supporting in turn Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, and Mabel Normand. It was his comeback after an absence from the films. He was the beau ideal of a leading man, neither too good looking to be human nor lacking any quality to fit the rôle allotted to him, no matter what it was.

Quickly he attracted such a following that in short order his name was spelled in electric lights, often to the exclusion of the star's. This meant that he was distinctly a drawing card. His name had the pleasant magnetism which coaxes ticket money from pocket and wristbag. Logically he became a star in his own right. It was then that he chose his own leading ladies. Heaven forbid that you thought he aspired to the affections of the trio whose names are sacrosanct!

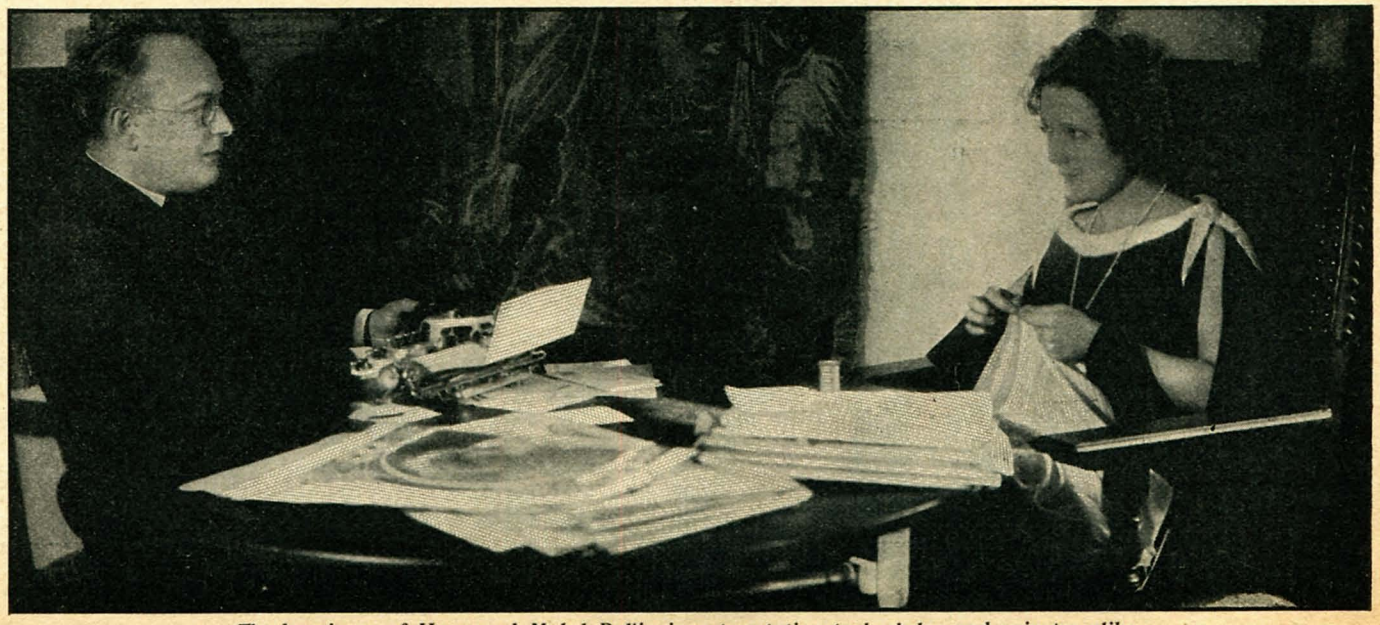
In fact, when he was asked with whom he most enjoyed acting his reply was baffling. "Sure, an' they're all so different," was all he said. He was even discreetly silent on the subject of what made one star different from the other. The topic was changed to a safer one, his little daughter whose hand he happened to be holding. Then he complained that too much was written about small Alice. "Outsiders will up an' think I'm tryin' to force attention on meself." This was after he became a star when the sense of "what will people say?" had become acute.

Just the same he was shy. Shy of strangers, interviewers, shy even of seeing his name in print. "If you don't mind I'd just as soon not look at that," he blushed when offered a magazine containing the story of his life.

"Thank you, but it seems like much ado about nothin' at all"—hurrying away. For all I know he may have read it when alone and able to control the rush of blood to his face. However, he never would give me the satisfaction of watching him read. The first and only movie player of my acquaintance to refrain from racing through such an article if only to see how easily long words could be skipped.

It occurs to me that in writing these reminiscences I have made shyness a chief attribute of so many of the persons mentioned. Perhaps you ask how such shrinking people are bold enough to act right out, to carry on the sometimes grim business of being a star. That I cannot answer unless perhaps to say that so much time is spent before the camera that players have less to say away from it than other people off duty. In the theater it is different. There work on the stage covers but three hours, leaving more time for the actor to develop his resources and contact other phases of life. As you well know, such cannot be the case with the screen celebrity whose day is as long as that of

Continued on page 88



The happiness of Hugo and Mabel Ballin is a temptation to bachelor and spinster alike.

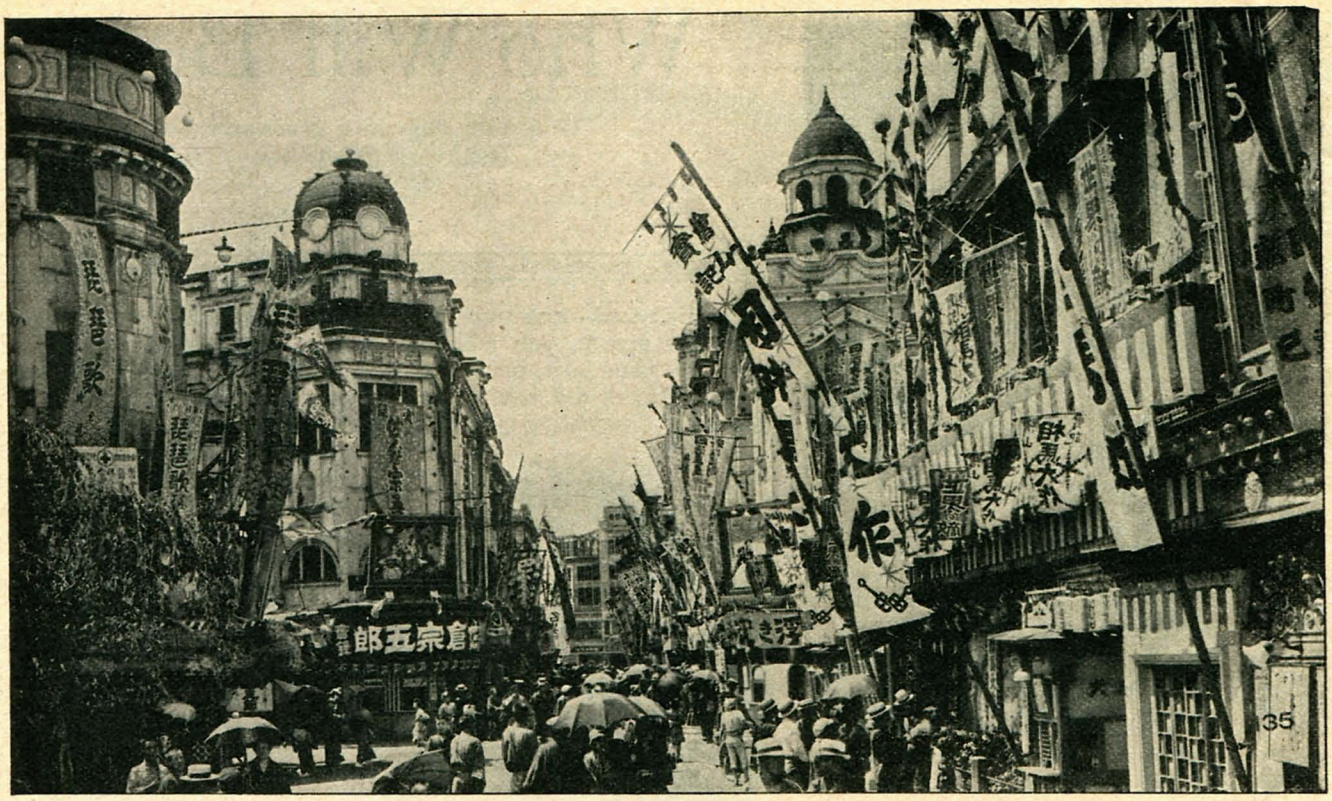


Photo by courtesy Japan Magazine

How American Pictures Gladden Japanese Eyes

By Hideo Kouchi

NOW it is ten minutes to ten o'clock in the morning amidst the thickening crowds in the Asakusa Park, the Coney Island for the City of Tokyo.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ruba-dub! Ruba-dub! At short notice have arisen the mutinous scrambling music from the movie theaters which throng the both sides of the broad road. Now theaters are ready to shoot their money-making pictures on the screens! The crowds which are almost crazy for the movie disperse right and left, hastily plunging into the theater he or she likes most—of course, I am very much sorry, but one cannot enter two halls at one time, however he or she likes equally Pickford and Nazimova, if the stars are not shown in the same theater.

The time I have told, but I have forgotten to tell the day. It's tenth of the Happy New Year. Almost eighty percentage of the fifteen hundred thousand which has gathered here to-day are zealous to see their idols on the screen.

The theater Denkikan before which I stand is showing Theda Bara in "The Reign of Cæsars," and the opposite one shows Louise Glaum. Another is showing Mae Marsh, and the other one Harry Carey. Ten or eleven theaters are doing their best to collect the pocket money of the fans, decorating their fronts with the photos of the stars, red-and-blue flags and pretty coquettish ticket girls who believe they magnet many women worshipers among the fans. But I'm not so certain about that as to believe they are superior to Mary or Harry in that case.

Ten minutes later it is now, and I am cozy enough among the eager fans who wish to see Vampire Bara. Outing Chester's "Seven League Booters" ends, and successively begins "Fighting for Gold," featuring Tom Mix, whose adventurous endeavors called much clappings. After it the orchestra plays interval music.

The plaintive, tearful last strain of the first violin has died, and the inside is dark again. The stage becomes bright and head title, "The Reign of Cæsars," appears. Clap, clap, clap—the clappings have arisen from about fifteen persons, but it instantly subsides. A few minutes later appears the title "Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt—Theda Bara," and the clappings from every side—one, two, three, four—oh, oh; it has become impossible to count them!—the pit, the stall, all the hall in short, becomes tumultuous and crazy, the whistles intermingling the hilarious clappings.

"Hello, Bara! Queen of Vampire!" some one cries from one corner, and to my great surprise, Theda in picture eyes at him seductively!

"Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, enacted by Theda Bara——" The voice in bass has arisen from the stage, amidst the tremulous applause of the audience. Groping in the semidarkness my eye catches sight of a man's standing figure on the stage, from whom the voice comes. He is the *benshi*—picture interpreter—the peculiar product of Japanese filmdom. His work and mission is to fill the lack of the audience's faculty in understanding the title. But don't hastily decide that he is superior in linguistic brain to the audience; on the contrary, nine tenths of them cannot make the tail and head of the titles unless he is supplied with the translations of the titles. It is very funny and interesting to study how a benshi imitates the men and women in the picture—now feigning sobbing Lillian Gish and then threatening fearfully instead of Lon Chaney on the screen.

The picture is now showing *Cleopatra* and *Mark Antony* in a ship for Alexandria, and the whole audience is awfully quiet, as if they are attending the burial ceremony of their uncles who had left them immense fortunes. A conversation has arisen beside me—a lit-

Continued on page 96

Who Will Be the

The motion picture producers feel that the time and—unless a "dark horse" suddenly appears

By Helen

Malcolm Macgregor, who made an unimportant part in "The Prisoner of Zenda," stand out, is the most promising of the juveniles.

EVERY so often we like to pick out a new hero to worship. This is true of the movies as it is true of baseball, politics, and many other fields of endeavor.

There are two ways in which these popular heroes attain their exalted position. Some develop gradually, gaining slowly and steadily in public esteem; others are practically unknowns who burst into fame on the strength of a single achievement.

In either case, whenever a new reigning favorite takes his place as the most admired, the most discussed—and sometimes adversely criticized person as well—on the screen, you will find that he has been playing juvenile parts of some sort, parts that you perhaps overlooked, but which the producers did not. For they are continually playing one of the most fascinating games on earth, which keeps their attention focused continually on the young men—and the girls as well—who have not yet arrived but who are believed to have possibilities.

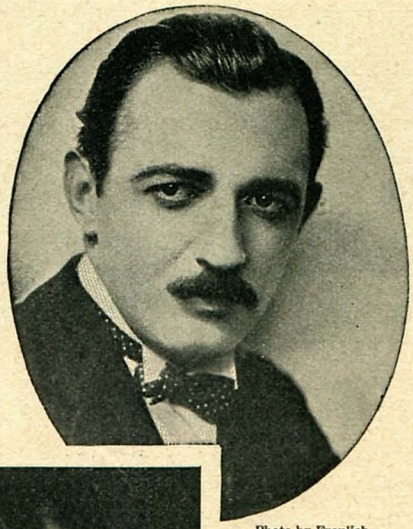


Photo by Freulich

Ray Griffith is distinctly a character actor.

This game is called "Picking To-morrow's Favorites." It is more difficult than golf, and sometimes much more expensive than polo, but when a real winner is picked, the game becomes immensely profitable. And just now the producers are playing it hard, each with hopes of bagging the prize. For they feel that a new favorite is due within the next few months. Who will he be?

At present the producers feel certain of one thing only: that the next popular idol will not be one of the sleek, debonair type.

Ramon Novarro, for whom Rex Ingram predicted so much, might be called the crack in the bell that tolled their doom. Though handsome and capable enough, he has not caused any sensation. There will always be room among the adored for Rodolph Valentino—if he doesn't wait too long before making any more pictures—and for Antonio Moreno; but for the rest of the continental contingent the producers are prescribing minor parts and oblivion.

Though predictions are dangerous, it is not unlikely that the next reigning favorite will have qualities something like those of Richard Barthelmess, who has emerged from the position of matinée idol to that of a great character actor. There is no longer any thrill, fans have told me, in worshiping Dick. The fan is robbed of the feeling that she alone has discovered his greatness and has given him that appreciation he deserves.

But Dick has set a standard so high

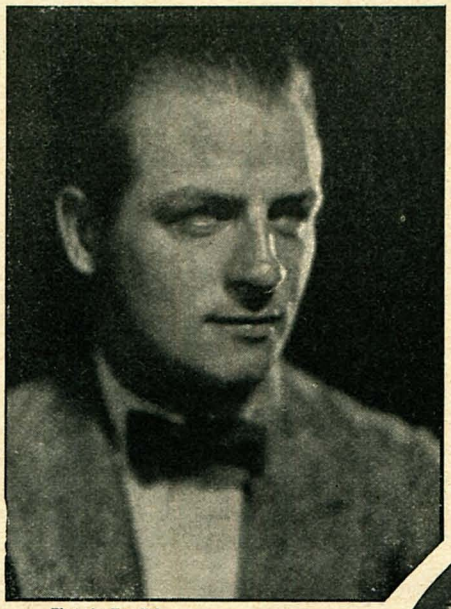


Photo by Freulich

Reginald Denny has a big and growing following.

Rod la Rocque makes an interesting and charming leading man.

Photo by Lumiere

William Boyd's rise has been slow but sure.

Next Screen Idol?

is ripe for the rise of another reigning favorite —here are the present prospective candidates.

Klumph

that it is hard to find any one to succeed him. He popularized the hero who uses his mind more than his fists. Producers didn't realize what a precedent he was establishing until they tried to find some one else with the same qualities. Not that they are trying to find an imitation Dick Barthelmess. There is nothing so dead on the screen as an imitation of one of our favorites. What has become of the score or more of curly haired ingénues who were pushed into stardom as imitators of Mary Pickford? No, what the producers are looking for is some one who has the same equipment of good looks, strong character, a cultural background, and as distinctive a personality as Dick possesses.

Robert Agnew's delightful performance in "Clarence" brought him to the fore.

There are only a few juveniles in the running. Their work is being watched, and within the next few months one of them may be pushed into as sudden prominence as Valentino attained. They are not among the most popular players now, but much is hoped for them.

The most popular young leading men on the screen seem to be Kenneth Harlan and Harrison Ford, that duet that supported the Talmadge sisters so nobly. Until the producers can find younger men of as great charm, these two will grab the most interesting parts. Kenneth Harlan is playing in "The Beautiful and Damned" and will make "The Little Church Around the Corner," for the Warner Brothers, and then begin a long contract with Preferred Pictures. Their impresario has picked him as a sure favorite, but he also has another man under contract of whom he expects much. This is Orville Caldwell, pronounced by Elinor Glyn, no less, the perfect man. He is at present playing opposite Katherine MacDonald and will later be featured in all-star casts. Harrison Ford has never liked being classified as a matinée idol and has steadfastly refused offers to make his face as well and as insipidly known as the boys in the collar advertisments. He prefers to go in for character work in such productions as "Shadows" and the forthcoming production of "Vanity Fair," which Hugo Ballin is making.

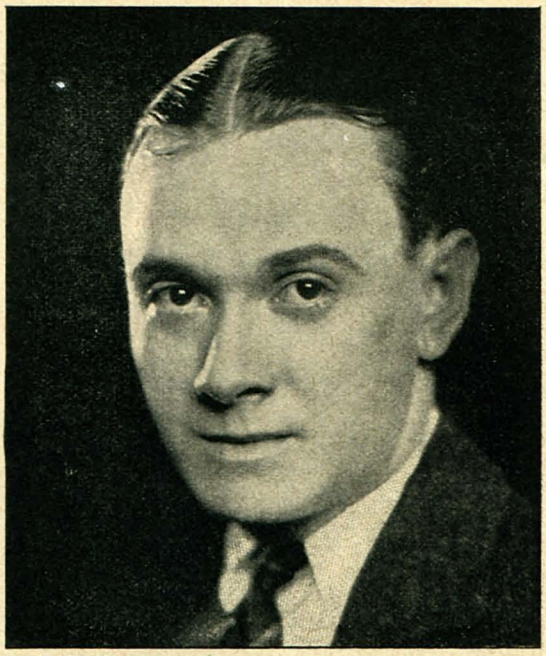


Photo by Freulich

George Hackathorne is supreme in wistful or plaintive rôles, and given a chance in something else may prove a great favorite.

Among the old reliables there are also Mahlon Hamilton, Casson Ferguson, and Jack Mulhall. When in doubt about a leading man, producers try to get them. But to the flappers' eyes they are not glamorous enough. They play their parts well, but then so do alarm clocks.

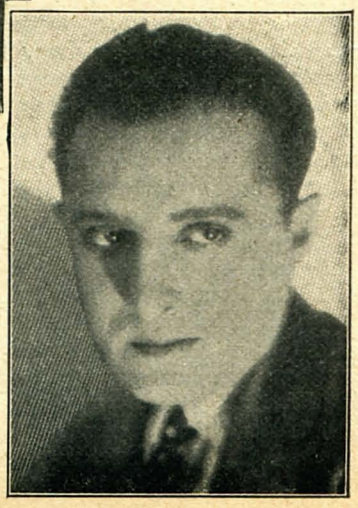
Until Conrad Nagel played the drunk so engagingly in "Nice People" there was danger of his being considered too spiritual to be exciting to the flappers. But

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Richard Dix is hampered by traces of self-consciousness in his work.

Goldwyn has picked William Haines to groom as a possible future star.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull



Gaston Glass' popularity is growing every day.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Photo by Freulich

Clumsiness stands in the way of Ralph Graves' success.

that did much for him, and his appearance opposite Pola Negri in "Bella Donna" may bring him the prominence so many people feel that he deserves.

Reginald Denny, that vibrant young hero of the "Leather Pushers" stories has a big and ever-growing following. He is an Englishman with an interesting career as actor, amateur boxer, and soldier. Given a big story that brought out his unfailing good nature, he could go far. But he is under contract to Universal, a company that has never done much in the way of star stories, except for Priscilla Dean.

Baker Art Gallery

Elinor Glyn pronounced Orville Caldwell the handsomest man in pictures, so Preferred put him under contract. But he has yet to establish himself with the fans.

Of course, there is Cullen Landis, but he is already practically a star. There is also Richard Dix, but he has never quite lost his self-consciousness on the screen. If he ever finds a director who will encourage him to be his natural self on the screen, I'll buy stock in the company. Just now you have to know Richard Dix off the screen in order to appreciate him.

The Cosmopolitan company is betting on Forrest Stanley as a big favorite. Following his appearance in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" he was given every chance to distinguish himself in "The Pride of Palomar." But he threw away his chance as an actor and remained only a handsome young man with a perfect marcel wave. But he may still vindicate himself in a future production.

Mae Murray can always be counted on to surround herself in her pictures with interesting young men—the present ones being Robert Frazer and Rod la Rocque. Charming as they are, however, they are hardly in the running for first honors among the matinée idols. Rod la Rocque is considered a little too much of the slick city feller, and Robert Frazer is almost too picturesque. Though interesting and charming they are not just the type producers are seeking.

R-C is betting on the future popularity of Warner Baxter, whom Vitagraph is featuring with Colleen Moore in "The Ninety and Nine." According to no less an authority than Colleen herself, he films "like a million fan letters" in this picture. Famous Players is watching eagerly the progress of William Boyd whom they have long been grooming for stardom. They loaned him to Gene Stratton Porter to play the title rôle in "Michael O'Halloran," but they think too much of him to let go of him often. Goldwyn has chosen a newcomer to films, William Haines, to train just as they have trained the highly successful Eleanor Boardman.

Within the last few months one young actor has distinguished himself above all others—but as a character actor, not as the much-sought juvenile hero. That is Ray Griffith, who played the young crook in "Fools First." His wonderful pantomimic ability is partly due to the fact that he lost his voice years ago singing. Hollywood points to him with pride as their only really consistent actor of the silent drama.

Norman Kerry and Ward Crane bring the girls in droves to the theaters, but they are not looked upon as lasting idols. Beguiling adventurers they seem, not real friends. Were it not for his fatal tendency toward embonpoint, Vincent Coleman might look to a future heavy with fan letters. In support of Corinne Griffith and other feminine stars, he has shown much promise. Harold Goodwin is too tall, Hallam Cooley is too stiff, Casson Ferguson too much a man of the world. Clumsiness and a tendency to be phlegmatic stand in the way of Ralph Graves. One could go on bestowing such budding funeral wreaths at length. There are so many more actors on the downgrade than on the rise.

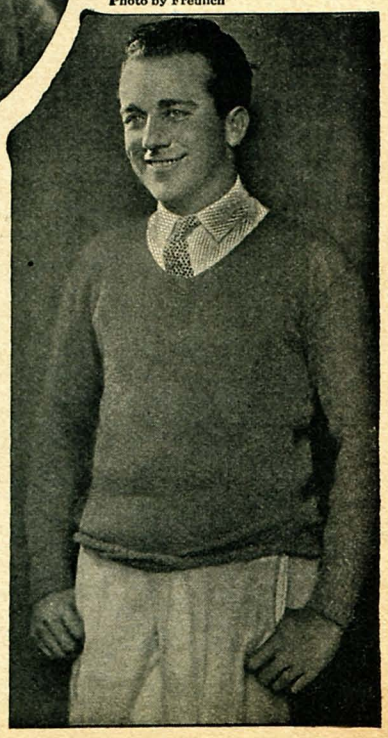
Photo by Freulich

Hallam Cooley is one of the old reliables.

It is more thrilling, though, to find whom the producers consider really promising. The names are few. There is Robert Agnew, under contract to Famous Players, whose work in "Clarence" and "Kick In" proved him an ingratiating youth. And those who have observed the girls' interest in him at Armstrong's in Hollywood at luncheon, or at one of the dinner-dancing centers, such as the Plantation out near Culver City, pronounce that his best efforts have not yet been seen on the screen. He is young and good looking and natural, and his future seems bright with promise.

Jack Mulhall has long just escaped being a big popular favorite.

Photo by Freulich



Continued on page 84

The News Reel

A panorama in words of important people and events in California's filmland.

By Helen Klumph

Accidents as Usual.

NO month seems to pass by without its toll of accidents in the studios. Gaston Glass is the chief victim this time. For one of the big scenes in "The Hero" he had to rush into a burning building, but contrary to expectations when the scene was taken Gaston didn't come rushing out. He had been bitten by a rattlesnake. The house was an old, long-unoccupied one, and the rattlesnake had coiled up in there for the winter. When the blaze started, the excited animal attacked the first person in reach, which was Gaston. He was rushed to a hospital and within a few days had recovered sufficiently to be taken home. But Gaston doesn't want to play in fires any more.

A little less serious was the misfortune that befell Jeanno Corry during the making of a scene of Cecil De Mille's production, "Adam's Rib." As the bodyguard of Theodore Kosloff in the picture, Mr. Corry was called upon to fight Milton Sills. Mr. Sills accidentally hit him a terrific blow, tearing the flesh on his right cheek. With tears streaming down his face, Mr. Corry insisted on staying to finish the scenes.

Realism Versus Art.

The sight of Mr. Corry's bloody face was unpleasant, nothing more. But the next day, watching a scene of one of H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood" stories filmed, I saw an actor painstakingly daub red liquid on his jaw, and place a sponge of the same between his teeth so that it would trickle out when he was hit. Whereupon I fainted.

New Stars.

Frankie Lee, who became famous as the little lame boy who was cured in "The Miracle Man," is going to be starred in a series of two-reel pictures. His first picture will be "Robin Hood, Jr."

Another new star is Derelys Perdue, who has inherited the Pauline Frederick dressing room and the scripts originally purchased for Miss Frederick at R-C. Let us hope that she also inherits the ability and popularity of Miss Frederick, though that seems too much to ask for. Her first picture will be "The Woman Breed." She is a pretty, slender girl with expressive, dark eyes. She first came into pictures as a dancer, had a part in Rex Ingram's "The Conquering Power," and was recently featured in a Finis Fox production. It was her work in this picture that convinced the R-C officials that she should be starred.

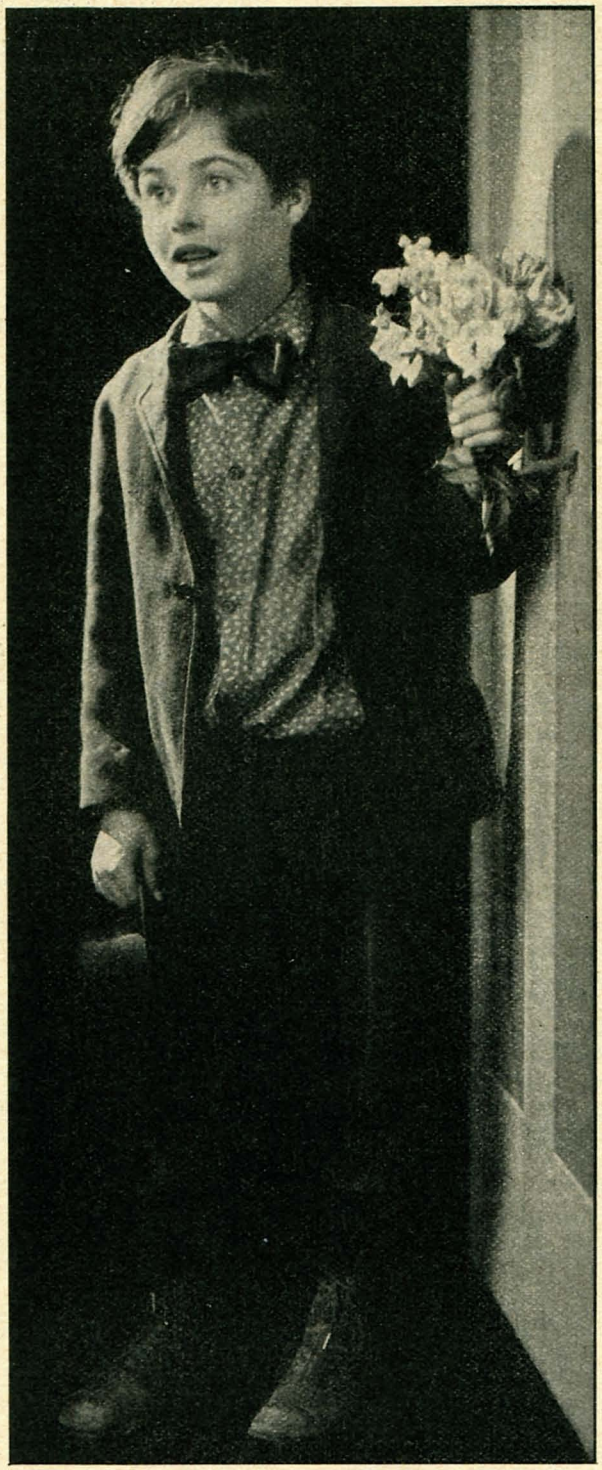


Photo by Evans

Frankie Lee is going to be starred.

Stars Once; Actors Now.

Frank Mayo's star contract with Universal has expired, and he has signed with Goldwyn to play a leading rôle in Rupert Hughes' story of motion-picture people, "Souls for Sale." Bert Lytell will play *Rudolph Rassendyll* in the Selznick production of "Rupert of Hentzau." This is the same character that Lewis Stone portrayed in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Antonio Moreno was signed to appear in the same cast, but when he found that he was to play a heavy, he resigned. Bryant Washburn succeeded him. James Morrison will support Colleen Moore in the Cosmopolitan production of Fanny Hurst's story, "The Nth Commandment."

Not Poor ZaSu.

The news that ZaSu Pitts had gone into voluntary bankruptcy recently startled many of her friends. She seemed very prosperous and happy and was getting good engagements, so an undercurrent of malicious gossip started that spread until ZaSu could hardly go into a store without overhearing the remark that she had gone into bankruptcy to get out of paying her bills. The fact of the matter was that little Miss Pitts, in the absence of her husband who always counsels her on matters of business, was tricked into signing a note. Ostensibly just an agreement to pay for dental work done for herself and her mother, the note was really a guarantee for all the dentist's debts for office furniture. When the bank served notice on ZaSu that she had to meet this note, her lawyer saw no way out of it but

for her to go into bankruptcy. She did, and now she is having the heartbreaking experience of being unjustly criticized.

Real Estate Notes.

Marshall Neilan has bought a new house out in the foothills, and his wife, Blanche Sweet, is busily engaged in superintending the remodeling and decorating of it. They expect to move in shortly. One side of the house will be taken up by the great organ which Mr. Neilan recently purchased. No home, he feels, is complete without one. Miss Sweet has given up her entire time to superintending the work on their home, turning down several interesting parts in order to do it. Her next appearance will be in a production of her husband's.

Puzzle Department.

Arthur Rankin is committing the heaviest villainy in Hollywood in H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood" stories produced by R-C. Why he should play a heavy is one of the puzzles that perplex motion-picture fans. And another is why no one stars him in P. G. Wodehouse's "Archy" stories for which he is admirably fitted.

By, with, and for Erich von Stroheim.

Several companies wanted Erich von Stroheim as director, when he and Universal parted; others wanted him as actor, and not a few were interested in him as author. But it was not until Goldwyn came along with an offer for him to direct Erich von Stroheim productions featuring that most fascinating of villains in stories written or adapted by him, that he signed a contract. Now every one is happy. We who loved "Foolish Wives" have something to look forward to.

Economy Note.

Universal, incidentally, has dressed up the old Von Stroheim villa set where the gamblers made merry in "Foolish Wives," and it is being used for "The Power of a Lie." The cast includes Maude George, Mabel Julienne Scott, and Winston Miller, younger brother of Patsy Ruth, the Goldwyn ingénue. Winston, in the course of his first interview, remarked that acting couldn't be very hard because Patsy gets away with it.

A Little Temperament.

Studio efficiency experts and the chastening influence of Will Hays have done a great deal toward robbing the motion-picture studios of a charmingly irresponsible air. Occasionally, though, Marshall Neilan recalls the old nonchalant days. When he doesn't feel like going to the studio, he doesn't go. After several days' absence recently, he informed a distracted secretary over the telephone that he would be at the studio by three o'clock. "But he didn't say what day," the cynical vice president of Goldwyn remarked.

To Bob or Not to Bob.

May McAvoy might have had an important rôle in "Adam's Rib," the next Cecil De Mille production, if she had been willing to bob her hair. But little Miss McAvoy is rather conservative, and apparently thought the sacrifice too great. It is a splendid part, and little Pauline Garon, brought from New York to play it, is expected to make a big hit in it. Already, other companies are making bids for her services. Miss McAvoy's friends are appropriately sad. She has been loaned to Ince to make a picture, and no one seems to know or care what it is about.

Claire Windsor has grown tired of her bobbed hair and decided to let it grow. The cast of "The Strangers' Banquet," in which she plays a leading rôle, recently took up a collection and bought her a ruler so she could gloat over each bit of growth.

Latest Arrivals.

Corinne Griffith slipped quietly into Los Angeles after four years' absence, and soon there was dissension over whether Claire Windsor still ranked as the reigning beauty of Hollywood. Hallowe'en night at the Ambassador, Miss Griffith took the lead, but Miss Windsor has her stanch supporters. Since Corinne Griffith plays in Vitagraph pictures, which are not shown in any of the leading theaters in Los Angeles, she was not readily recognized at first. One evening when she came into the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador, a woman remarked, "Who is she? If Peggy Hopkins had looked like that I would have believed all those stories of men losing their heads over her."

When it became known that the girl was Corinne Griffith, movie inpresarios dashed out and tried to get her under contract. They learned to their sorrow that she was still bound to Vitagraph, but now Miss Griffith is free of that affiliation, and you can rank her with the biggest stars in filmdom. She is going to make real pictures for a real company and have a real chance—just what the fans have long been begging for for her.

Claire Windsor has decided to let her hair grow; every day she measures it to see how much it has grown.

Such is Fame.

Monte Blue who has come West to appear in "Brass" for Warner Brothers is stopping at a downtown hotel where few motion-picture actors are ever seen. But, alas! he leaves the hotel a little before eight every morning to go to the studio, so many of the hotel guests have missed seeing him. The telephone operators, public stenographers, et al, being more enterprising, have asked to come on duty at seven instead of eight, so as not to miss him

The Highbrow Virus.

Every day the craze for culture seeps further into Hollywood. It is a social error to be seen reading anything less impressive than "The World's Illusion." But if by any chance you ask, "Looking for scenario material?" the reply usually is, "No, this is much too good to be a box-office attraction. My manager is looking around for something *Sheiky* with a good snappy box-office title for me to do next."

But if this rage for study continues among the stars, we poor fans will have to cram as we once did for school examinations, before writing them fan letters. The question now under discussion among the little group of serious thinkers who meet Monday night to study the drama is, "Why do nations that worship many gods develop greater dramatic literature than the ones that worship only one god?"

If you don't know the answer, ask your favorite star.

The New Censorship.

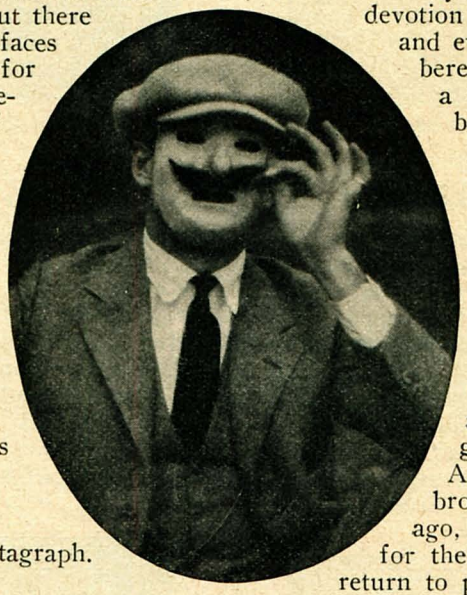
Several motion-picture actors, producers, directors, and camera men who have young children whom they wish to shield from all evil influences have organized to demand censorship of all sermons and morality clauses in ministers' contracts.

After Mr. Griffith, the Deluge.

The expected bumper crop of mystery pictures is scheduled to follow D. W. Griffith's "One Exciting Night," and it looks as though the most interesting of these would be "The Rear Car," to be directed by Marshall Neilan for Goldwyn, and "Your Friend and Mine," a Sawyer-Lubin production which will bring Willard Mack back to the screen. This was adapted from an old vaudeville sketch of Mr. Mack's. Enid Bennett will play in it.

A New Face.

Cullen Landis has been hearing a lot of talk about new faces in motion pictures, but he never sees any. In most of the studios all-star casts are being featured. The old familiar faces are being shown almost to the exclusion of any one new. But there has been so much talk about new faces that he thought there must be room for them somewhere. So when Marguerite de la Motte brought him one of those funny false faces that children wear, he put it on and solemnly went up to the cashier at the Mayer studio. She looked at him, turned pale, locked up the money, and fled. From there he went to the office of Bess Meredyth, scenario editor who unceremoniously removed his nice new face. So Cullen will continue to be himself. The News Reel hereby presents the one and only appearance of Cullen Landis in his new face.



This is the one and only appearance of Cullen Landis' new face; it came from the ten-cent store.

Axiom.

Discretion is the better part of Vitagraph.

Friendly Burlesque.

Bull Montana knew that somebody would be sure to burlesque "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," so he thought he might as well do it. So "Bull Montana in Rob 'Em Good" will soon burst upon our screens. There will be massive sets of course, but the armor of the period will be altered slightly so as to permit Bull's famous ears to show. In place of the tournament there is a greased-pig chase, and in place of the sensitive falcon of *Prince John* there is a fat and placid goose. Included in the cast are many of Bull's friends who owed him money.

Keeping Up with Daughter.

Jane Novak's little girl, aged five, is taking French and music lessons, and her mother, not to be outdone, comes home after a hard day at the studio and flirts with irregular verbs with her daughter. Then after "Mickey" goes to bed, mamma practices her music.

Going to the Dogs.

While plans were afoot for California's biggest dog show recently motion pictures were not of much importance in some of the studios around Los Angeles. Many of the players own show dogs who have trophy rooms full of ribbons and cups to their credit, so naturally when time came for the dog show, the mere motion-picture stars took a back seat in the family circle.

The Christie comedy studio was hit the hardest, for Al Christie simply called off work and himself canvassed all the studios to get cups contributed for the show. Within a few days he had over one hundred. He and his brother contributed handsome cups, as did Charles Ray, Richard Dix, and many others. Two of the most impressive offerings were tall, stately cups of Colonial design, given by May McAvoy and Dorothy Devore.

The real sensation among dogs belongs to Elliott Dexter. He has bought Afra, the grand champion police dog of Germany. On her arrival in Hollywood early in November, Mr. Dexter burst into print with some articles on dog breeding. His remarks on the subject were so worth while that some of the kennel men of California have forgotten that he is also an actor.

A Friend Passes.

Hollywood has always been proud of the devotion of J. Warren Kerrigan to his mother, and every one sympathizes with him in his bereavement. For years the two lived in a modest little house, where she could be seen knitting or reading on the porch while her son mowed the lawn or worked around the shrubs. He didn't make any pictures for four years, but just stayed at home with her. Mabel Normand always used to stop for a chat when she passed coming from the studio, and Baby Peggy often clambered up the steps to call on Mrs. Kerrigan. Many players used to slow up their cars as they passed to return the cheery greeting of the little lady on the porch. And now the happy companionship is broken by her death. Just a few months ago, Mr. Kerrigan went away from her for the first time in years. He decided to return to pictures, and it was while making location scenes for Paramount's "The Covered Wagon" in Utah that his mother was taken sick. She died before he could reach her.

Settled at Last.

Jobyna Ralston will play opposite Harold Lloyd in his future comedies, now that Mildred Davis is to be starred.

Nomination for the Good Sports Club.

Guy Bates Post recently distinguished himself in a speech at a personal appearance in connection with his picture, "The Masquerader." His delightful frankness will not soon be forgotten by audiences who have been surfeited with bunk. He told the people in the theater that for thirty years he had employed the best press agents that were to be had and that these press agents had been forbidden to speak of him except in superlative praise. They could not attach to him such weak adjectives as "interesting" or "charming;" he must always be called "magnetic" and "dominating." As he trouped across the country year after year, hailed in every city with bombasts of such praise he acquired a certain respect for this Guy Bates Post, actor, who commanded such magnificent receptions. And yet he never knew him.

During the making of his first mo- [Continued on page 84]

Photo by Evans *Claire Windsor's charm is as delicate as the rustle of silk.*

Photo by Freulich *Colleen Moore has emerged as an emotional actress of depth.*

THEY DON'T WANT TO BE STARS

YET they are more to be envied than many a screen player who has all of the advantages—and disadvantages—that go with stardom, for they are constantly being sought after, and they appear more often, in a greater variety of rôles and productions, than do most stars.

Claire Windsor will next be seen in Marshall Neilan's production of "The Strangers' Banquet" and then in "The Little Church Around the Corner." Barbara La Marr has leading rôles in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" for Metro, "The Hero" and "Poor Men's Wives," two Preferred Pictures, and later she will be cofeatured with Lon Chaney in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

Colleen Moore emerges from the ranks of ingénues in Goldwyn's "Broken Chains," in which she shows real emotional depth. Just now she is engaged on "The Nth Commandment," a Cosmopolitan production, and recently she made "Forsaking All Others" for Universal, and "The Ninety and Nine" for Vitagraph.

Patsy Ruth Miller has not quite achieved the enviable position of these three, but she is fast approaching it.

Photo by Witzel *Barbara La Marr's exotic beauty brought her to the fore.*

Photo by John Ellis *Patsy Ruth Miller is unequaled in sparkling, buoyant ingénue rôles.*

The Indiscretions of a Star

The story of the romantic exploits of a famous idol.

As told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

If Barry Stevens weren't a philosopher he long ago would have become the world's worst cynic. For during the course of his adventures and his really sincere efforts to help people who appealed to him he has been victimized many times by persons eager to profit by his wealth and prominent position. Of course, it is true that Barry himself has sometimes deliberately stepped into situations that, to say the least, had an uncertain look, but more often he has been the innocent victim of some ambitious person's schemes for personal advancement. He has been accused of just about everything under the sun. Why, one girl, Madge Gordon, whom you read about last month, even went so far as to announce that she was married to Barry, in a State where such a declaration in the presence of witnesses is as binding as a legal marriage. But Barry just chalks up these things on the side of Experience and prepares for the next move of Life.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I THOUGHT a lot about Barry Stevens after his roadster had gone purring off up Fifth Avenue. I'd known of a good many cases in which motion-picture folk had been victimized, sometimes just for money, sometimes, as in the case of Barry Stevens, because some man or girl thought it would be nice to be the husband or wife of a star, and took to devious methods in attaining what they wanted.

For example, there was the case of a very beautiful girl, now a star. She was on the stage, and was traveling with a big production, playing rather a small part, when this happened to her. She had been in one or two pictures, and had had a good offer to sign with one of the big companies when her season on the road ended.

The theatrical company was a curious organization, just what was left of a good company that had been playing two seasons in New York and had lost most of its high-grade players when it took to the road. There were not many nice people in it, and Lisa—that's what I'll call the girl—had few friends among them. However, she read and studied a good deal, and tried hard not to give in to lonesomeness. She told me that she believed she knew every museum and art gallery across the country—she used to spend her days in them, when she was on the road, because she hadn't any one to talk with most of the time.

Then a man joined the company—came on from New York when one of the principals was taken sick. He took a fancy to Lisa, and was rather nice to her. She, poor child, was delighted to find any one who was at all congenial. They used to dine together occasionally, and so one night, when they were playing in a district that had been flooded and had to drive from one town to another, because the railroad tracks were under water, she went in a small car with him and thought nothing of it.

They lost the way, and at two o'clock in the morning they were driving around in strange country, cold and hungry. It had begun to rain, and they were as uncomfortable as possible.

"I'll tell you—let's stop somewhere and get something to eat," the man urged. "We'll feel better then. And maybe we'll be able to stay all night, if we can find a house where they have an extra room or two. I'm going to try this place up ahead."

So he knocked on the door, when they got there, and finally roused a man who let them in, gave them some ham and eggs, and after a word or two with Lisa's companion, brought out some moonshine whisky—this was in the South, and well up in the hills.

The man who was with Lisa drank a good deal of it, and when they started out again—Lisa had absolutely refused to remain there the rest of the night; she said the man who owned the house looked like a ruffian of the worst type—he was about half drunk. Lisa said that the car slid and staggered about the road when he began to drive; that the road itself was wet and slippery, and that he had no control over the car at all. She soon saw that they could not go on that way; she was afraid that he would drive so near the edge of the road, which ran along a cliff, that the car would go over and they'd both be killed. Finally he stripped the gears and there they were, stuck on a lonely road at three in the morning.

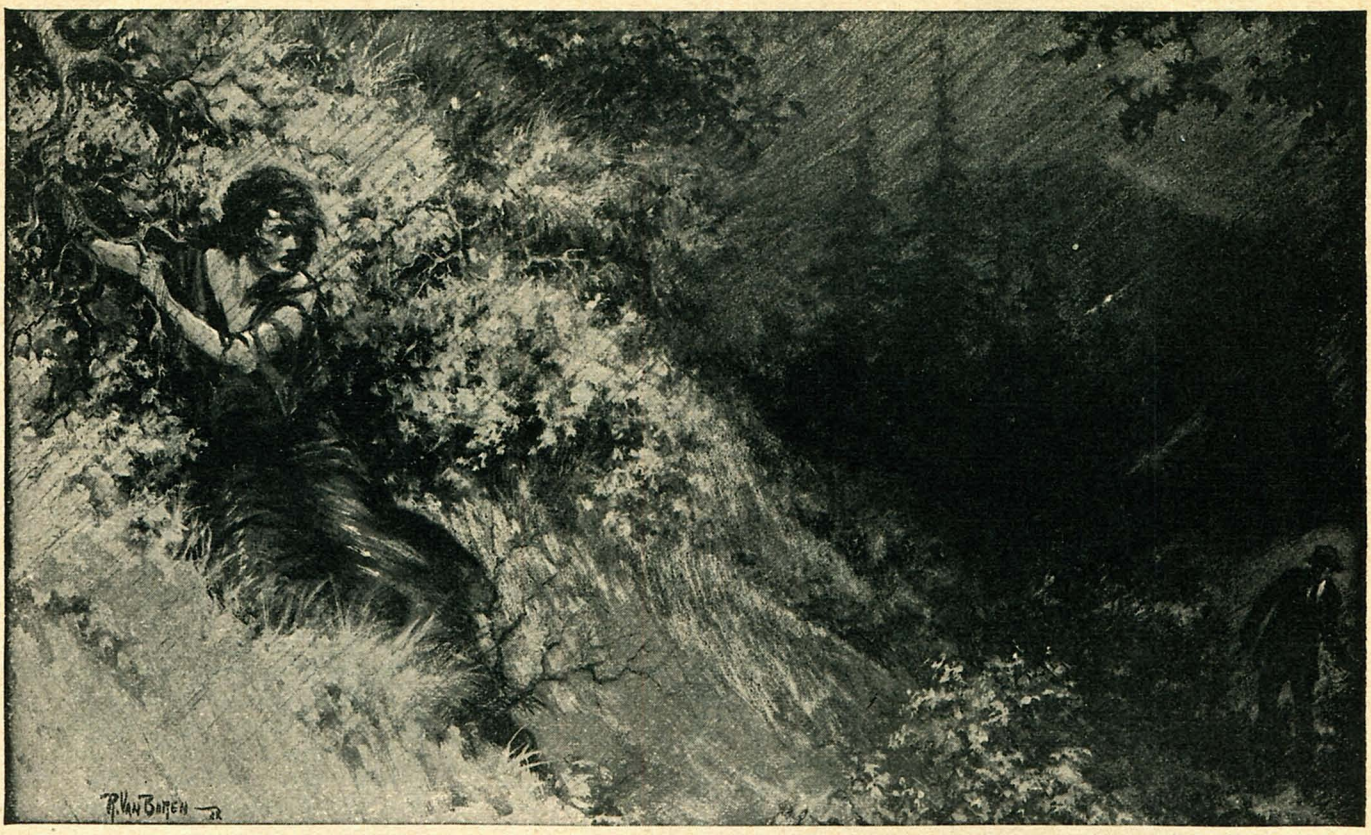
She soon saw, too, that the man drunk was a very different person to deal with than when he was sober. Before she realized it, he had thrown his arms around her, and was pressing his thick, whisky-scented lips against her cheek. The day she told me about that evening, she was sitting in the living room of her charming little apartment overlooking the hills that surround Los Angeles; all the world was sun filled, radiant. Yet she sat there shuddering, as if she still felt his lips on her face and his arms about her shrinking body.

"I'll never forget it—never," she told me, her eyes narrowing with disgust at the memory. "Since then, when I've had to play scenes that called for the emotions that were aroused that night, I have only to recall it—and when the critics say that I am a wonderful emotional actress, I wonder what they'd say if they knew what is at the bottom of the portrayal that they praise."

She tore herself from his grasp and jumped from the car. She had resolved to throw herself over the cliff, rather than remain there at his mercy. She ran up the road, with the rain beating in her face, and as she heard him shouting and staggering after her, she turned and scrambled up the bank, making her way through loose, muddy earth that clung to her feet and dragged her down. But she stumbled on, determined to make every effort to escape him.

She came to a hedge, a thick, thorny wall of bushes, and made her way through it somehow; she said she was sure that it would keep him from following her, if only she could get through it. On the other side was a lawn, in the middle of which stood a big, pretentious-looking house. She realized that she had been making her way through the grounds of some big estate. If she could only rouse the people in the house, they would protect her. But she heard the man swearing and threatening her, just on the other side of the hedge, and she did not dare to waste time hammering on the door of the house—there were no lights anywhere, and it was possible that every one was asleep and nobody would wake until it was too late to help her, or that the house was empty.

A huge bush stood near by, a great, spreading mass of thick branches, the growth of years. She tried to crawl under it, but could not, so she jumped up on



As the man approached, swearing and threatening her, Lisa tried to crawl under the bush.

top of it, and as her own weight bore her down into the middle of the bush, the branches above closed over her. She was completely hidden.

But the man, who had made his way through the hedge, did not give up. She heard him stumbling about the lawn, looking for her, muttering and cursing—even above the sound of the rain and wind she could hear him. At last he came to the bush. She lay still, trembling with fear.

"I know you're here," he muttered, fumbling with his hands over as much of the bush as he could reach. "You're here, all right—and you're going to come out."

And he picked up a thick, long stick from the ground and began to beat on the bush as hard as he could. Nearly all the blows fell on her body.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Lisa cowered down there in the middle of the bush, wincing under the heavy blows of the man's stick, yet not daring to scream. Every blow caused fresh agony, but she bit hard on her own hand to stifle the cries that rose in her throat. Better to be beaten to death than to let him drag her from her refuge!

She did not know when he left; she had lost consciousness when he gave up the effort to find her and went away.

When she opened her eyes again the sun was streaming into her face, through the tangled branches. She climbed down to the ground, but found that she was so weak that she could hardly stand. Her clothes were torn, her face, arms, and hands were badly scratched by brambles, and were covered with dried blood—she hardly knew whether she dared go to the house and ask for help or not.

But she could not go on to the next town looking as she did—she realized that. So she knocked on the back door of the house until some one came, and told the woman who finally answered that she had been lost in the woods, and needed help.

The woman was very suspicious. At first she refused to do anything for Lisa, but the girl pleaded earnestly, and just as the woman was turning away and closing the door, a man, evidently the owner of the house, came to the door and asked what was the matter.

Lisa told him what she had told the woman, and begged him to help her. He said that he would, and then, as he opened the door wider, she fainted and fell at his feet in a forlorn little heap.

He kept her there a week, until she had regained her strength and recovered from the shock. His housekeeper took care of her, and when she was able to leave the man gave her some money, insisting that she take it and return it later, if she was determined to do so.

She rejoined the company, which had gone some miles by that time, but the manager had put some one else in her place during her absence and refused to take her back. She could do nothing about it; it was quite true that she had been absent without permission for a week, had inconvenienced him, and justified his discharging her. She could hardly tell him the truth about her absence.

And so she went back to New York, traveling in day coaches, eating little, stretching out the money which had been lent her as far as she could. She tried to get an engagement when she got back to New York, but times were very bad, and there seemed to be nothing for her. The motion-picture company which had engaged her did not want her to begin work for several months, and she did not dare to live on too little, for fear that her looks would suffer and cause her to screen badly when she did get work.

She had a heart-breaking time of it. She tried to get any kind of work that would pay anything at all, but there were so many applicants for positions as waitress, house maid, salesgirl, that for some time she could get nothing. At last one of the big dressmakers en-

gaged her as model, and she was able to manage until her engagement with the motion-picture people began. The first extra money that she had she saved toward paying the man in the big house who had helped her when she was in trouble. And as soon as she had saved the whole amount she sent it to him, but without giving her name and address.

As a sort of reward, apparently, for the hardships that she had suffered, her work in her first picture with the new company brought her much praise. She was given a bigger part in the second one, and was made overnight, when the picture was released. That is one of the good things about working in pictures—success is likely to come suddenly—and, of course, is as likely not to come at all, or to come only after long years of waiting.

She was featured in several pictures, then starred, within the year. She was made. Her salary was not large, but she had a little bungalow in the hills near Los Angeles, and a maid to look after her, and she was happy in the security which her success had brought her.

But that security did not last long. She received a letter from the man who had been the cause of all her trouble. He was out of a job, he wrote her, and broke. Would she please send him some money at once? And he'd like a position in pictures, also. If she did not comply with his request, he added calmly, he would be forced to tell of their little expedition together. Of course, the members of the theatrical company knew enough to corroborate his statements!

Lisa told me that she was absolutely sick with disgust and fright when she finished that note. She had just succeeded in establishing herself, in making a few friends whom she really liked, and in getting well under way in her picture work. She asked nothing but a chance to go on without interruption. And now this snake rose from the shadows that she thought she had left behind her, and coiled across the future!

CHAPTER XL.

There was nobody to advise Lisa, nobody to tell her to ignore the threats of blackmail and refuse to let her life be troubled. So, after a night of agonized meditation, during which she walked the floor of her living room for hour after hour, she went to her desk and wrote a check for all the money she had. This she sent to the man, with a note telling him that it was all she had, as he could learn by inquiring at the bank, and that she could do nothing more for him. She asked him for a promise that he would not annoy her again.

This he gave. He came to Los Angeles, got work in one of the studios, and she heard nothing more from him until she was given one of the biggest stories of the year to screen. It was to be an elaborate production, and have an unusually large advertising appropriation. One of the best directors in the business had been engaged for it. And the man who had been blackmailing her calmly stepped forward and demanded that she insist on having him as leading man.

She refused, but he threatened to ruin her reputation if she did not do as he asked. He waited for her outside the studio, was at her house the first thing in the morning, dogged her footsteps until people began to comment, which was exactly what he wanted, of course. Finally she suggested that he be given the part, but he was so unsuited to it that he was not even considered. He urged that the girl refuse to appear in the picture unless he was given what he wanted. He made friends with the editor of one of the scandal sheets, and little items about her began to appear in its pages. She was almost wild.

And then things took a curious twist—one worthy of the imagination of the most romantic scenario writer. She received a letter from the man who had befriended her when she stumbled to his door, after the night she had spent in the shrubbery. It came with her fan mail, which was sent to her in a huge basket every morning from the studio. She had been glancing through the letters before they went to her secretary, and came upon it.

He had seen her on the screen, recognized her, and asked if he might come to see her. He was in San Francisco at the time, and would come to Los Angeles if she would see him. She wired him to come. And when he arrived, she told him the whole story of her horrible experience on the night before she had stumbled up the steps to his back door and asked for help. She told of the wretch who was blackmailing her, and of her great need of advice and assistance.

She got it. The man who had been the cause of her suffering got the beating of his life when he sauntered across her lawn the next morning and asked for her. And a week later, the motion-picture world got a surprise that jarred it into unusual amazement—for Lisa married the man who had come to her rescue.

People marveled at her choice. He was much older than she, not particularly good looking or especially rich. They could not understand her whole-hearted adoration of him. Nor do they understand her devotion even now.

But to any one who has heard her story it is perfectly clear. And one can only wish that some of the other girls who are known to picture fans, and who have been the victims of those who had no scruples so long as they got what they wanted, could have had a protector like hers.

That day, after Barry Stevens had gone, I thought of Lisa. And I wondered what the rest of Barry's story about his unwelcome marriage would reveal.

I saw him a few days later at the studio. They were working out on the lot, where a huge set had been built to represent some streets in Constantinople. It was rather a chilly day; a raw, cold wind was blowing, and the extras huddled together, blue with cold, when they were not working. I sat down in the doorway of one of the buildings, just out of range of the camera, and Barry sauntered over and threw his coat around my shoulders. He looked even more haggard than when I had seen him last, and volunteered the reason even before I could decide whether I dared ask it.

"Things are rotten!" he told me, with a smile that expressed his friendliness but just made his eyes look more tired. "Pauline didn't show up on the set at all yesterday; her mother had a headache and wanted her to stay home! That's a new stall—they've tried about everything to keep her away from here. The powers that be are furious at me, of course—I urged that she be given the part, and now she holds up the picture. We did some other stuff, but if she does it again there'll be trouble."

"And are you as mad about her as ever?" I asked.

"Worse," he answered. "I want her more than anything else." And I wondered if it wasn't just because so many girls had run after him, quite openly, that he wanted Pauline—there were obstacles in the way of his getting her, and Barry had not met many obstacles.

"And things are getting tight financially," he went on. "One of the men who's backing us has been hard hit in the stock market, and now he hangs around here and questions everything we do; if we make a retake he wants to know if that isn't a waste of film, and yesterday, when we were doing a scene over with a few

Continued on page 89

The Screen in Review

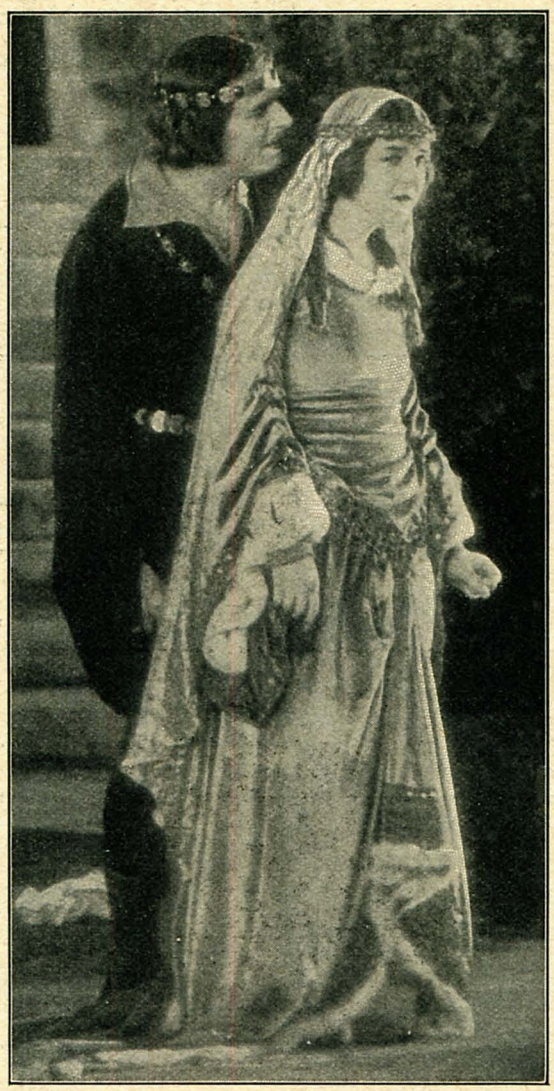
A comprehensive and complete appraisal of all of the most important pictures recently released.

By Alison Smith

IT has been many times proved that a "superspectacle" picture cannot hold its audiences by virtue of its settings alone. When mob scenes, gorgeous pageants, and wild revels were novelties, it was thought that a film could get by with an inferior plot if only the director piled on the scenery heavily enough. Mr. Griffith proved the fallacy of that theory when he tried to put over "Intolerance" by the sheer weight of Babylon's crashing walls.

The film fans demand the human element in addition to the elaborate display of settings, and it has always been my contention that they would sacrifice backgrounds any day to personality. "When Knighthood Was In Flower" has been a success, it is true, but I doubt that it will be remembered and loved as long as many less pretentious pictures dominated by a really magnetic star. A picture cannot be stronger than its star, and through all the medley of mobs and rioters and courtiers, one figure must stand out as supreme. Which brings us to "Robin Hood" and the best example of the triumph of one man over mob scenes.

"Robin Hood" is Douglas Fairbanks from the first reel to the last. He flashes up and down the walls of the gigantic castle set, he darts in and out the woodland scenes, he is everywhere, and almost all the time and in rare moments when he is not on the scene you are simply waiting for him to come back again. So beautiful is the setting and so unusual and interesting the photography and direction that your attention might very easily wander to the backgrounds alone—but not for long with Doug around! Nothing distracts your attention from *Robin Hood*—he sees to that. In leaps and bounds and sword play he sweeps the thrilling old story on from the first tournament, where he, as the *Earl of Huntingdon* wins his command of the King's Crusade, to his wild life as the dauntless outlaw in his haunts in the merrie English forest. It has been said that Fairbanks cannot take on the atmosphere of a character such as *Zorro* or *D'Artagnan*—that he always plays himself. There may be something in this; not that it matters, for the same thing has always been said about Sarah Bernhardt. For most of us Douglas' self is all that is needed for a good show. But in the case of "Robin Hood," you have the real dare-devil, impish character out of the storybook. Perhaps the answer is that Douglas' "real self" and *Robin Hood* are very much alike. When I say that he dominated his settings I don't mean that these were easily overlooked—as a matter of fact they are the most colossal, impressive, and genuinely artistic scenes I have ever seen in an American picture. Alan Dwan, the director, has been studying the new scenic movement in the theater, many of his shots were almost identical with stage sets by Gordon Craig, the English designer, and Max Reinhardt, the famous German master. The vast halls, the huge castle walls, the deep, wandering forest have been filmed on a scale almost unknown to the films. And there is a simplicity about them and an eye for lighting and costumes which proves that Mr. Dwan has not studied the new stagecraft in vain.



"Robin Hood" is one of the most beautiful and impressive pictures ever made.

Against the background the actors give Douglas excellent support. I never expected to see Wallace Beery as a king, but he plays *Richard I.* with real vigor and dignity. Alan Hale was a most sympathetic and very blond *Little John.* (These two were so kicked about as Hun villains through the war, that they must enjoy being noble and heroic for a change.) Sam De Grasse was excellent as *Prince John,* and Paul Dickey as *Sir Guy of Gisbourne.* Enid Bennett, as *Maid Marian,* had little to do but sit pretty and be rescued, but this she does to perfection.

For all this, it is Doug's own film and the most finished and artistic of his career. Of all the special productions filmed in this country it stands out as the furthest mark in advance.

"Tess"—*United Artists.*

Mrs. Douglas, or, as the saying goes, Mary Pickford, also has her picture this month, and I wish I could say the same for her. But the plain unguarded truth is that while Douglas has gone a step in advance of the picture times, Mary has gone back to the old, old days of motion-picture hokum. "Tess of the Storm Country" was filmed years ago when the nickelodeon was flourishing and when Will Hays was a mere local politician. It has been refilmed with more finished direction and better photography, but it still remains the preposterous sob tale about the squatter's daughter whose morals are perfect, but whose grammar could be improved upon and whose idea of humor is kicking folks in the shins.

Of course Mary Pickford enters into this rôle with such characteristic earnestness and vim that those who adore Mary in everything will find her all over the place to adore. Moreover her energy and good nature take the curse off many of the worst scenes—she sweeps by them so joyously.

And though I do not personally care for that type of story I must admit that many, many people do. Countless thousands of persons read the book, and as many more persons wept and laughed at the play—not on Broadway—but in theaters throughout the country where plays are presented by small road and stock companies.

After "Lord Fauntleroy" I did hope that Mary would find a rôle more worthy of her—and here this one is worse! But perhaps, for reasons best known to herself, she was merely marking time in making this picture, while getting ready to begin "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which she is to do next, and which, according to announcement, Lubitsch is to direct.

"The Young Rajah"—*Paramount.*

Well, you can't make masterpieces all the time—no one else does it, so why should we expect it of movie stars? Here is Rodolph Valentino, for instance, as a young rajah. At least that's what the title calls it, and the billboards picture him in the brilliant robes of the Far East, though, as a matter of fact, there is almost none of the exotic atmosphere which was attempted in "The Sheik."

The story, based on "Amos Judd," by John A. Mitchell, the founder and former editor of *Life,* is one touching on the occult, and calculated to prove that if destiny intends you for a certain career, nothing can thwart it. In it, a young rajah, when his throne is usurped, is smuggled away, brought to America, and brought up knowing nothing of his ancestry as a typical New England youth who wears perfectly correct clothes, goes to Harvard, rows on the crew, and falls in love with a beautiful girl. But at last things take place in India of such a nature that the great occult forces draw him back to take his place as rajah, and you see him on the throne, all tricked out in silks and jewels for at least ten seconds before the final fade-out. He was *not,* however, surrounded by a group of beautiful oriental maidens, as shown in some of the advance pictures which were widely published. But perhaps something was cut out in New York, where we have censorship.

The picture, I fear, is going to be something of a disappointment to the more violent of the Valentino fans, though I presume that none of them would think of missing it. Persons, however, who like to select pictures that avoid the usual picture-story formulas should find it rather interesting.

"The Young Rajah" will no doubt disappoint many Valentino fans; yet in many respects it is an interesting and novel picture.

The Fitzmaurice production of "To Have and To Hold" is a colorful and romantic affair.

"To Have and To Hold"—*Paramount.*

How very seventeenth century the movies are getting. Here is another dashing romance of England in the time of the Stuarts with all the glamour and color of those brave old days. This time it has been filmed with real spirit and beauty by George Fitzmaurice and acted by an able if somewhat boisterous cast. Betty Compson makes the loveliest picture of her career as the defiant *Lady Jocelyn Leigh,* Bert Lytell spends his time fighting pirates and flames at sea, and Theodore Kosloff

"The Man Who Saw Tomorrow" is a spectacular picture with a rather jumbled story.

is best of all as a swaggering, silken villain of the court. It's a stirring picture, and the photography alone is beautiful enough to transport you back into the romantic—if fictional—world which Mary Johnston lived in when she wrote "To Have and To Hold."

"The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"—*Paramount.*

If I weren't so afraid of getting dogmatic about films—I learned long ago never to predict anything—I would say that this picture is a perfect example of what is wrong with the movies. It has a promising cast: Thomas Meighan for the hero, Leatrice Joy for the sweet young thing, June Elvidge and Eva Novak as decorative support, and Theodore Roberts as the old sea captain. It has no end of beautiful South Sea Island scenery, lovely glamorous photography, and the most absurd, illogical, and incoherent story that ever jumped from reel to reel.

Don't ask me what it was really about; my reason balked in the middle of a reel and could follow it no further. There is a hero who gets stranded in the South Seas, and who gets involved with a captain's daughter who is beautiful, but half civilized. She follows him to America, and here begins a merry chase of almost every woman in the cast after the unfortunate hero. It is an insult to ask intelligent players like Meighan and Leatrice Joy to act in such an idiotic medley. Not to mention the insult to their fans who have to watch them.

Lon Chaney is the best thing about "Shadows."

"Shadows"—*Preferred.*

The Preferred Pictures Corporation started its career under a heavy cloud of hokum called "Rich Men's Wives," and when they announced "Shadows," a film version of the Wilbur Daniel Steele story, "Ching Ching Chinaman," it showed that they had repented. I grieve to record that their act of repentance is dull. It pains me to say this in view of the fact that in this picture Lon Chaney gives a wonderful characterization of a Chinaman. But there is nothing to back him up.

Two men in a little New England village are in love with a girl whose husband has been lost at sea. When she marries one of them, the other schemes to separate them by pretending that her first husband has come back. Eventually—the Chinese laundryman whom the young husband had befriended, discloses the plot. And it did seem as though he might have done it sooner.

"Anna Ascends"—*Paramount.*

Anna didn't ascend when this story appeared on the stage in New York; then she flopped. Now Alice Brady has taken her rôle to the screen, where it stands a better chance of success. It is the same story of the Syrian girl who goes up the social ladder, stabbing villains and saving crown jewels as she goes. In the film it is more exciting and less foolish than in the stage version, partly because, in the silent drama you lose the hopelessly absurd dialogue. Moreover Alice Brady seems to put over the personality of the Syrian girl with more vim and dash than she did before the footlights. And no one can play an emigrant type better than Alice, whether Syrian, Armenian, Portuguese, or Greek.

"The Light in the Dark"—*Hope Hampton.*

The Holy Grail is again dug up for the purposes of this melodrama. The rich and somewhat smug hero unearths it while hunting in Great Britain and preserves it, glowing like the hound of the Baskervilles all smeared over with phosphorous. It serves to reform crooks like Lon Chaney on sight. Altogether a preposterous and unconvincing piece of mysticism except for some inserts of color film which are the most successful and the richest I have ever seen. For the most part they serve to set off the beauty of Hope Hampton, who plays the heroine.

"Bulldog Drummond"—*Hodkinson.*

I saw the familiar names of Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley on this film, but there was something in its atmosphere that puzzled me; later I learned that it had been filmed abroad with a half English and half American company. The play has a curious history. It was given first in London in perfectly good faith, but the audience laughed so at its melodrama that the manager hissed, "Play it as comedy"—the actors did, and the play was a knock-out both there and in New York. But the film director hasn't followed the advice of the London manager—he seems to have gone back to the old idea of heavy stuff to be taken seriously, and of course no one can. Reduced to these terms it is merely old-fashioned, lumbering melodrama not very skillfully done. Some one lost a big comedy chance in this film. I hear that "The Tavern," a George M. Cohan play that had a similar history, is being bargained for by the movie producers. I hope that when they produce it they will not fall into the same error.

"The Town That Forgot God"—*Fox.*

The real star of this piece is a flood. William Fox owns it. He has secured for its benefit a long rambling tale about a town full of mean, wicked citizens who abuse the few noble folks in the cast. These people grow to be so bad that they couldn't possibly be worse and at this point comes the deluge. I repeat that it is a noble flood and well worth the trip to the theater. But personally I wish Mr. Fox had simply shown the deluge and let it go at that—why drag in a tiresome and empty plot? The actors were just as bad, except Ray Bloomer, who managed to put a little sense into a meaningless rôle.

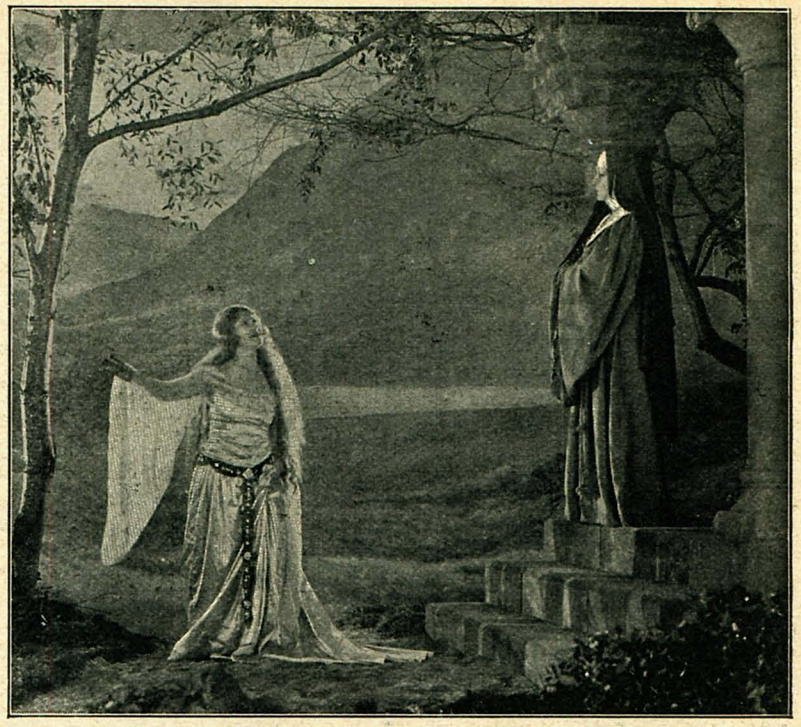
"Brothers Under the Skin"—*Goldwyn.*

Here was a surprise and a jolly one. At the beginning of this picture, I feared the worst—the usual old sermon on "idle wives" or "frivolous wives" or lonely, half-witted, and restless wives of which we see so much on the screen these days. Here is the situation: two wives are presented of different stations in life, but with an equal genius for spending the money of their hard-working husbands. Can't you see what a sob scenario writer would make of this—the tears, the scenes, and the little babe creeping down to reconcile both couples at the end. But happily we have none of that—instead the theme is developed with so much humor and good nature that you want to decorate E. Mason Hopper for giving you such an excellent film when he might have given you such a dreary one. This honor he shares, however, with the cast, who realize that the idea is comedy and not melodrama, and who seem much relieved at this fact. Helene Chadwick has never been more amusing and charming in all her many young wife rôles, and Norman Kerry and Pat O'Malley are really appealing as husbands and brothers in misery. This was originally a Peter B. Kyne story, but I don't know how closely it follows the original. Whoever did it, it's a clever job.

Alice Brady as she appears in "Anna Ascends."

"The Village Blacksmith"—*Fox.*

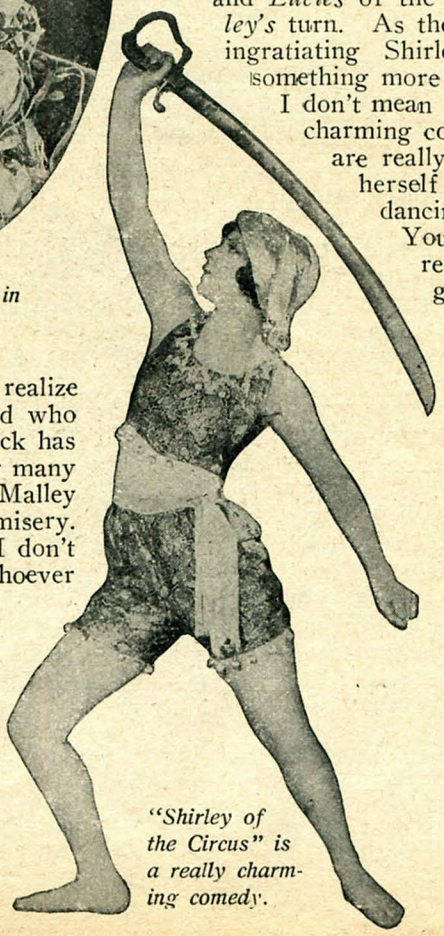
Under the spreading chestnut tree, a wild melodrama drama is acted that would certainly bewilder the mild Henry Wadsworth Longfellow if he could see what had been done to his simple poem. The "Village Smithy" has a family which insists on getting into most spectacular hardships. They are long enough and complicated enough to last five reels, but that is about all that can be said for the plot. The actors are better. William Walling in the title rôle is accurate even to his "large and sinewy" hands. Bessie Love, as always, is winning and pathetic.



"The Light in the Dark" is chiefly distinguished by some of the most marvelous color photography ever seen.

"Shirley of the Circus"—*Fox.*

It seems to be a part of the career of a screen ingénue to play a circus girl at least once in her life. We have had no end of *Pollies* and *Effies* and *Lucies* of the circus, and now it is *Shirley's* turn. As the *Shirley* in this case is the ingratiating Shirley Mason, the picture is something more than an insipid bit of fluff. I don't mean that it is more than a rather charming comedy, but the circus scenes are really thrilling, and Miss Mason herself makes a fine art of her dancing and bareback riding. You also feel that she might really act—if the scenario gave her a chance.



"Shirley of the Circus" is a really charming comedy.

"The Pride of Palomar"—*Cosmopolitan.*

This is a cheap attempt to build up an old and tottering plot with a lot of stupid anti-Japanese propaganda. It is the threadbare theme of the mortgage on the farm—only this farm is a ranch in California, and the main idea of the hero is to keep it from being sold to a Japanese buyer. There is a heroine, too, but even Marjorie Daw can't make much of her. The spotlight is on the Japanese villain, in fact most of the Japs in the cast are villains and go about scratching matches on busts of George Washing-

Continued on page 90

Over the

Fanny the Fan reviews the latest exploits far from humble

By The

Dorothy Mackaill is the latest graduate of the Ziegfeld Follies to make a hit in motion pictures. Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

YOU look crestfallen," I told Fanny, when I finally located her in the farthest corner of the Ritz.

"Crestfallen!" she popped at me excitedly. "I'm crushed. I shall probably never be young and buoyant again. And you can listen to my last requests now. I want Barbara La Marr to write my epitaph in free verse, and I want Lillian Gish to pose for a monument — wild rose crushed under the heel of public opinion or something like that."

Lila Lee has been making "Back Home and Broke" which she insists will just express her condition when she packs up her New York purchases and goes home.

Photo by Pach Brothers

"Anybody'd be glad to die if they could have all that," I assured her. "But why all this gloom?"

"I'm misunderstood," Fanny confided in a tragic manner worthy of Nazimova. "I've been called to account for remarks I've made about Marion Davies' acting and Madame Petrova's return to the screen. Now you know that no one is more anxious than I am to have Olga Petrova come back to making movies. That is why I am so impatient with her for making such impossible demands that producers are wary about signing her up. I've heard, though, that everything is practically settled now and that she will probably do 'The White Peacock' on the screen.

"And as for Marion Davies, well, every one ought to know by this time that I think she is a charming and entertaining girl. She must be awfully ambitious, because look at the way her work has improved. But she isn't what I'd call a good actress by any means. And now that I've said that I'll probably get another black-hand letter. It's disheartening. Just because I say what I really think, I make enemies."

"I should think you would!" I ejaculated.

"But the funny thing is," Fanny brightened up perceptibly, "that it is never the players themselves who are annoyed by my remarks. It is always some enraptured admirer who refuses to admit that her favorite could be wrong even in the choice of a hat. Now I'm different; when I see a truly great performance on the screen given by some one I know to be just human, it seems like a much greater achievement. And that reminds me that I can never joke again about Alma Rubens' only knowing ten French expressions after taking a hundred dollars' worth of lessons. Since she came back from Paris the French slang simply ripples from her tongue. But don't talk to Alma about French hats. She swears by American designers now. All her own clothes are American, by preference, including a lovely new squirrel wrap.

"She went over to Paris, you know, to get her costumes for 'Enemies of Women' and make some scenes there. Paul Poiret made them; the costumes, not the scenes. And Alma saw Norma and Constance Talmadge in Paris, and she met Ibañez at Monte Carlo, and was entertained by so many important people that you'd think she would upstage us nobodies now that she is home. But she doesn't. She is so glad to get back that she has dashed out and signed a long lease

Teacups

of old favorites and new, and offers her opinions about them.

Bystander

on an apartment and bought a lot of furniture. Now she says that nothing will make her leave New York.

"But speaking of Norma and Constance"—Fanny's mood of depression had quite vanished in her enthusiasm—"the Lord Mayor of London has been entertaining them. And Norma has had a competition in connection with the *Daily Sketch* to choose a protégé. Out of thousands of entrants from all over England, one was finally chosen, and she will come back with Norma and be given every chance to develop into a great motion-picture player. Her name is Margaret Leahy, and she is only twenty years old. Isn't that girl lucky? She is to have quite an important part in Norma's next production, 'Within the Law.'"

"Lucky! That girl probably doesn't half appreciate how lucky she is, being able to be around Constance and Norma all the time. And won't it be fine for them to have some one to shower attentions on beside the Keaton baby?"

"Don't worry all the time about that baby being spoiled. Remember he comes of a family that's just as used to applause as Ruth Roland is to accidents."

As usual, Fanny wasn't paying the slightest attention to me while she talked. She was studying the theater page of a newspaper and stopping to wave at acquaintances who came in.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Margaret Irving of "The Music Box Revue" makes her début in a stereoscopic motion picture called "Mars Calling."

The Fokine ballets at the Strand are making every one interested in dancing.

Photo by Apeda

"How can you be interested in seeing who is here?" I asked her dolefully. "When you know perfectly well that Lillian Gish is on her way to Europe, Dorothy is on her way to Cuba to make 'The Bright Shawl,' with Richard Barthelmess; Betty Blythe is out in Chicago making personal appearances; Corinne Griffith and Mabel Ballin are both in California."

"Yes, they're all gone," Fanny remarked philosophically, "but look who's here." She must have meant Bebe Daniels, who was entering resplendent in a mink wrap.

"Harold Lloyd is in town. He had the biggest thrill of his life the other day and what do you suppose it was? He was introduced to Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Dick Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks. Doesn't it seem funny that he had never met any of them before and that he was so excited over it?

Will Rogers took Harold down to the rodeo at Madison Square Garden—that is where he met Douglas Fairbanks—and maybe the cowboys weren't glad to see them. A lot of the men in the rodeo had worked in pictures out in Hollywood.

"And Edith Roberts is in town, too. She came East to make 'Backbone' for Distinctive Pictures Corporation, the same people who make the George Arliss productions. She is delighted over being in New York—she used to live here, you know, until five years ago when she went into pictures. She was bridesmaid for an old friend of hers just a few days after she got here; they had always promised to be each other's bridesmaids, and it looked as though Fate were helping them when Edith was sent East just at this time.

"She is going up in northern New Hampshire in a few days and will probably stay there for weeks and weeks, working on the picture. I don't see how she can bear it just as she's grown used to being here where the theaters and shops are so alluring."

"Probably Miss Roberts has other things to think about," I remarked stiffly. "Some people have."

"Oh, no, she's just as frivolous as I am," Fanny assured me in a high-handed manner. "When I see her all we talk about is earrings. I don't even know what 'Backbone' is all about. Sounds like a good title for Gloria Swanson, considering what she hasn't been wearing lately.

"And of course, you know Lila Lee's here. She's been making 'Back Home and Broke' with Thomas Meighan, and she says that is just what she'll be by the time she reaches California if she doesn't stop buying clothes. Incidentally, she isn't going back right away. She is going down to Panama to do 'The Ne'er Do Well' with Meighan.

"I guess that every one in California wants to come East while the theaters are going full blast. Just think how exciting it must be for them to see James Kirkwood on the stage. Soon there will be Nazimova, too. And Rapley Holmes is simply wonderful in 'Rain.'"

"And how about——" I started, but she knew of whom I was about to speak.

"John Barrymore in 'Hamlet' of course. No one's life is complete without seeing that. And did you know that Rosalind Fuller who plays *Ophelia* in his company has been making some motion pictures with Francis Brugiere, the photographer? The stories are taken from old English ballads, and they are just short affairs, but charming.

"I don't see how any one has time to make pictures here, because there are so many things the actors want to see. Every one flocks to the Strand to see the Fokine ballets and then after seeing them get all enthusiastic over studying dancing. Carol Dempster can do most of the things they do without half trying, but when I try them I nearly break my neck. I should think that some one would put the Fokine ballets in pictures so that people in other parts of the country could see them."

"Oh, why do that?" I protested. "There are so many interesting pictures out now that if one tries to see them all she can't do anything else. Don't tell me about anything or any one else that I shouldn't miss seeing."

So, of course, she did.

"Oh, why do that?" I proing Margaret Irving!" Fanny insisted. "She is playing in 'The Music Box Revue,' you know, and is considered one of the most beautiful girls in America. E. O. Hoppe, the English artist, named her as one of the five American beauties when he was here last year. She has made a picture called 'Mars Calling' for the Teleview Corporation. It is a stereoscopic motion picture, and ought to be wonderfully interesting.

"And there is Dorothy Mackaill, though, of course, you have probably seen her before. She has played small parts in two of Marshall Neilan's pictures, and now she has the featured rôle in 'Mighty Like A Rose,' with James Rennie playing opposite her, and you just want to watch her. I think she will be a big favorite. She used to be in the Ziegfeld 'Follies,' and you know how those girls climb once they get a start in pictures."

"I know. If I had a daughter and she wanted to get into motion pictures I'd lead her right to the stage door of the New Amsterdam Theater and leave her there to starve until Mr. Ziegfeld took pity on her and took her into his chorus."

"Some one will just about do that now, and yours will be the blame if the scheme doesn't succeed," Fanny lectured me. "Come on, let's go over to the Famous Players' studio and see if we can find Nita Naldi. I've got a letter to give to her. It is from little Irene Hart, who lives down in Cameron, West Virginia. She

Continued on page 97

Photo by Richard Southall Grant

Theda Bara always looks quite calm and serene and unhurried.

The Great Unknown

That's John Gilbert's name for himself just at present, but he probably will soon have to abandon it.

By John Addison Elliott

"SO you've come to see the Great Unknown?" A broad smile spread over the face of the young man who had risen, in the lobby of the Algonquin. "I'm it, you know," he explained. "The least-known player who's called a star."

This from the hero of that widely advertised and most popular superproduction of "Monte Cristo!" This from the husband of Leatrice Joy, next to Gloria and Pola, the brightest star just now in the Lasky constellation. This from——

And yet, there was some truth in what he said. He had, as a matter of fact, only recently appeared for the first time on my horizon as *Edmond Dantes,* and while we were exchanging the first commonplaces of meeting I was trying to make my impressions of the gray-haired *Count of Monte Cristo,* with his immobile countenance and his cold demeanor, fit this young fellow of carefree appearance, the twinkle in whose eyes suggested anything but the anguish born of years in a dungeon. There was a latent fire in those large brown eyes, but nothing that suggested the embittered master of millions, the secretive, self-appointed delegate of Destiny.

"But your big personal success in 'Monte Cristo,'" I began. "Isn't that making you known to every one who goes to pictures?"

"It's curious, but I don't believe it is," Gilbert replied. "I think that people who saw the picture were very much interested in the character of the *Count,*

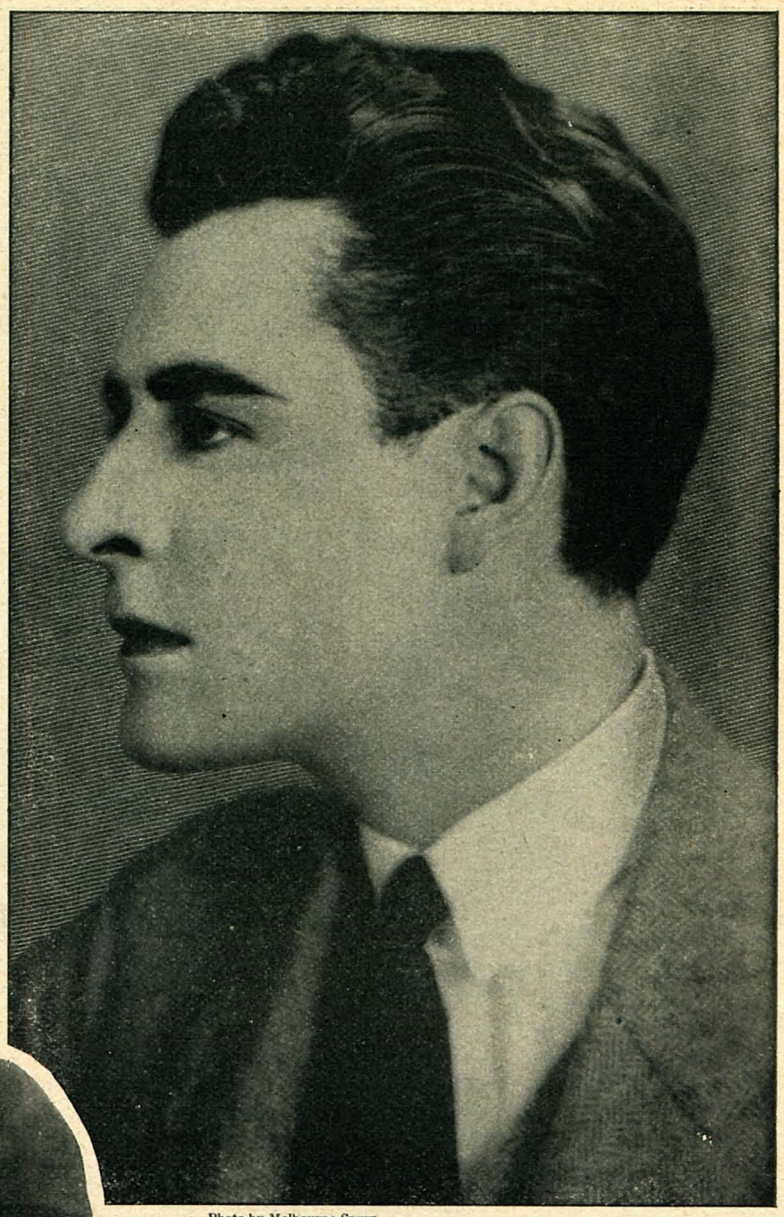
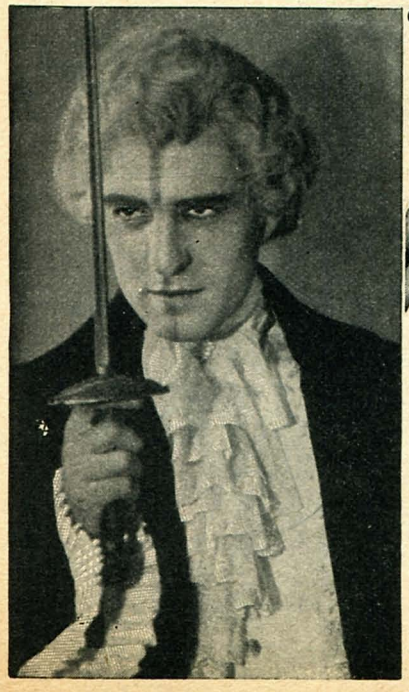


Photo by Melbourne Spurr

He has the dark smoldering eyes shown in this portrait, but as a rule he's smiling rather than so serious.

In a program picture, "The Love Gambler."



As the austere "Count of Monte Cristo."

but not particularly curious about the personality of the actor who played the part. I've decided that partly from conversations overheard at theaters where the picture was playing, but more from my fan mail. Would you believe it, 'Monte Cristo' has inspired comparatively few letters to me personally, not nearly so many as any one of the program pictures in which I have been starred, none of which had, of course, anywhere near the extensive showings that 'Monte Cristo' had."

Shock number two. And yet it was on a moment's reflection, easy to understand. As a thoughtful fan said in a letter published in a recent number of PICTURE-PLAY, it is personal appeal that makes an actor's following, rather than his ability to submerge himself in another rôle. What was there, after all, about the avenging *Dantes* to cause a flutter of a schoolgirl's heart—compared with the attraction of this smoldering-eyed, smiling young fellow, striding through a more romantic, if artistically far inferior piece, such as "The Love Gambler," for example?

"But I don't want to be buried entirely in program pictures," Gilbert went on. "That's pretty nearly sure death. But then," he added, "I've high hopes that I'm

Continued on page 86

Photo by Richee

About the most popular persons on a set are fortune tellers. These kindly souls sometimes sit through the long hours of waiting reading one palm after another.

What Every

The sunny side of studio work

Part V.

The Jesters of the Set.

THERE are in every studio a number of "Johnny boys," who are perfect imitations of the "Tommys and Reggies" of the social world. As a rule these boys could not make over thirty dollars a week elsewhere—as shoe clerks or in a haberdasher's store they might make that. As atmosphere they draw ten a day, with an occasional part to pay for their wardrobe.

The knowledge that one is surpassing oneself is always stimulating, and in their case it acts as a daily tonic to the whole set. They cheerfully make jumping jacks of themselves for any little group who will applaud. When a girl tries to be funny she is usually a hopeless failure, but a man is different. There is a great deal of real grace and humor under all their tomfoolery. They are—bless their light hearts—the children of the set.

Fortune Tellers.

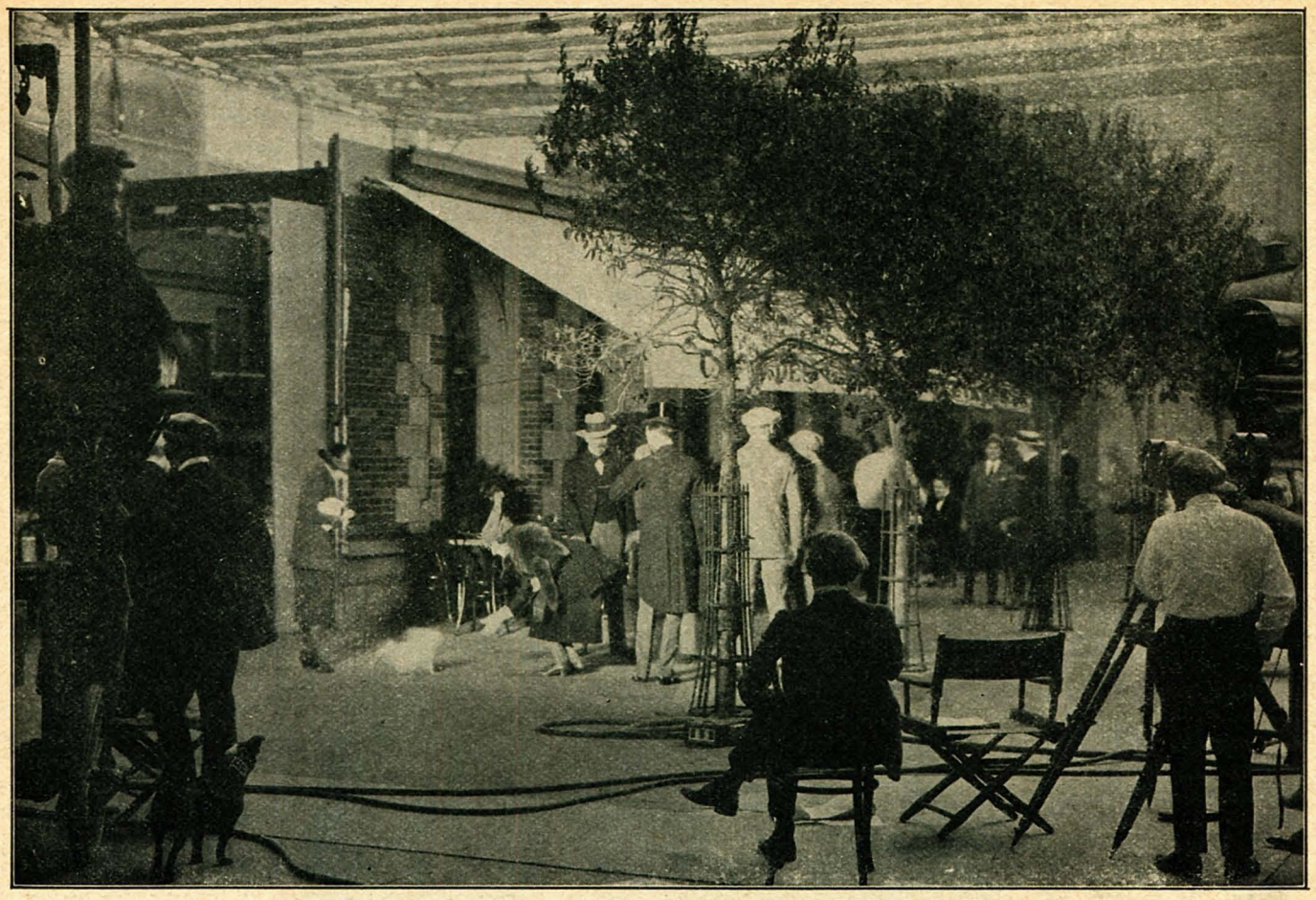
About the most popular man or woman on a set is a fortune teller. I have seen one of these kindly souls sit for hours reading one hand after another. They never take money. Whether it is against the rules or not I do not know, but they certainly do not accept a cent when in a studio. Actors are always superstitious. Perhaps it is the artistic temperament which makes them imaginative. Anyway, I do not see why that should attract especially good palmists on to movie sets. I have had fortune tellers tell things about my hands when I was waiting to be called, things which no one but myself knew. Though I look upon palm reading as nothing but good guessing, nevertheless, it is very interesting to watch the faces of a group of extras when one of them is having his or her innermost secrets guessed aloud. These fortune tellers certainly are a godsend to the extras who have nothing to do but wait for days together.

Regarding Directors.

Directors comprise all types of men, from a European nobleman to an oiler on the Southern Pacific. One of our best directors and producers was a chauffeur, another a horse jockey, another a whipper-in for a saloon in a wild Western town. Some of them have worked into their jobs. Others had friends with money who gave them a chance.

There are directors who conceal the sentiment of the picture from the extras entirely. They stand apart and work with their people as if dealing with manikins.

Other men take the whole set into their confidence. One director at Goldwyn's appeals to his atmosphere to help him. He tells them the purpose of the scene, then he works twice as hard as any one else. During the afternoon he usually tears off his coat and vest and collar, and with damp, tumbled hair and rolled-up sleeves, goes after the emotions he wishes. And he *gets* them! I have seen one hundred people of varying ages and all types sob, and shed big round tears for him—men of thirty who looked as practical as a



Many exteriors are really interiors. This French street scene from "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew" was filmed inside the Lasky studio.

Extra Knows

and some heartfelt advice to beginners.

By Dorothea Knox

brownstone front, young boys, old stagers, flippant extra girls, old women. Every one in that imitation courtroom scene cried. When I got home I went to bed. One week of it and I was a wreck. Glycerine *nothing!* That director could make an actor out of a door post.

As I have said, most of the people who work in pictures are courteous, and directors are no exception. Sometimes casting directors are a bit snappish. Their position is rather wearing, anyway.

I doubt if any manager in another business is as decent to his underlings as a director. That is why so many of them get a reputation for being colossal liars. They hedge and fib a little rather than tell some impossible screen artist that she is the world's worst. This politeness is a thoroughly mistaken kindness. It is cruel to encourage a person to watch the phone through long anxious weeks for a ring that never comes. There are certain expressions that mean absolutely nothing to a director. He has used them so often that they equal the conventional "Not at home." Some of them are:

"I will call you as soon as anything comes up."

"I'll certainly try to find something for you in the next picture."

"I should like to put you to work. You're just the type, but you're too young."

"We'll start shooting in a couple of weeks, and I'll remember you."

However, whatever their origin, there is something about every director which saves him from being nondescript. I have found only about one in twenty-five who is distinctly unattractive. They may have been authors or coal heavers, the majority of them are delightful to work for.

Comedy Sets.

The roughest and crudest form of screen acting is comedy. If a girl has an exquisite figure and is willing to show it freely, she may attract attention and get up through the medium of comedy. That is about the only case I can think of where I should advise a girl—or a man, either, for that matter—to go in for comedy.

If you have a humorous turn it will help you far more in the straight dramatic. Of course, the projection in a farce is rapid, but the acting is speedy as well. You are expected to rush madly about from one situation to another. If you achieve the comical it is such a rapid flash that no one could detect it. The watchword of the comedy is "hurry." If you are a really great comedian you will work your way back to it through the comic drama, and this is a far more satisfying road, beside being safer to life and limb.

The Set Itself.

I used to have an idea that most of the really imposing scenes in pictures were taken from real locations. I had no notion till I came to Los Angeles that the stately castles, Southern mansions, and New York streets were constructed by studio carpenters. At first I used to stand and marvel at the infinite pains required

to fashion each scene. When ballrooms and dining halls are built for the camera they are not thrown together casually, with a bit of cardboard and paint. Much of the woodwork is carefully finished and painted. It gives one a little thrill to walk along a dirt road, climb through a mass of rough boards and props, and come suddenly on a street in Petrograd. The backs of the houses are apt to be scaffolding, but the front holds the spirit of a place hundreds of miles away. It gives one a queer feeling if one is imaginative. "Only today I stood in Rome—to-morrow I shall be in Buenos Aires!"

And after these huge sets have served for a short time they are not made over and sold for a good price, they are wrecked. The material is discarded and the workmen begin on new lumber and fresh trimmings. I have seen fifty dollars' worth of imitation roses thrown on a bonfire as carelessly as so many newspapers. And that is only an atom in the general discard. Where thousands of dollars are involved it appears to be beneath a manager's notice to bother about a few hundred. And yet, as I have said, economy springs up at the most unexpected moments. One of the reasons for a great deal of the general lack of system in building sets and deciding salaries, is the atmosphere of constant change about studio work. Companies organize for a picture and dissolve in a day. Directors are forever shifting from one company to another. Prop men become assistant directors, or try their hand at acting. The whole motion-picture population is not only chiefly formed of people from distant points of the world, but it is made up of constantly changing combinations.

Some apparent extravagances are based on real necessity. For instance, no matter how fetching a cotton costume is, it will not photograph richly. Years ago Griffith put on a large set of dancers. The production was mounting up to such an extent that the first order was to put most of the girls in cotton tights. Griffith took one look at the first shots, and said simply, "Put them in silk."

It is hard to fool the camera, and directors and mechanics are realizing this more and more as one great set after another is carefully fashioned and promptly smashed to bits.

Cecil De Mille coaches Shannon Day in a bit for "Manslaughter."

Don't's for Atmosphere.

Don't say you have an independent income. Many directors feel that people with means have no right to take the bread out of the poor extra's mouth. I think the idea is quite absurd considering that no other personal qualification is held against one. The player may be a jailbird and no one will care. But when a wealthy young girl goes to register, the fact that she has an honest fortune to her credit is often resented.

Don't say you are married. There are directors who cling to the traditional feeling that a woman's place is in the home, no matter how unsuited that home may be to her strength and talents. If she has to scrub floors and wash clothes to stay there, that is far more suitable in their minds than knocking about sets while husband is at the office. They involuntarily say to themselves, "She has a husband to support her, why don't she let him do it?" and they do not stop to consider that the chances are she can't or she would.

Very few directors allow their wives to go into pictures. Some of them, unfortunately, put their wives into all sorts of prominent parts, but this is usually where the director has married an ambitious young actress.

Don't argue. If there is one thing that begets enemies, and makes one ridiculous and unpopular, it is to argue persistently on a set. People who do this never convince any one of anything except that they are pests.

Don't tell your personal affairs to any one in pictures. You will hear a lot of people doing it, and lots of men and women will confide the most intimate facts to you if you will give them half a chance. Not only is it poor form, but you never can tell how it may react in the future.

Don't give advice. No one ever thanks you for it, and sometimes it causes a great deal of ill feeling. If any one says to you, "Does my make-up look streaky?" and it does, you can—if you want to take a chance—say, "Well, it doesn't look perfect." But never volunteer the information. Above all *don't* try to give advice to a director.

No matter if you see the whole set demoralized for the want of a simple and obvious suggestion it will not pay you to make it. You won't get any more work on account of it, and you will probably be severely snubbed and not called by that director in the future. He will look upon you as an officious nuisance.

Don't brag. Very few persons believe the extra who has just escaped having a leading part or is "going to soon." It sounds pathetic to say that you used to live with your aunt, the Duchess of Manchester, or how you always had a tutor, no matter how true it may really be. And also, it is an insufferable bore to hear details about a part that you have actually secured.

Don't listen to persons on sets who are going into the producing end soon. There are any number of men who will take you aside and tell you that a new company is going to give them a job as a director, or a friend has just put up fifty thousand dollars for a picture and they are going to produce it, and they want you for the lead. Such stories never come to anything. Persons who are going to do

Continued on page 100

SHE'S NOT A LIMOUSINE STAR

Phyllis Haver, ex-bathing beauty, proves to have a canny business sense, as well as serious ambitions.

By Myrtle Gebhart

SUCCESS is a capricious thing, flashing suddenly, capturing its little human figure and lifting it to the heights, then dropping its bright toy back again into the dark pit. From long experience I have grown wary of eulogizing newly created stars, so the announcement of Phyllis Haver's rise to the incandescents found me wearing my best show-me air when I called for her one afternoon.

"I'm feeling very dignified to-day," she greeted me. "Just bought a lot. I don't know anything about real estate, but it's such a nice feeling to invest money in solid things like houses and lots. So I dressed all in black. But you're in black, too, so we both match the car, and it all looks very conservative, if you know what I mean."

We matched pennies to see whether my "Patsy" or her "Lizzie" coupé should bear the burden of our two small persons, and my gas won.

"I could have an expensive car," she explained, just as if I didn't know she had but a few days before signed a new contract to star in Sennett comedy dramas, "but you never quite know where you are in this business—I think it's better to drive a flivver, even if it does rattle so you can hear it all over Hollywood and put your money into nice, sensible lots that don't eat gas and always need repairing, if you know what I mean."

That habit of ending her sentences with "if you know what I mean" and her little palm-upraised gesture are her only mannerisms. It is always difficult for me to associate Phyllis with an artificial, mermaid past. She is very much like Mildred Davis in coloring, with fair complexion, and hair of that natural sheer yellow that makes you think that all of California's sunbeams are clustered there—though she was born in bleak Kansas on one of that State's best tornado nights. She has big, blue eyes, and she would accelerate the purse of a blind man. Yet in her natural girl ways she never suggests to me the lyrical, sexful person of those bathing-beauty days.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Phyllis has deeper possibilities which as yet have had no chance for expression.

Photo by Witzel

"I was so young then to be playing such suggestive parts—only sixteen or seventeen—that they left little impression on me. I'm twenty-one now"—frankly—"but guess I'll never be able to act as dignified as I'd like to. Mother says it's a good thing I'm her only child, for if she had another one like me she'd be in her grave. She looks after everything."

Mother O'Haver, as the name is really spelled, being of Emerald Isle extraction, had just returned from a vacation at Hot Springs.

"While she was away everything got topsy-turvy, bills piled up, my clothes were a sight. I'll never learn to do for myself"—sighing. "Sounds silly, maybe, but I've always had either my mother or grandmother to do things for me, and when they're both away everything goes golly-woggish, as Elinor Glyn says."

The living room of their rose stucco bungalow, which Phil is buying for her mother, was frankly disheveled. Often when I go to [Continued on page 90

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

She recalls the days when she was enraptured by serials when she visits Ruth Roland and sees a few scenes made. And in addition to meeting this former favorite of hers, she is introduced to one of her big favorites of today.

By Ethel Sands

SERIAL stars have a special glamour for me that no other player seems to have, because I think of them in connection with all their hairbreadth escapes. No little boy ever followed the exploits of *Nick Carter* with more breathless interest than I watched the perils and hazards of my favorite serial stars—Pearl White and Ruth Roland, so of course they were always among my favorites. While all my older girl friends were experiencing heart flutters over the screen romances of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne I was getting palpitation of the heart suffering with the serial stars through all their perils and hazards. No other actress was quite so wonderful to me as the brave, death-defying damsels of the chain melodramas.

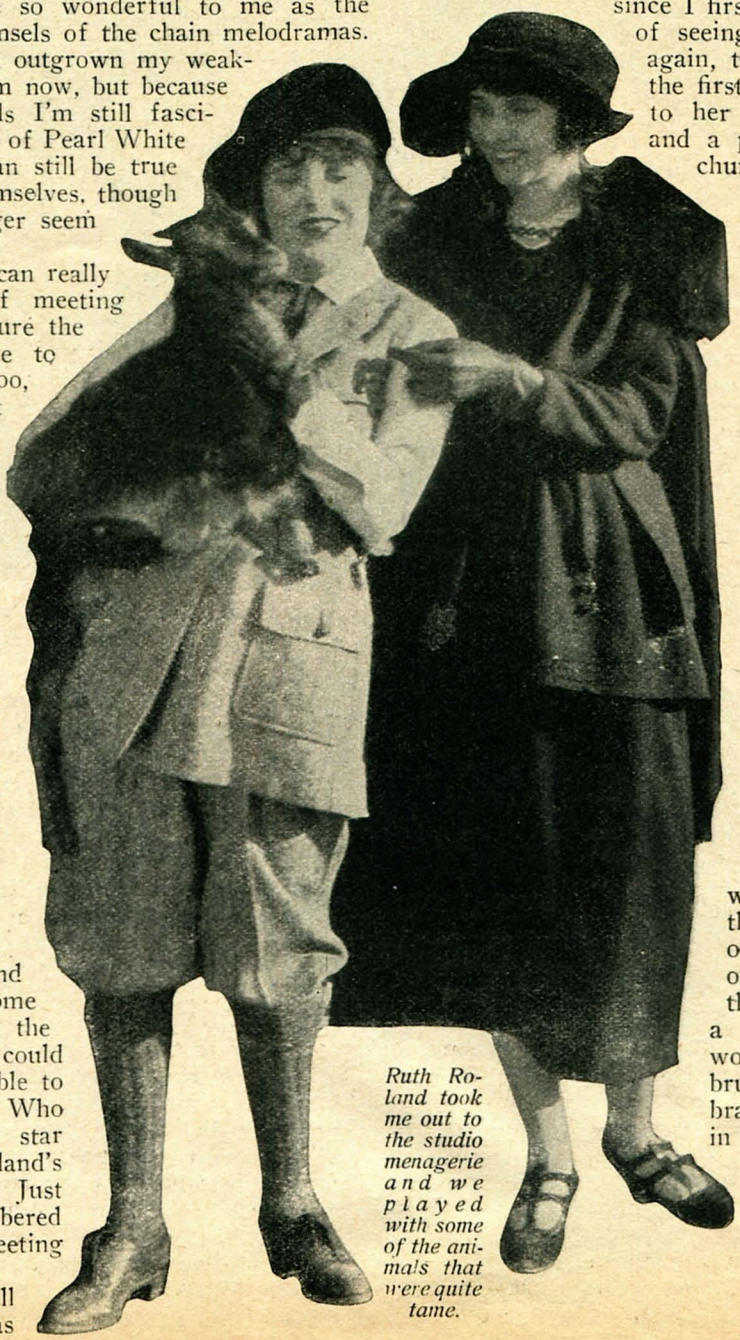
I have to some extent outgrown my weakness for that sort of film now, but because they were my first idols I'm still fascinated by the personalities of Pearl White and Ruth Roland. I can still be true to the serial players, themselves, though their adventures no longer seem quite so exciting to me.

Only serial followers can really appreciate the thrill of meeting Ruth Roland, but I'm sure the rest of you would like to know what she is like, too, so I'll tell you all about my adventures with her.

I had taken a fancy to Ruth Roland when I had seen her for a few minutes in the Pathé office when she was in New York. She is very winning and makes you like her at once. You fall before the charm of her friendly, good-pal manner. You feel—at least, I did—that she is a very warm-hearted person.

As soon as she learned I was in Hollywood she sent me an awfully nice letter, asking me if I wouldn't like to come to dinner some time and also watch her take some scenes for a serial at the studio. Would I? I could hardly wait till I was able to accept the invitation. Who wouldn't like a movie star like that? Ruth Roland's very nice and friendly. Just think, she had remembered me from that brief meeting in New York!

She sent her car to call for me the evening I was to dine at her house. A few years ago if Ruth Roland had sent me a photograph of herself I would have considered myself very fortunate indeed, a year and a half ago I had been thrilled to the bone because I actually saw her in real life, and here I was on my way to spend a whole evening in her own home. Well! I had all those previous sensations combined as the car turned in her driveway. I recognized her house the moment I saw it, from the pictures I had studied in magazines. As soon as I stepped on the porch the door was thrown open, and Ruth Roland herself welcomed me warmly. She had grown a trifle stouter since I first saw her. I felt the thrill of seeing her in real life all over again, though, as if this had been the first time. She introduced me to her aunt who lives with her and a pretty blond girl who is a chum of hers.



Ruth Roland took me out to the studio menagerie and we played with some of the animals that were quite tame.

Ruth Roland is a lively and entertaining hostess, and it was a most enjoyable dinner with Ruth relating incidents that happened during serial making and the earlier days of pictures. She was one of the first stars, you know, and the pioneers of the movies always have so much more interesting tales to relate than the later arrivals in the films. Stunts were harder to perform than they are now, for at that time the players were just told to go ahead and try to do a dangerous feat without rehearsing or investigating conditions. For instance, Miss Roland told me that when she and Marin Sais, who is now Jack Hoxie's wife, used to play together, the director would tell them to gallop their horses down the side of a steep wooded hill without even finding out whether the paths were clear and as a consequence the players would be scratched and bruised from overhanging branches or brushes that were in the way.

Miss Roland has had many narrow escapes from death during her strenuous serial career, and she has been injured many times. She had recently had her nose

broken when a cowboy accidentally kicked her in the face during a fight. I looked to see whether the injury had left any mark, but luckily the bone had been broken in a way that was easily mended, which was, indeed, fortunate, as Ruth Roland has nice regular features, and it would have been a crime to have them marred.

She looked very attractive that night with her auburn hair fluffed out in curls, wearing a dark-blue velvet gown that matched her eyes. She seemed so far removed from the reckless life she leads in pictures that it was hard to believe I was sitting beside her on the big divan in her comfortable, quiet living room—the girl who had sent me into shivers and thrills over her villain-pursued shadow-self ever since "The Red Circle."

Ruth Roland's home is not a show place like some stars'. There is nothing to distinguish it from the rest of the modestly attractive houses on the block which would make you guess that it belonged to a movie actress. It's just a regular nice house of medium size—not a bungalow—furnished very prettily and comfortably. What's more, it looks lived-in and seems just to suit her personality. Before the fireplace I noticed several silver cups which she told me were dancing prizes. She goes out quite a lot to dances and entertainments.

Her girl friend sat down at the piano and played a popular melody while Miss Roland sang it. She was practicing the song to sing the next night at the opening of a big theater in Los Angeles where a lot of film stars were to appear. She has a lovely voice and she can yodel as well as sing. Some of her ancestors were Swiss yodelers.

Before I left she showed me some great big beautiful photographs of herself and let me take my choice. I feel as proud of it as if it were a court decoration.

A few days later I went to her studio. All I had to do was to give my name in at the outer office, as Miss Roland was expecting me, and a man was sent for to guide me to the serial stage. Entering the big inclosed stage building where "The Timber Queen" was going through her adventures, I found it a bit dusky and scary when I thought of all the villains and dangers that the serial heroines encounter on these grounds. There were bits of various sets strewn around—labyrinths of tunnels, caves, an interior of a lodge. Then I spied Ruth seated at a small table replenishing her make-up. She greeted me in her typical hale-and-hearty manner. This time she was dressed for action, in a thick sweater, knickers, and high stout shoes.

I was introduced to all the members of the company—her leading man, the director, the camera man, who is her cousin, and all the assorted villains. I guess Miss Roland is the only woman in the company. I thought it was real nice of her to bring each one of the men forward and give all of them credit for their part in the production. She has her authority, but she does not upstage the rest of her workers. It seems a case of teamwork and good fellowship in that company. I have heard most serial companies are that way.

A chair was found and placed for me in front of a small cabin set where the action was taking place so I could watch. I can tell you it's positively a great sensation if you're a serial follower to compose an audience of one while you watch a famous heroine act out an exciting scene of an episode in person. Ruth, the hero, and the villain went through the action using their voices like characters on the stage. I thought of how this same scene would look to me, later on, when I'd be viewing only the shadows of these players from my orchestra seat in some movie theater. I would miss the grinding of the camera, which I was hearing now, and the excitement and realism of the alarming screams of Ruth, acting out her part. The picture would show the villain and hero fighting in the cabin and Ruth would dash out of the door to run up on the deck of the boat and escape. It would be funny to remember that, instead, Ruth dashed out of the cabin door—and went with me to her dressing room.

Such are the thrills of seeing a picture play on the screen that you have watched while it was being filmed.

Miss Roland has neat dressing room quarters. There are two rooms and there were a great many interesting pictures around of Ruth in her various serial rôles. She changed her costume to another suit of gray knickerbockers, heavy woolen stockings, ties, and a black-velvet tam hat. Did you ever notice that the serial actresses wear black velvet tams more than any other type of headgear? I remember having suddenly taken a violent fancy to tams as my favorite hats when I was in school. The serial had always had a great influence on me.

Ruth Roland threw open the door of her wardrobe and showed me the rows of knickers, sweaters and riding habits hung there.

"They're the best sort of clothes for serial wear," Miss Roland informed me. "Handy to get around in." Quite a different array from the wardrobes of other feminine stars—this stock in trade reminded one of the wear and tear and hard work a serial actress must go through.

"To be really correct, I should be serving tea here in my dressing room, shouldn't I?" said Ruth. "You know over the teacups is the way most interviews take place."

"Oh, well," said I, "I'm not a regular interviewer, anyway, so this doesn't need to be an ordinary interview. It is an 'adventure'—it would be to any fan."

We went down on the lot then, walking among the outdoor sets and visiting the kennels where a various assortment of animals were caged for use in comedy pictures. There were foxes, monkeys, and goats, and we made friends with a big bear by treating him to a bottle of sugar water.

Back in the studio I watched Ruth Roland act in some cave scenes until she finished work for the day, and then I went home with her.

She gave me a lovely rose out of her garden, some ripe figs from a tree in her yard, showed me her police dog, and her beautiful new dark-green limousine.

I have often heard her spoken of among the rest of the movie folks as being quite rich. Ruth Roland is reputed to be a very intelligent business woman—especially in real estate; she was called several times on the phone regarding such business while I was there.

She has the best of everything, and doesn't deny herself anything, but she is not conspicuously extravagant as some other stars seem to be, who can't have the resources that Miss Roland has. She uses common sense in what she does. Success, fame, and fortune—she has let none of those things go to her head, though she knows how to appreciate them. You couldn't envy Ruth Roland, you admire her for all the lovely things she has, because you realize she has earned and bought all of them herself with good business brains and real hard work.

You can imagine that I had a lot of minor adventures that were really mighty important occasions in themselves. It was thrilling to meet the charming Ethel Clayton, even if it was only for a brief while; to go golfing on the Hollywood golf links with pretty Wanda Hawley; to visit the Louis B. Mayer studio with Shan-

Continued on page 102

Their Gifts From

Every motion-picture player of prominence re crude, some quaint

By Caroline

Constance Binney prizes above all her jewelry a Chinese marriage charm sent her by an admirer in Peking.

GIFTS to players of the silver sheet from their fan admirers are numerous and, in some cases, unusual and quaint. Haven't you often wanted to send your favorite star a little remembrance, and hesitated for fear she might not want it? You have thought, perhaps, that she has so many, many things so much more expensive than your little hand-embroidered handkerchief made with such infinite care—that she wouldn't notice your gift?

You're wrong. I have found in every case that it is the little gift, the personal remembrance with affection accompanying it, that pleases the stars most.

The Los Angeles post office handles eight thousand five hundred letters each day addressed to film folk, in addition to numerous parcels. Mary Pickford easily leads, with one thousand five hundred a day, Doug and Wallie Reid following with five hundred each. Bebe Daniels' mail has increased phenomenally, as has Rodolph Valentino's; and Bill Hart, Pauline Frederick, Charles Ray, and Bert Lytell are in close pursuit, judging from the numbers of daily epistles they receive.

Among the gifts, candy, flowers, books, hand-painted pictures, knitted apparel, ornaments, and luck charms predominate. From Japan come numerous bookmarks and images.

It is one of the contradictions of Mary Pickford's life that her gifts from admirers comprise for the most part things that she is unable to use herself! They consist mostly of enormous amounts of sweets. Every week there come two or more boxes of candy, cookies, and cakes. Mary naturally would have to go on a reducing diet—as well as have unpleasant seances with her stomach—if she ate all the sweet stuff sent her. So most of it finds its way to the orphanage where it, after all, serves its purpose in making drab little lives brighter. Mary is very fond of handkerchiefs and receives a few of them—all too few, from her viewpoint! She likes little colored ones to wear in the pocket of sport suits, and dainty wisps of fine linen. Why don't you Mary Pickford "fans" send her fewer sweets and more of these exquisite trifles if you really feel that you want to make her a present? And I am sure that every stitch you put into them, every flower or initial that you embroider by hand, will find a place of welcome in the heart of "America's Sweetheart." Mary receives many dolls for her little niece, but these are sent to an orphanage as the little girl already has plenty.

Mary Pickford receives many dolls for her little niece.

Doug's gifts are "he-things," dogs, swords, revolvers, some pictures, a lot of snapshots, remembrances from boys' clubs, things for which the kids save up their pennies to buy for their idol.

Constance Binney prizes above all her jewelry a Chinese marriage charm sent her by an admirer of her work in far away Peking. It is of ivory, on a black cord. May McAvoy's choice possession is a marvel-

Adoring Fans

ceives presents from unknown admirers, some but all interesting.

Bell

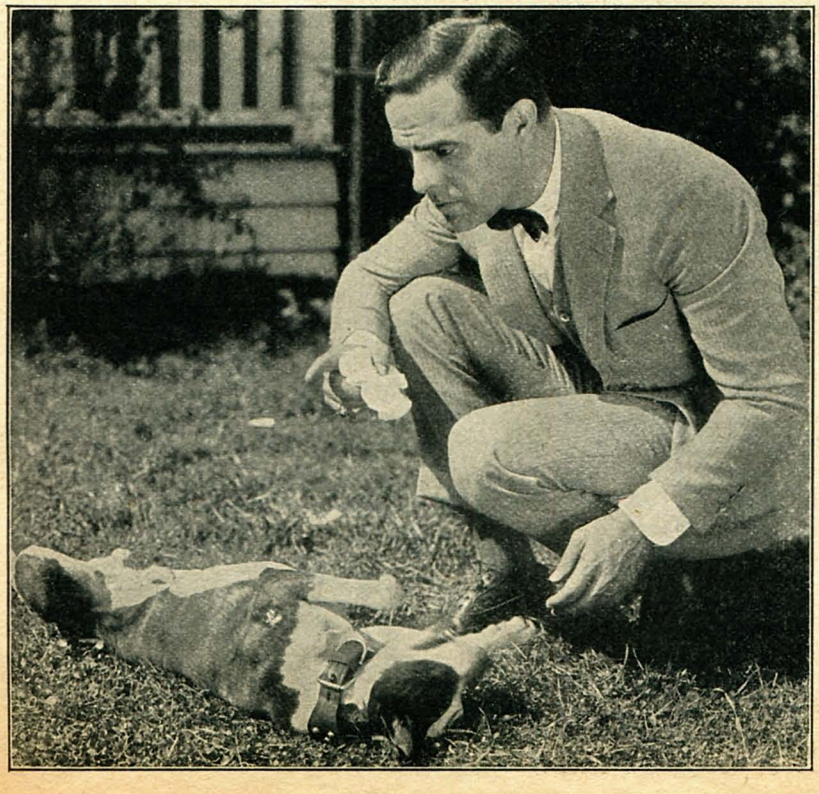
ous toilet set of carved silver. Gifts to Dorothy Dalton range from handkerchiefs to a phonograph. After "Moran of the Lady Letty" was shown, some smart chap sent her a slicker!

Wallie Reid has received everything from a bicycle pump to a set of darning needles, though most of his gifts are auto accessories. He also gets lots of candy from adoring "fans"—mostly flappers—samples of hair tonic, many ties, and a few baskets woven by dark-skinned maidens in the South Sea Isles. Walter Hiers says he receives enough socks, ties, and men's furnishings to start a haberdashery, also numberless shirts and collars which are too large. He says he guesses folks figure he has trouble getting his size—so they send 'em extra large! "Community gifts," Harold Lloyd answered my question. He meant that several girls in one community will pool their resources to buy something for him. And, from an inmate of an Eastern penitentiary, came a handmade cane—with a note saying that the sender needed his teeth fixed and didn't have the wherewithal, and if Harold liked his gift, why——

Gloria Swanson's gifts are of the more expensive kind—jewels, hothouse roses, fine candies, exotic perfumes. From Paris recently came a beautiful comb, which the sender said was the only one of its kind in the world. She also gets ornaments of all kinds from the Orient and skins from Alaska. Theodore Roberts receives number-

One of the most novel gifts Colleen Moore ever received was a ukulele made out of cigar boxes.

Fans who know where Antonio Moreno's heart lies send him things for his dog to play with.



less boxes of cigars. Lila Lee gets everything from blouses and handkerchiefs from schoolgirls to—dogs.

"I've received all sorts of things during my career in shadowland," confessed Norma Talmadge, with a smile. "Mostly jewelry. Rings, bracelets, lavallieres, and pearls. Some of them are expensive, and those from would-be cavaliers I always return. But often some one who has been sincerely touched by some scene in one of my plays will send me a family heirloom, an antique, or bit of jewelry inherited from generations back. These of course I keep and take very good care of, as they represent to me much more than the intrinsic worth of the gift itself—they symbolize the understanding between my audience and myself, a thing not to be regarded lightly by any actress."

Norma's gifts also include paintings of great value—and, showing that her appeal is no less strong to the home-class—homespun things and cakes and pies! The last time that I visited her studio, she had just received a luscious lemon pie wearing a

Continued on page 92

The Seven Dolors of Pauline

How a girl startled Hollywood by her personality, her courage—and her luck.

By Edwin Schallert

SOMEHOW, I feel that very soon some inhabitant of tin-pan alley is going to write a song about a little girl from Montreal—that is, if he can find anything to rhyme with Montreal, except "drawl" and "doll"—and the inspiration is going to be Pauline Garon. She will, so my prophetic disposition tells me, be celebrated in song, and if it is a popular number, I am certain it will be the liveliest, the most tinkling kind of fox trot. More properly, though, it should be something other than such sublimated jazz. Perhaps — considering her vague French accent—a *chanson;* and considering her ebullient temperament, a *chanson à la* Yvette Guilbert.

Her life is too young yet, mayhap, to make a complete story—although I'll let you determine that for yourself. Some time, I believe, it will make a whole novel. But at any rate it has enough material for several very piquant verses.

In the first verse—she skipped away from home to startle New York.

In the second verse—she did startle New York, at least in a small way, on the stage.

In the third verse—she also startled Hollywood, by being selected for the lead in a Cecil de Mille picture.

And all in the space of about two years.

Incidentally, she has never said yes to a picture director when she meant no. She is also credited with having thrown both of her shoes at one of them. She has played everything from a sweet sister of a dead soldier boy to a nasty little gold digger in a nasty little play. She is a vixen, a minx, a firebrand, a devil and an angel straight from heaven. You can't talk about her in any terms except the most dynamic or the most rapturous. You cannot be anything but fascinated and perhaps shocked by her mischievous frankness, and her apparently complete self-possession and self-determination. Literally she walks right into your heart, and though she says that she is terrible, with a Gallic inflection, you don't want to believe it, even though you know it is true.

I heard about her long before she came to California. People recited little legends of her tantrums—and temperament. Her reputation had preceded her. Yet I never spoke to any one who was aught but enthusiastic about her. They were all prophetic.

I put her down as a cutie when I saw her in "Reported Missing." She looked that, superficially. Just another little flapper! But I had to admit that she was a cutie with differences, that she was unconscious of self, that if her face was a baby face, it possessed also a bit of sophistication, that she had an inestimable amount of pep, and that she sent forth vibrations. "Sonny" only served to heighten this impression. There was quality in her interpretation — warmth, sunlight. She had background, too.

After one meets Pauline Garon many things explain themselves. She does not greet you with the conventional movie formulæ. She doesn't pretend to recall that she has read everything that you ever wrote, and liked it. She smiles, yes, and shakes hands with feeling, but I imagine that it is as a possible friend that she does thus shake hands with you and not as an interviewer. She hasn't been interviewed very often as yet, but I can quite believe that later on she won't make any bones about telling an interviewer that she didn't like him or her if she feels that way about it.

Fortunately I was on the early list. She was still athrill with the wonder of living and success. I wonder whether she will ever be otherwise; I wonder more, now that I think of it, whether she ever will have a chance to be. To run away from home three years ago, so as not to have to continue going to school, and to be enjoying the coveted distinction of being the heroine of a Cecil De Mille photo play to-day—certainly if her career keeps going at its present tempestuous pace there is no telling just where its destination lies. Others have suffered setbacks, but it doesn't seem as if Miss

Continued on page 98

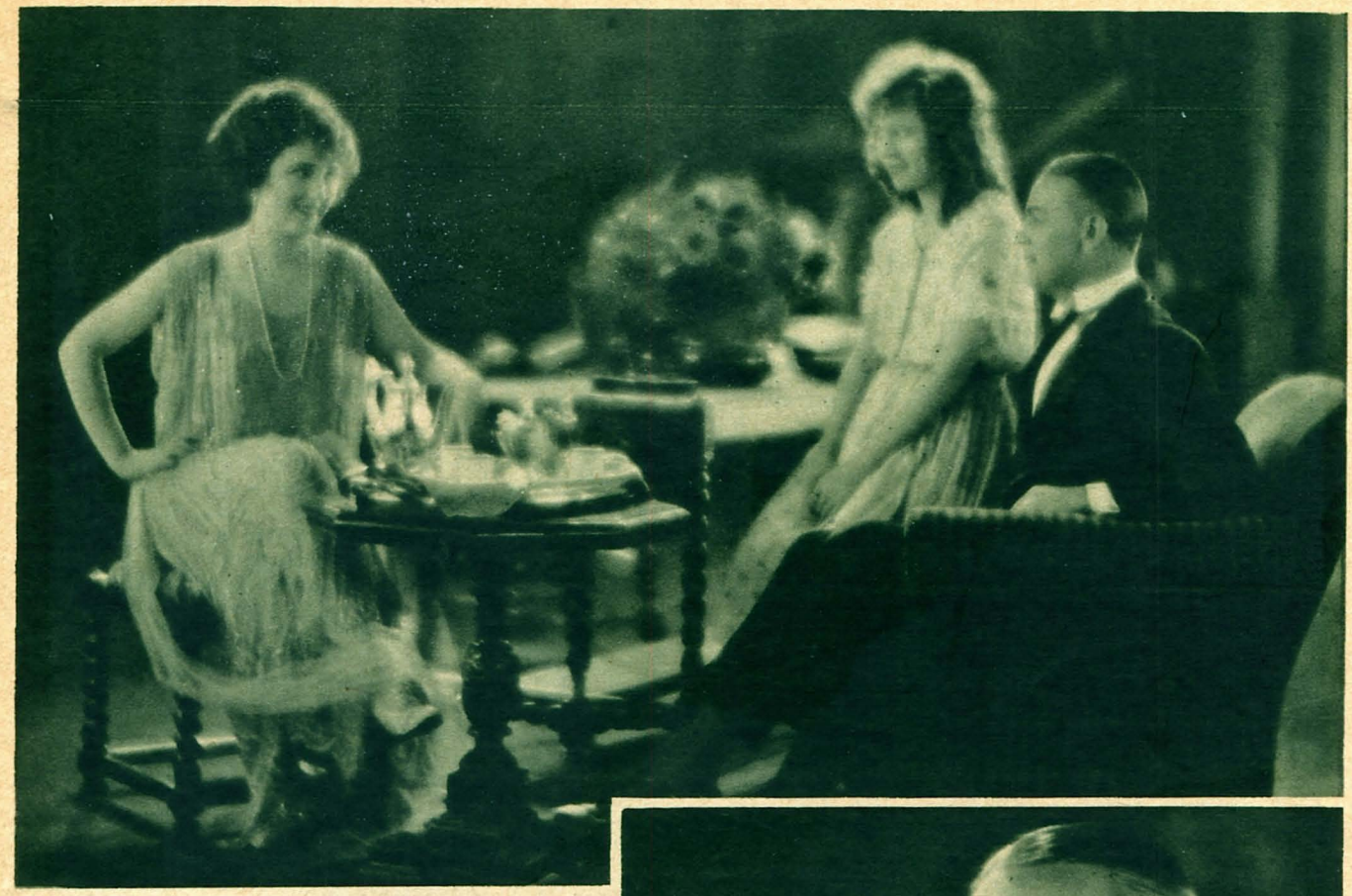
Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Pauline Garon is as lucky as she is pretty, and her vivaciousness overtops both. On the opposite page this fascinating new De Mille player is introduced to you with some shrewd critical comments.

The Famous

Photographs by

As a stage play "The Famous Mrs. Fair" ran for nearly a year on Broadway to crowded houses and then went across the country visiting all the principal cities. It wasn't just a play; it was one of those friendly gatherings that people went back to see over and over again. Mothers seeing the dramatic and touching story of how the *Fair* family nearly went on the rocks, used to write to the actress who played *Nancy Fair* and ask her advice on their own family troubles. And now that the story is coming to the screen with Myrtle Stedman in the title rôle, its unusual history may be repeated.



Mrs. Fair

John Ellis

Fred Niblo was so interested in this story that he selected it for his first independent production to be released by Metro, and he has bent every effort to preserve the delicate spirit of the original in his film version. On the opposite page is shown Marguerite de la Motte as *Sylvia*, the impressionable daughter whose wanderings cause much of the trouble in the drama. Below are Myrtle Stedman as *Mrs. Fair* and Cullen Landis as her son *Alan*. On this page *Geoffrey Fair*, the husband, played by Huntley Gordon, and the attractive widow from next door, played by Carmel Myers are shown.

Lest You Forget

Every one will want to see "Hearts Aflame," if for no other reason than to see the widely heralded fire scenes which nearly cost the life of one of our screen favorites. It was during the making of this picture that Anna Q. Nilsson, running a locomotive through a forest fire, was so badly burned that for a time it was thought she would be scarred for life. Baby Richard Headrick and Craig Ward are shown in two of their scenes with her and a glimpse of the forest fire is below.

Some of Those Present

The list of players in Marshall Neilan's first big production for Goldwyn, "The Strangers' Banquet," reads like a roster of the prominent people of Hollywood, and stories of the grandeur and scope of the production amaze even those who remember some of his past experiments. Hobart Bosworth and Havford Hobbs are shown below in a colorful scene, and at their right is Eleanor Boardman with Philo McCullough.

Claire Windsor, as *Derith Keogh*, one of the leading characters in the story.

South Sea

The magic of moonlight in the tropic seas, the restless swaying of bodies to wailing tunes, have turned people's thoughts these many months to stories of the South Sea isles. The Goldwyn company, answering this hunger for romance, sent a company to Tahiti to film the story of *Captain Blackbird*, called "Passions of the Sea." Pauline Starke and Carl Harbaugh are shown at the left as they appear in the native wedding ceremony, and above and below are views of picturesque Tahiti.

Lure

As *Lovelorn*, a veritable slave to her unprincipled mother, Pauline Starke has one of the most appealing rôles of her career. But the leading players, capable as they are, are subordinate in interest to the glimpses of native customs that this picture affords. At the bottom of this page is shown a group of natives poised for the start of a war dance which will nerve them up to battle. Their dance, in perfect unison, is as striking to the eye as the first jazz band must have been to the ear.

Down in Florida, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, one of the most interesting couples in the motion-picture world, are engaged in filming "The Passion Vine." Above is a scene from the picture and at the left a glimpse of them with Ramon Navarro, who plays a leading rôle. Just before they left for the South, they had an interesting chat with an interviewer, and she tells you all about it on the opposite page.

Rex Ingram—Idol Smasher

He offers some interesting comments on players, old and new, and some observations about how he is making his new picture.

By Inez McCleary

AN interview is likely to be a ghastly ordeal. The subject of it is likely to talk too much and tell you all the wrong things, or to shut up like a clam and regard you as an interloper who should have been shot at dawn. I had heard that Alice Terry was too good to be true because she acted perfectly natural when under fire, but I was prepared for the worst from Rex Ingram. A man who had made "The Four Horsemen" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," and then had had sense enough to pick "The Passion Vine" as the story for his next picture—well, he could be as upstage as he liked and get away with it.

I rise and take off my new fall hat, which is a copy of one of Mary Alden's, to them both. And if I weren't afraid that you're skeptical about these "just-like-other-folks" stories, I'd declare that Rex Ingram and his pretty wife are the sort of people you'd like to have as next-door neighbors. They have shed their affectations, if they ever had any—which I doubt. They want to make good pictures, and they wish they could make better ones, but while pictures have to have a popular twist they don't see much chance of it. And under his belt Ingram is concealing a nice sharp ax, figuratively speaking, which is going to cut off the heads of a lot of absurd beliefs about pictures, when he makes "The Passion Vine."

"When I was a youngster I used to steal the money out of the missionary boxes whenever I got a chance," he told me, and the look in his eye gave warning that he's not ashamed of it to this day. "My father was a minister, in Ireland, and he used to have missionaries preach at his church once in a while. I'd met some that were regular hypocrites. So I thought all of them were. That's why I took the money.

"In 'The Passion Vine' there's a hypocritical missionary, and he's going to be screened as he is. Maybe people won't like him, but if they don't they'll have to put up with it, that's all. The story is one of the most beautiful love stories that I've ever read. The people in it are real, and if I changed any of them I'd spoil it. So the hypocritical missionary goes."

His iconoclasm does not stop here. He's making a hero who also is true to the one in the story, and lots of people are going to object to him because of that. For he's a native. Rex Ingram is rewriting the story because he fears that this will be offensive to some people, and using a prologue in which it is shown that the hero is really white, but has been brought up as a native of the island in the South Seas where the story takes place. But the heroine doesn't know that he is really white. And the love story, which is an exquisite thing, is worked out as if the boy really were a native.

"How did you happen to make this?" I asked Ingram, the day he and Alice Terry and I lunched together. You see, I'd gone about New York carrying under my arm a copy of "Where the Pavement Ends," the book from which this story is taken, begging everybody to make it. Nobody was interested. Yet it's going to be one of the screen's biggest achievements, unless I'm mightily mistaken.

"Had to cut down on the overhead that was piling up against me," he replied. "So I decided to make this in between 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and the next big one. This is going to be a good thing, though."

Now, a lot of directors would have spent half an hour telling me just how good it is going to be. But not he. I am told that at one time he was anything but modest; if that is true, he's changed mightily. You have to prod him into telling things that are to his own advantage. For instance, his wife reminded him that they had an engagement for the next evening. He protested that he couldn't keep it. She insisted, and he still declared that he couldn't keep it. He had an engagement that could not be broken. She wanted to know what it was, and at last he said that he was going to Columbia University. Well, why was he going? Reluctantly he admitted the truth. He was going to lecture on motion pictures.

Now, some directors that I know would have all but paced Broadway wearing a sandwich board announcing the glad news. Most of them would have seen to it that a notice was sent to the newspapers. Ingram wouldn't even tell his wife.

They have rather a good time, these two. And they don't "put on a show" for interviewers. Apropos of that same engagement, he assured her that he had made it before they left Los Angeles. She questioned that, and he asked, rather haughtily, "Have you ever known me to tell a lie?"

"Yes," she retorted, disconcertingly, with a laugh that took the edge off her reply.

She's a charming thing, who tells you what you want to know about herself with delightful simplicity. She speaks of her Ford sedan as proudly as more bejeweled and less talented ladies of the cinema refer to their imported limousines. She's even prettier off the screen than she is on it, and she isn't blond, really; she just screens that way.

As it was Rex Ingram who discovered Rodolph Valentino, I asked for his opinion of the ruthless lover of the films, but not with much hope of getting a reply that would smack of the truth. I feared that over-tactfulness might interfere.

"He's all right," Ingram declared emphatically. "When he worked in 'The Four Horsemen' he was glad to be told what he didn't know, and willing to be directed. I photographed him from only two angles, even in long shots, because his lips are rather thick. He's the sluggish type of Italian, so he screens very well. Navarro, who had a part in 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and is the hero in 'The Passion Vine,' is quicker in his movements, and has to slow down. Valentino has changed a good deal.

"I'd have liked to see Tony Moreno do 'Blood and Sand'—he's bigger than Valentino, and so would have looked the part a little more. If he ever gets a good part he's going to be a sensation. I hope I can give him one, some day. And I wanted to have Maurice Costello play the old captain in this picture, but it's the villain's rôle, and Costello would have everybody liking him better than they did the hero. He couldn't help it. That's the way I'd feel about him. He's one of the screen's greatest actors—I wish I could do a picture that would bring him back as he ought to come. And Cleo Madison is another old-timer who can really act."

Later he spoke of the difficulty of adapting pictures to what is supposed to be the popular taste. He is

Continued on page 99

Continued from page 50

There is much interest, too, in Tom Gallery, ZaSu Pitts' husband. But he illustrates one of the most tragic situations in motion pictures. He hasn't had a really important part since "The Son of Wallingford," and just now he is supporting Bull Montana. When asked why they don't give him a big part if they think he is so good, producers say, "Oh, well, wait until he does something big that will give him a following." "But how will he get it," I protest, being fond of ZaSu and having her interests at heart, "if you don't give him a chance?" To that there is no answer. It is like the famous remark of George Cohan's that you can't write plays unless you are a playwright. How you become a playwright in the first place is a mystery. And in the same way, how juveniles are to get the first big part that will put them over is largely unsolved.

And that brings us to the small group of most promising players—Malcolm Macgregor, Gaston Glass, and George Hackathorne. In the field of tragedy and pathos George Hackathorne who plays hunchbacks so well that he can hardly escape such rôles, is supreme. There is a sensitiveness about him that rivets your attention on him, both on the screen and in real life. His tastes run to poetry and music rather than to sports. He is a whimsical figure, even as he was in the rôle of the *Little Minister*. And so he is likely to be shunted off into plaintive and wistful parts. There are so few actors who can play them. But in "Notoriety," a recent production, George Hackathorne played a straight rôle for the first time, and this may prove his stepping stone into more heroic rôles.

Malcolm Macgregor came into prominence with "The Prisoner of Zenda," though little was seen of him, and the part made no unusual demands. Nevertheless Mr. Macgregor made this part stand out. He looked as though he were quite at home in the regal surroundings and one never had the feeling that the director had to tell him which fork to use, or when to take his hat off. It didn't surprise me to learn that he came of a family of wealth, that he was educated at Yale, and that his graceful bearing might be attributed to a fancy-diving career on the swimming team at Yale.

He reminds one of Richard Barthelmess, except that he is considerably larger, and he is not so serious-minded. He seems to enjoy life hugely, even though it be the fashion in Hollywood to appear blasé. During the making of "All the Brothers Were Valiant," at Metro, he and Lon Chaney became great friends, and if there were any producers who hadn't already learned that Malcolm Macgregor was one of the finest young actors now coming into prominence, Lon Chaney informed them.

The gift of making friends around the studio and the idols a young actor chooses among the older players are factors that interest the grand factotums of the studio. Malcolm Macgregor is a great favorite, and his idols are Lewis Stone and Lon Chaney, so he has everything in his favor. His biggest part so far has been in "Broken Chains" for Goldwyn, but he is under consideration for several featured rôles.

Gaston Glass has been well known to picture fans ever since he played the youth in "Humoresque," but it is only recently that he has been sought out by the biggest producers to make one important production after another. Just now he is making "The Hero," a Preferred picture that promises to be one of the big pictures of the year. Recently he made "I Am the Law," one of those Get-Your-Man Canadian Mounted Police affairs, and Rupert Hughes' "Gimme." He is a young Frenchman with a valiant war record who came to this country to play in Sarah Bernhardt's company. Since he has been here he has played everything but Frenchmen. His fine build and handsome profile were partly responsible for his being plunged into a series of Northwest Mounted pictures, but he is worthy of better things than that. He is one of the finest actors on the screen, but the matinée girls may never find that out because he is so good looking.

These few are all the nominations our big producers have to make for the prospective list of to-morrow's juvenile heroes. And they are not really satisfied with any of these They are constantly looking for new talent—and yet slow to recognize it and give it a trial. Gaston Glass had no easy time getting launched in motion pictures; George Hackathorne and Malcolm Macgregor served a discouraging apprenticeship with the extras. For the game of picking tomorrow's favorite is, as I have said, a difficult one, and often the future sensation is long overlooked, as was Rodolph Valentino. It is quite likely, in fact more than probable, that the next reigning favorite will be a "dark horse," some aspiring young man as yet unnoticed by any producer, and therefore not mentioned in this article. Perhaps he is some one that you have noticed, though. If so, you can help make his advancement easier by writing to the producers about him. For the final vote, as every producer knows, will be cast by the fans.

The News Reel

Continued from page 53

tion picture, "The Masquerader," Mr. Post never went to the projection room to see the scenes run off. He first saw himself on the screen when the picture was completed and released. "Just picture for yourself my feelings," Mr. Post remarked, "when this man about whom I had been reading for thirty years came on the screen and I saw him for the first time. My long respect for him forbids me to tell you what I thought."

A Prize Awarded.

The highest award of the month is due Viola Dana, who hasn't a single photograph of herself in her own home.

For Charity's Sake.

Most of the players in Hollywood have sworn solemnly that they will never get roped into appearing at another benefit, but a few soft-hearted ones relented recently and appeared on the speaking stage in "Charley's Aunt" for the benefit of the Orphans' fund sponsored by the Elks. Ruth Roland, Larry Semon, Ora Carew, Mabel van Buren, Fred Huntly, Herbert Heyes, and Chester Conklin were in the cast, in the support of the veteran stage actor William H. Crane. And as usual, Los Angeles people as well as tourists turned out in force to see what kind of speaking actors these movie people made.

Big Feature Coming.

The News Reel takes pleasure in presenting a big new attraction to its readers. With the next issue the present incumbent will have retired as conductor of the News Reel. In the future Edwin and Elsa Schallert will conduct you through the highways and byways of Hollywood, tell you what your favorite players are doing and thinking, and throw in a little critical, if not caustic, comment on the whole industry.

Ever since Pola Negri arrived at the Famous Players-Lasky studio there has been much ado about something. The first upsetting circum-

Continued on page 102

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, as such a list would occupy too much space. Program pictures will be included in it only when they are genuinely distinctive. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue will not be mentioned, but aside from those this list will comprise those generally considered as the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"One Exciting Night"—D. W. Griffith. —A distinct novelty in pictures modeled after the Mary Roberts Rinehart-Avery Hopwood stage success, "The Bat." A mystery play packed with hair-raising thrills, interspersed with real comedy, and intended for entertainment purposes solely.

"Oliver Twist"—Jackie Coogan. A reasonably satisfying version of the Dickens story, showing Jackie for the first time in a real characterization. An excellent cast and production.

"The Bond Boy"—Barthelmess. A second edition of "Tol'able David," which it fails to measure up to in some respects, but decidedly worth while on account of Barthelmess' splendid work and that of Mary Alden.

"The Old Homestead"—Paramount. A homespun melodrama embellished with prop whiskers and a rip-roaring hurricane. People who have no fond memories of the stage production enjoy this immensely.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" —Cosmopolitan. An elaborately mounted historical production, magnificent in many of its effects. This rollicking story of Henry VIII. and his sister is capably acted by Lynn Harding, Marion Davies, and a distinguished cast.

"The Prisoner of Zenda"—Ingram—Metro. A popular romantic novel of a mythical kingdom. If you're not skeptical about these stories where a commoner substituting for a king is never found out, even by the king's sweetheart, this will quite sweep you off your feet. And in any case, Alice Terry, Barbara La Marr, and Lewis Stone are interesting.

"Grandma's Boy" — Lloyd — Pathé. The first five reeler with plot, theme, and pathos galore to be attempted by Harold Lloyd. It is crammed with delightful scenes.

"Fools First"—Neilan—First National. An ingenious and thrilling crook play, brilliantly directed by Marshall Neilan. Claire Windsor, Richard Dix, and Baby Peggy are in the cast.

"Clarence" — Reid — Paramount. A little masterpiece directed by William DeMille. The story concerns a shabby, absent-minded doughboy who untangles a family's troubles. Wallace Reid is excellent, as are May McAvoy, Robert Agnew, and Agnes Ayres.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Trifling Women"—Ingram—Metro. A fantastic and savage tale such as Theda Bara would have loved, but which she never could have played so vividly and beautifully as Barbara La Marr does. Not recommended to any one with a weak heart.

"Under Two Flags"—Dean—Universal. A wild, old melodrama brought vividly to life with Priscilla Dean playing a swaggering, spirited heroine. The star seems ideally cast in this, and much that could not be shown in the stage version is developed in the motion picture. If you've acquired a taste for desert scenery, don't miss this.

"Lorna Doone" — Tourneur — First National. A series of exquisitely beautiful pictures. The *Doones* are convincingly wild, and the flavor of the old story is preserved, but somehow this falls just short of being a great picture. Madge Bellamy and John Bowers are the decorative leading players.

"Remembrance"—Hughes—Goldwyn. The story of a downtrodden father whose chief social contact with his family is the question "How much?" A sudden crisis changes all this. Not much of a plot but a genuinely moving story with the leading character beautifully played by Claude Gillingwater.

"Broadway Rose" — Metro. The usual Mae Murray picture with the unusual Mae Murray tricks. She is almost unbearably cute in her interminable tricks, but her dancing is wonderful. As usual, the scenes are flooded with a brilliance of lighting and setting.

"Skin Deep"—First National. An exciting melodrama of a crook who tries to reform. It is a great ad for facial surgery, as Milton Sills gets completely made over from a reprehensible crook to his own handsome self through the process in this picture. This is not one of those pictures you can either take or leave alone; if you go to it, it will get you.

"On the High Seas"—Dalton—Paramount. The story and the star in this production are of very little importance; it is the rumpus that Irvin Willat, the director, kicked up out at sea that holds you fascinated. Storm and shipwreck, combat and rescue are all thrillingly depicted.

"East is West"—Constance Talmadge —First National. A faithful transcription of a play made up of pep, bunk, and sticky sentiment which packed a Broadway theater for three years. In it Constance Talmadge is about as Chinese as she has been in her frankly frivolous comedies, and the scenery bears out the best chop-suey parlor traditions.

"The Face in the Fog"—Cosmopolitan. A riot of spookiness, and creepy effects and dramatic shocks heightened by fog. Lionel Barrymore, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Seena Owen, and Louis Wolheim are in the distinguished cast.

"The Eternal Flame"—Norma Talmadge—First National. A Balzac romance in which Norma Talmadge does some of the most interesting work of her career. Charming old French court atmosphere.

"Monte Cristo"—Fox. The romantic old melodrama staged with a lavish hand, and boasting a crew of pirates that every small boy will love. John Gilbert and Estelle Taylor in the leading rôles.

"Nero"—Fox. A colossal spectacle of ancient Rome, all dressed up with carnivals and revelry.

"Hurricane's Gal" — Holubar — First National. A celluloid chantey with Dorothy Phillips surviving every seagoing misfortune.

WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

"A Woman's Woman"—Allied Artists. If Mary Alden weren't in this it would be dismissed as hokum pure and simple and old-fashioned, but she has a way of making sentiment seem genuine and situations logical. It is a fine picture for the home folks.

"The Man Who Played God"—United Artists. A deaf philanthropist goes about doing good deeds and solving other people's troubles. George Arliss has an almost magic influence on his pictures; they're as gentlemanly and correct as he is.

"Rags to Riches"—Warner Brothers. If you are the sort of person who would like a picture with a title like this, you would be sure to enjoy this one. Wesley Barry is the one bright spot in it for others.

"Deserted at the Altar." The same might be said of this—only really it isn't so bad as it sounds. Bessie Love and Tully Marshall exalt it slightly from a ten-twenty-thirt' level.

"The Headless Horseman"—Will Rogers. The tragedy of this picture is that it might have been great, and it is only moderately good. Will Rogers has his funny moments, but the picture as a whole does not live up to them.

"A Tailor-made Man"—United Artists. Just a first-rate movie, but not the sort of thing we used to count on seeing Charlie Ray in. It has a great deal of hokum and a chase at the end worthy of a Mack Sennett comedy, but none of the wistful appeal which Ray used to have.

"Pink Gods"—Paramount. This weird story of the African diamond mines, and the fascination jewels had for a young English girl doesn't seem convincing as Penrhyn Stanlaws directed it. Bebe Daniels and Anna Q. Nilsson are graceful and charming and make this a great schoolgirl matinée attraction.

"June Madness" — Metro. Viola Dana bears up under mediocre stories with more exuberance than most stars. She manages to inject life into this one.

"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"— Paramount.— A silly, vapid story, embellished by Gloria Swanson in a dazzling series of gowns.

FAIR WARNING.

For the first time since this department was introduced, no pictures have been put out for general showing this month, by established stars or producers, that are bad enough to appear under this classification. We hail this development with delight.

Continued from page 20

amazed when they saw the speed with which this vast undertaking progressed. The very first day in camp three hundred wild steers were broken to draw the wagons, and five hundred cattle were herded in the meadows near camp. Digging was begun which will convert the near-by lake into several rivers. Almost overnight a tent city sprang up sufficient to accommodate three thousand people at work in this production. And a mess tent, big enough to feed one thousand of them at once was established.

It wasn't long before Camp Cruze became famous for miles around. As in other parts of the country, the people are movie struck, and the first Sunday found crowds that had motored over the scorching alkali roads for a hundred miles or more to see the company making movies. They found a tent city with a broad central avenue lined with poplar trees, where everything was organized to move with armylike precision. And they found the actors whose sybaritic lives they had heard about actually relishing the privations of living on the plains.

The day starts at Camp Cruze at six-thirty a. m. when mess call is blown. Then comes a feverish lighting of oil stoves, a hurried washing in water whose surface of ice must first be broken, and a race to get dressed and over to breakfast. Charles Ogle, who plays one of the leading rôles is the hero of the camp, because he takes a cold bath every morning. Every one has discarded the simple breakfast of fruit and toast and coffee of their more civilized days, and they all relish a breakfast of ham or bacon and eggs, mush, melon, coffee, biscuits, and hot cakes. Luncheons are likewise hearty affairs of meat and potatoes, vegetables, and dessert. And at dinner, steak or roast beef is served. To supply this fresh meat a slaughter house and butchers have been installed at camp.

Only the Indians have a separate camp and live in their own primitive way, cooking over camp fires, washing in the streams. At night the uncanny strains of their music pierce the quiet, and strange ceremonials in their camp draw visitors from the other tents. Much trading is done of beaded gauntlets, belts, and moccasins for perfume and colored handkerchiefs. And occasionally contests of strength are held when relay races, tugs of war, and broncho busting show the wonderful strength of the Indians.

Among the Arapahoes there is a white woman who is wedded to a chief. She and her sister were captured nearly sixty years ago from a wagon train and brought up among the Indians. She will not speak of her history, but she watches with glowing interest the making of the scenes where Lois Wilson is imperiled by the Indians.

The picture abounds in big scenes calculated to thrill the hearts of city dwellers particularly. There is one where J. Warren Kerrigan on horseback, plunges off a landing into a lake whose bottom is treacherous quicksand. There is another where ten acres of alfalfa are consumed in a prairie fire, and Lois Wilson caught between the onrushing flames is eventually rescued by Kerrigan. There are hideous Indian dances of war, a thrilling fight between Alan Hale and Kerrigan, and many scenes that show the seemingly endless plodding row of prairie schooners fording treacherous streams and following sinuous trails through the hills.

The camp life provides almost as many thrills as the scenario. There was one night when a forty-mile-an-hour gale came up, tearing the tents from their moorings. Every one had to shift for himself that night. There was no one to wait on the leading players. A few nights later there was a terrific snowstorm, but the company greeted that philosophically as there were some snow scenes called for in the picture. Then the lake overflowed, and the whole camp was flooded.

Yet every one in the camp seemed happy. There was such a scarcity of furniture at first, and the carpenter corps was so busy building things for the picture, that soap boxes, tin cans, and other waste material from the commissary became precious.

When each day's work is done the company assembles to see the newly developed rushes of scenes photographed on previous days and talk over the next day's work with the director. And the company orchestra, though tired from playing out in the blazing sun all day—shielded only by ineffective canvas umbrellas—goes about from tent to tent, playing "Oh, Susannah" as in the old days the prairie minstrels went from wagon to wagon.

Usually at night there is a show, for there must be amusement to keep up the morale of people in strange surroundings. Every one turns to and helps to entertain with singing, dancing or conjurer's tricks. But about nine o'clock the last light in camp blinks out.

Next morning again fires are built, ice is broken, the veil of alkali dust that settles during the night over everything is brushed away, and sleepy animals trudge along, drawing the wagon trains to the day's location. The actors all ride horseback, and the ones who were not expert when the picture started are fast becoming skilled. And the most picturesque of them all is Lois Wilson, who in hoop-skirted dignity bobs along some times three miles or more, on the back of a mustang.

The Great Unknown

Continued from page 65

not going to be. I expect to alternate between the smaller starring pictures and the big Fox specials. And it's largely up to me to prove that I'm worthy of the sort of vehicles I want."

And then The Great Unknown told me something of his picture history which shows how much a man can do before the general public comes to know him well.

His parents being actors, he started on the stage late in his teens, first in a Western stock company which soon after dissolved. He made his way to Los Angeles and broke into the movies by getting a job in a Bill Hart picture called "The Apostle of Vengeance." For a long time he kept on playing bits in pictures with half the stars in Hollywood. At last he landed in Maurice Tourneur's company, and, having made known his ambitions, he was allowed to try his hand at the continuity of "The White Circle." He readapted other stories for Tourneur productions and became assistant director. Then came what looked like a big chance to come East to direct a privately managed star. But quarrels with the manager ensued and Gilbert threw up a fat contract, declaring he would go back broke and work as an extra rather than continue where he could not be happy in his work.

Back in Los Angeles, however, there came the offer to star in Fox productions and to be featured in big specials. So now his future lies in the hands of William Fox, the fans, and Destiny. There is nothing more trying than the first few months of being a star. So much depends on getting the right kind of stories, the right kind of direction. But if luck is with him, John Gilbert will not for long be able to refer to himself as The Great Unknown.

The Return of Robert

He has played truant too long from the screen but is soon to be seen again.

By Charles Carter

AT last Robert Gordon is coming back. Do you remember him? One of his early rôles that caused a good deal of comment was his *Huckleberry Finn* which he played in the Paramount production of "Tom Sawyer," in which Jack Pickford, then very popular, had the title rôle. And if you remember even farther back than that you may recall his rôle of *The Tennessee Shad,* in "The Varmint."

Later he played in several of Commodore Blackton's pictures, one of the finest of which was called "Missing," a story of a young English soldier, made during the war. And after that he was leading man for Alice Joyce in several of her Vitagraph features.

Then announcements were made that he was to be starred. But month after month passed until—well, now, it really looks as though he's coming back, for the first production is actually being made. It is called "Miles Brewster and the Supersex," and is being directed by Lambert Hillyer, who directed most of Bill Hart's later productions.

Miles Brewster is just a nice, naïve young boy in the beginning of this story, but his girl turns him down for a man with a better automobile, and *Miles* becomes a hardened man. He isn't blasé—he just knows it all. So he cockily goes out and speculates—winning a lot of money—puts on some airs and some snappy clothes and shows that girl just where she stands. Of course, he gets some terrible blows to his pride after that, but the picture ends happily giving Robert Gordon an ingratiating rôle with more variety of characterization in it than has been offered a young actor for a long time.

Robert Gordon, like so many other players, did not at first plan to become an actor. He was studying at Polytechnic Junior College at Los Angeles to become an engineer when he got to producing amateur plays. Then he played with the Community Players in Hollywood, and finally broke into pictures by getting a foothold at the Vitagraph plant.

Gordon is one of the most likable young men in pictures. There is nothing eccentric about him. He is home-loving, hard-working, and thoroughly devoted to a very charming wife, a dancer, professionally known as Alma Francis.

Continued from page 46

the girl behind the counter, usually with a short evening before beginning another day. Therefore less time is to be had for graceful conversation, for skimming over topics of the day. In short, film folk give the best of themselves to the public. They have neither time nor strength to round off, to polish, a personality as fixed and clear off the screen as we see on it. They are likely to be like children at the end of a school day—rollicking, or shy.

Cullen Landis, for instance. So far as the stranger within the studio gates could have seen, baseball was this youth's whole existence. His hands curled more often around a bat than a stick of grease paint. The muscles of his arm more frequently sent a ball curving than supported a weeping heroine. That is, so the casual visitor might have thought, seeing Cullen gamboling on the green. Had said visitor dogged his footsteps for a day he would mostly have found him acting nobly, wholeheartedly, with the camera his audience, his ball-playing muscles subdued and amenable to the demands of a tense situation. Cullen, too, was shy—maybe I'd better say modest—and boyishly straightfordward; and when I met him just emerging from his long struggle.

Engaged to play an important part in a Rex Beach picture, he made a hit before the film was finished. When it was completed the young fellow's reward was a five-year contract. Instead of forgetting or ignoring details of that experience which made possible this success, he frankly told all about it. Of his coming to California years before, of his work around the studios as chauffeur, mechanic, generally useful handy man, finally to be shoved into a picture as an extra. More extra work, then a small part. Finally a better part, and so on. The boy from Tennessee even then found it hard pulling.

Altogether no young actor so impressed me. Cullen remained simple in his tastes and desires. He proved that a young man could suddenly achieve a good income, with not much grindstoning to earn it, and yet stay attached to his home, wife and baby and the frugalities of yesterday. This may sound rather a colorless virtue, and make his best rôle that of a very good young man. Not at all. What I'm trying to say is that of the many he managed to stand alone in my mind as an awfully nice kid it would be pleasant, amusing, and a credit to call cousin, nephew or something akin.

One feels that way with the Ballins, Hugo and Mabel. Secretly one even likes to believe a relationship with them did exist in a previous incarnation. Even though that is taking too much flattery upon one's self. They don't mind, though, for only the other day Mabel said: "Isn't it glorious there are so many nice people in the world, and so easy to find?"

That is the Ballins' attitude toward life. Their happiness is a temptation to bachelor and spinster alike. In their presence cynics and misanthropes melt into amorous Pollyannas. They make a cult of friendship, and their own friendship—marriage, really—is as pastoral as a daisy chain. A daisy chain woven over one of steel.

"The only marriage that endures," says Hugo, "is one of friendship." She, no less than he, has made the same discovery. They share each other as I have rarely seen husband and wife do, and indeed unrelated friends are seldom as successful in sharing alike.

With them everything has its proper place. You know Hugo and Mabel not as director and star, talking of little but their work, but as people of a larger world whose interest is, of course, the picture they're making, but whose other interests are never lost sight of. All is beautifully proportionate, harmonious. The health of "Piggy," their elderly dog, is relatively as important as the choice of their next story. But neither "Piggy's" megrims nor the difficulty in finding a suitable story causes them to forget the birthday of a far-away friend. In all this there is no division of concern: they are one. While Hugo directs a picture his wife is mentally directing it. While Mabel plans her gowns her husband's sense of color and line blends with her own, his eyes over her shoulder.

Much has been written about Hugo Ballin, eminent mural painter and portraitist. There is little I can add, except to show the influence of the artist's ideal of beauty in the choice of a wife, and how those ideals guided him in attaining mental beauty as well.

Shortly after his ten years in Italy, where he became saturated with the traditions of the oldest art in the world, they met. "He was more Italian than American," says Mabel, "with a form of speech strange to me. To talk he had to translate Italian idioms into English." At any rate she understood what he was driving at! He saw in Mabel Croft, of Philadelphia, a reflection of the madonnas he had worshiped in dim cathedral aisles—calm, forbearing, coolly lovely.

So he married his old-world madonna to discover that she not only could look like a Botticelli painting come alive, but could make ends meet on eighteen dollars a month! They lived mostly on nuts, beans, and salads in a tiny Connecticut studio while Hugo gained a foothold with his painting. Neither complained during this trying period. Weathering it, not a cross word has been said since the coming of pleasanter days. This sounds like a fable. It is not. Simply a combination of the artistic and practical in both that has made their friendship-marriage a durable bargain, a comfortable contract.

Yet don't think Mabel is only an intelligent painting. She is as well a woman of action—rather fiery when roused. Once she slapped the face of a man, a friend, too, just because he stroked her newly bobbed hair. She doesn't like being touched, that's all. She does not trifle in anything and her closest friends would never—or should never, unless a hospital be handy—trifle with this madonna.

Call unexpectedly and you'll likely find her occupied with a bit of complicated upholstering. Instead of disdaining needle and shears, Mabel revels in work around the house. Often as this is said of our most ornamental stars where the facts fail to justify it, it is true in her case. One day last summer I caught her on her knees embracing a piece of furniture. Or that is what I first thought. Really she was industriously occupied with yards of blue glazed cretonne, pleating, sewing, braiding, fittting it to the bust of a big easy chair. The enthusiasm of work upon her, she gleefully pointed to her newly ordered wardrobe. Thirty-odd clothes hangers in flowery summer slips of her own making, and stockings so guarded against misalliance that warning labels on cardboard drawers indicated that "black, sheer" must never, never mix with "black, heavy."

I laughed at her New England housewifishness. She didn't mind and told me she offered to make flowery summer slips for her husband's clothes, but he wouldn't let her. Then we joined in laughter. Hugo, whose humor is whimsical, calls her "his first wife." Retaliating, she says he's her last husband. This repartee goes on, as I should like to, but for reasons best known to the editor an intimate picture of another cherished friend must be carried over until next month. I refer to gorgeous Geraldine, the flashing Farrar.

Continued from page 57

extra touches, for the foreign release, he nearly lost his mind; thought it wasn't necessary! Deliver me from the outsider who butts into the motion-picture business. Sometimes I think I was a fool to try the independent game—Wallace Reid has sense in sticking to Famous Players, it seems to me. Still—when you clean up on a picture, you sure do make a killing."

"But tell me about Madge Gordon," I urged. "You'd just reached the place where she was insisting on holding you to the story that she'd told, that you'd married her. What about it?"

"Just the pleasant little fact that I found she could do it," he answered, peering into the mirror of my vanity case as he touched up his make-up. "To all intents and purposes I was married to this youngster who had about as much charm for me as a marshmallow."

CHAPTER XLI.

"But you could have had the marriage annulled," I reminded Barry.

"Yes—I thought of that at once. But Madge didn't want to consider it, even. She and I sat in the tent that I was using as a dressing room and argued about it most of the evening.

"'Of course I know that we aren't really married, as people usually are,' she told me, 'but we will be, won't we? We could go to a minister tomorrow.'

"I put her off—I wasn't going to slip my head any farther into the noose if I could help it. I knew that she could hold me to being married to her, because I'd said in the presence of witnesses that I was—but it seemed to me that there must be some way of getting out of it without incurring a lot of most unpleasant publicity.

"We finished that picture, and started for the new location. There would be a few days in between, and I figured that I'd arrange matters somehow during that time. I'd have sent for my lawyer, but he was in Europe on a vacation, and I didn't want to consult any one else, for fear of getting a man who would talk to the papers. A friend of mine had had an unfortunate experience of that kind, and I didn't want to duplicate it.

"A picture of mine that had been released some time before had just reached that part of the country, and the home office suggested that I make some personal appearances during the little vacation that we were to have. I had my car with me, and could travel from town to town, making two a day, and back up the picture. Well, that seemed like a good stunt; I hate personal appearances, as does just about every one else, but it would kill two birds with one stone for me, and so I wired back that I'd do it. I could leave Madge behind, you see; not that she wanted to be left, but I told her that it was impossible for me to take her with me.

"I wrote her a check, and beat it. All the rest of that day I drove through the most beautiful country.

"The first few days went swimmingly. People were so darned friendly, so awfully kind to me, that I sort of forgot the way I'd felt when I started out. Then I'd have given almost anything to get out of pictures, but after meeting some of the friends I'd met by being in 'em, I wanted to stick.

"Why, people assembled in the main part of the town, in front of the hotel to see me arrive. The first day out I was having dinner and looked up to see that the windows were simply crowded with people, who were gazing at me as if I'd just escaped from the zoo.

"Then, the fourth day out, I got to a town where there wasn't a soul to meet me. I didn't mind missing the crowd, but I couldn't help wondering what had happened. That was at noon. There was a mob at the theater that afternoon, as usual. But they all seemed to be arguing about something. And as I was leaving, a chap of the lizard type, a shifty-eyed, narrow-chested loafer, came up to me and said, 'Don't forget that date for to-night, bo! The girls will be there.'

"The manager of the theater in the next town, where I was to appear that night seemed surprised to see me when I stopped at the theater. I'd been delayed on the road and had to go straight there without stopping at the hotel.

"'Didn't expect you back,' he told me, as we shook hands. 'How does this happen?'

"I didn't get him at all, of course. So he explained. I'd been there that afternoon, he said—why was I back that evening? Not that he wasn't glad to have me, of course—but he just didn't understand.

"Neither did I. But we finally got to the bottom of it, after I'd got some details out of him. Some chap who looked almost exactly like me had been traveling just ahead of me, in a car like mine—I learned afterward that he was a traveling salesman, who'd been mistaken for me in one town, and had decided to try his hand at the game. He hadn't cashed any checks, or done anything of that sort—had apparently gone into it just for the fun of the thing.

"I rushed along to the next town, and if an accident hadn't delayed me I'd have made it by ten o'clock. As it was, I didn't get there till noon. And I found the place seething with excitement. 'What's the matter?' I asked one of the mob in the lobby of the hotel, and the man answered, 'Barry Stevens was killed about an hour ago in an auto smash.'"

"There was nothing I could do, of course, so I went to luncheon at a little tearoom down the road a bit, and then came back to the hotel. I wrote a letter to the people in New York, telling them how my trip was going, and mentioning the incident, and another to my director. Then I got into my car and went on. It didn't occur to me that the news would travel, you see.

"But it did. A young man, a very progressive young man in that town who was a correspondent of one of the New York papers, sent the story out. The Associated Press took it up. The news of my death went over the country—and of course reached my wife who wasn't my wife at all.

"She'd been having her troubles, too, it seemed. For when her mother and sister went to see her, her childhood sweetheart piked right along.

"So I returned to find my bride on a honeymoon with somebody else—and nearly died of joy.

"I notified her that I was still alive, and she and her husband came back prepared to do battle. She felt awfully important, of course, but rather worried. There were various little legal formalities to be gone through with, but my director helped me out, and the pseudo-marriage between her and me was annulled. She departed with her husband, left him six months later, and wrote me, asking if I'd help her get a job. I didn't answer, so she came to New York, expecting to camp on my door step. But I was in California. She got a job in the chorus of one of the musical shows, and now she's stringing this chap Haines along, telling him about how she's a poor, unprotected little girl alone in New York, and needs him to look after her. She sees a better chance for herself as the wife of Louis Haines, popular movie star, than as Madge Gordon.

"And I don't know whether to tell him how she played me for a good thing or just keep quiet. It would be the gentlemanly thing to do to keep quiet. But I hate to see her make a fool of him."

"Well, if he cares anything about her, nothing you could say would make any difference," I told him, as the director called him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Continued from page 69

interview people and find their living rooms nicely starched for survey, I feel that I'd like to peek into their kitchens. Phil's looks livable —all in blue, with things comfortably thrown about, two blue-and-gold Chinese lamps, a grand piano with songs scattered over it—"Somebody Lied" and "Blue Eyes"—books, magazines, photographs, everything. Even a cat.

As we turned onto the drive along the ocean, with its shimmering blue gold flecked under the benign afternoon sun, I had a feeling of the unfitness of things. Here was Phyllis, the first queen of the mermaids. Phyllis all dressed up in black silk, driving around with another black-silked female in a modest little car. All wrong, all wrong. She belonged, as I told her, clad in filmous drapes or a wispy one piece that would cling to her delicately flanged body, perched artistically on a wind-beaten cliff.

"And sneezing." My suggestion did not meet with approval. "Why, we used to get so cold, Marie Prevost and I, standing around for hours on the rocks in those chiffon bathing suits, that they often had to retouch the film so the goose-flesh wouldn't show!"

Even to-day she is paying toll for those days on the cold beach in winter. Ill for six months, she but recently recovered and was immediately stricken with influenza which threatened pneumonia. In fact, that drive with me was her first outing for several weeks, and she was still pale.

"If I weren't strong I'd never have survived my five years in pictures, In an office, you're through when the day is over. But here you're never through—until you're destarred and they hang the crape over your career.

"I like the outdoors," she answered my question, removing her chic black turban that the breeze might rumple her smoothly plastered yellow hair.

She can really swim. One of the joys of an afternoon at the beach is to see Phil, when work and her health permit, tearing along on a surfboard in the wake of a skimming motor boat at a mere sixty-mile clip.

She is conscientious about her work, though not to the point of taking things too seriously, for everything about her life seems shot with roseate tinge. Like most real girls nowadays, she gets fun out of little things—out of a ride to the beach in a bumping "Patsy" and eating hot dogs on the sand and envying me because I once went up in an airplane with Richard Dix. She did —or else she's a better actress than I ever gave her credit for being.

Unlike several newly created incandescents I know, she has no inflated ego, because she realizes—or perhaps it is a reflection of her mother's canny business sense—that stars are made to fall, that, as George Ade says, we elevate our own idols and then look around for brickbats, and it takes fortitude to meet the onslaught.

"People ask me if I'm not thrilled like the dickens over being made a star, and I say no, because it's better to wait and see how it all comes out. I'd feel like a fool if I made a big fuss and failed and got destarred. So"—shrewdly—"I'll let the hurrahs wait a while."

The tale of her entry into pictures sounds as if another Fairy Godmother had been working overtime.

"It all came so easy. When I was still in school, a boy friend who worked at Lasky's took me over there. Up popped a director offering me work! I didn't realize then how hard picture work was to get and just stood and giggled at him. But he called me up several times and finally mother said I could try. After a few months of extra work and bits Sennett sent for me and made me a mermaid."

Easy, eh? Try it yourself and see. Fairy Godmothers have sort of gone out of fashion or else they used up all their time on the Phyllis Havers and have gone to sanitariums to recuperate.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

ton and hissing things like, "By 'n' bye we send Jap army take your ranch, anyhow." For my part, I think this is vicious and dangerous nonsense, the stuff from which future wars are made. If producers want to use the films as the most efficient means of bringing on another war, they have only to dedicate themselves to scenarios like this one. It is painful to record that Peter B. Kyne wrote the story. But perhaps the film wasn't all his fault.

"Ebb Tide"—*Paramount.*

If you have read the Robert Louis Stevenson story from which this film was taken, you will be able to tell how much belonged to the film. "Ebb Tide" seemed to be left out of my volume; in fact I never heard of it until this film appeared. Even at that, I would venture to divide the story into Stevenson and his film adaptors. The ships and the sea and the London fugitive and the native vagabonds—these all seem to belong behind the covers of the beloved writer of the South Seas. But the desert-island plot and the conventional villain, hero and heroine of the screen, lead me to believe that the plot has been tampered with.

However, it hasn't been ruined, except for a lover of Stevenson's work. There is something of the swing of the old sea chanteys about many of the scenes. Also it is excellently acted by Noah Beery and George Fawcett and Lila Lee. James Kirkwood has the rôle of the hero. I have always appreciated Mr. Kirkwood as a quiet, restrained movie actor, but I never realized how really remarkable he might be until after his New York triumph as the central figure in Channing Pollock's stage play, "The Fool." Though he was for eighteen years on the stage before he went into pictures I had never before been privileged to see him save on the screen. Now I wonder why some wise director does not give him a really big chance on the screen? I can't say that he has found it in "Ebb Tide."

"When the Desert Calls"—*Pyramid.*

Certainly "The Sheik" has a lot to answer for! Ever since it appeared, nice leading women have been dragged off wild steeds, and perfectly good men have been writhing in the desert getting their mouths full of sand. In this last version Violet Heming is the persecuted wife whose husband is inconsiderate enough to have a double not all that he should be. This makes it awkward for the wife who can't tell one from the other, and it is only after reels and reels of sand and palm-trees that things get straightened out.

Among Other Things.

Jane Novak has done a rather interesting study of Marie Corelli's "Thelma." She is pretty and pathetic, but not life-sized enough for the statuesque *Thelma.* Harold Lloyd has revived his hilarious comedy about the skyscraper called "High and Dizzy." I hear that Charlie Chaplin is going to do a huge burlesque of "Robin Hood" with the same colossal sets used by Douglas Fairbanks. Bertha M. Clay is coming in for film honors as well as Marie Corelli. Her "Thorns and Orange Blossoms" has been filmed with Estelle Taylor. It makes you realize how much the movies have progressed since this type of plot lived and flourished.

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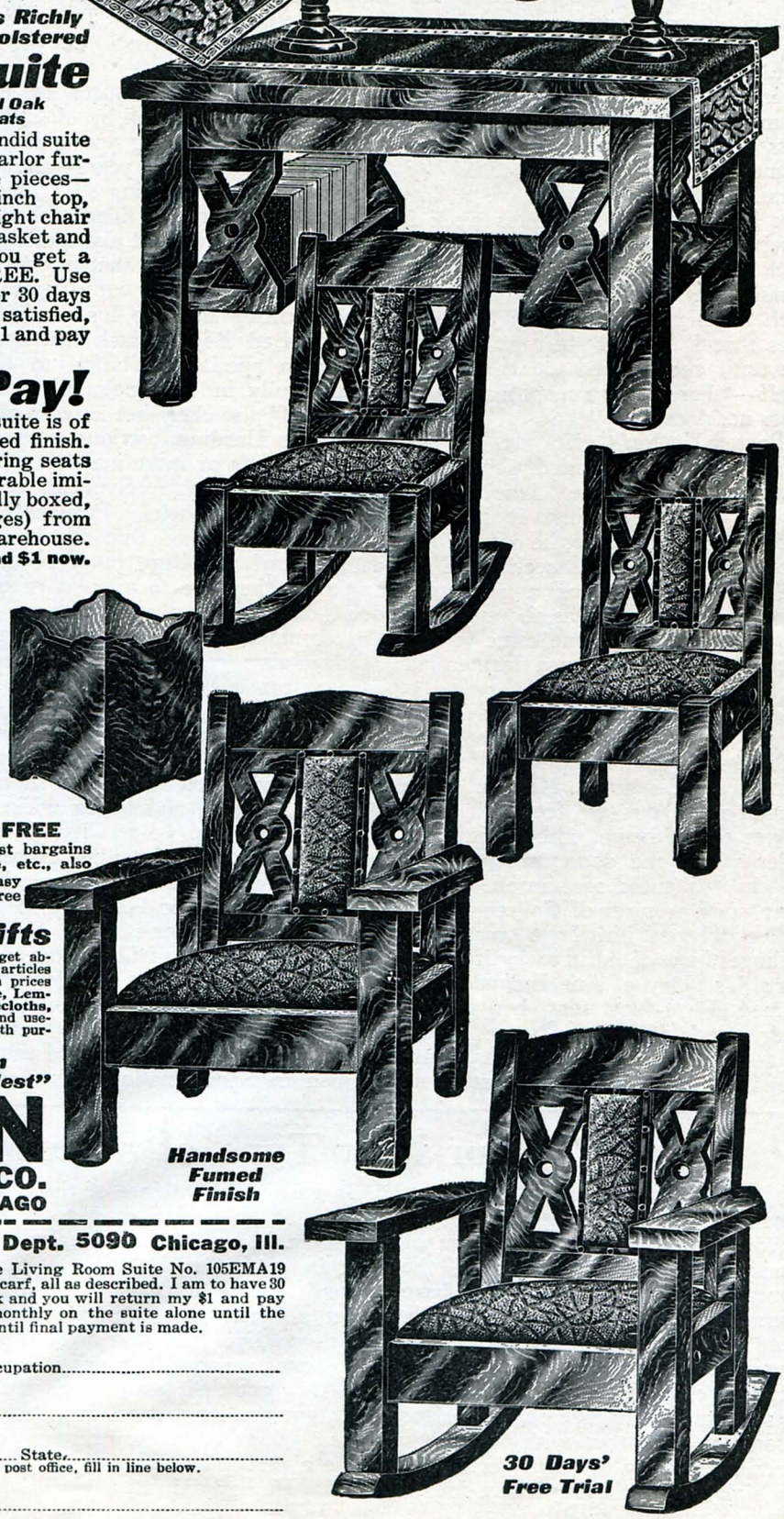

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Continued from page 73

foamy upper story a half inch thick. A motherly soul had sent it in from the country by her son—and you may take my word for it, it was good pie. I sampled it!

"Rompers," answered sister Constance succinctly, when I sought her, notebook in hand. "Folks must think I'm a regular tomboy, for scarcely a mail comes without a suit of rompers or overettes made in my size! I also get a lot of trinkets which mean a great deal to the givers themselves and for that reason they pass them on to me, with their accounts of how they happened by them. Fair badges—I have a big box full of them. And this week I received a book of old songs and a book purporting to tell the truth about Russia. And last week"—there was such a delicious twinkle in Connie's eyes that I thought she was kidding me until she showed me the article itself—"there came a most marvelous glass necklace!"

Buster Keaton's gifts are for the most part old hats and shoes and funny clothing. The "fans" figure he can use these things in his pictures—for that matter, he often does. Not long ago he was seeking in all the secondhand shops a particular kind of old hat and was about to give up the search when one came to him through the mail from a farmer lad in New England.

Among the quaintest things I saw in my inquisitive delving into stars' gift-chests was a hemp-horse sent to Cullen Landis from Mexico. The equine was about two feet high, hand woven out of hemp, with a miniature rider which the donor claimed was an exact likeness of himself. Each year, some admirer of Colleen Moore in Ireland sends this Irish screen star a huge box of shamrocks for St. Patrick's Day. An Indian chief named Fleet-foot sent her almost every week for a year some Indian gift—beaded dolls, bracelets, earrings, pottery. But her most novel gift was a ukulele carved out of cigar boxes by a convict in a San Francisco jail—the only token of appreciation he could make. Children send her lots of little things that they make themselves in school—and these Colleen prizes highly.

News of Richard Dix's prowess at golf has gone afar, and his most repeated gifts are golf clubs. And only last week a motherly soul sent him a homemade cake! These, say Richard, are *real* gifts. Let there be more of them!

Jackie Coogan's treasures consist mostly of toys sent him by other little boys—and admiring young ladies of his own tender years—among which is a most amazing silver lion. His mail, of course, is filled with letters of appreciation and just the other day came a note from that nice gentleman, King George of England, complimenting him on his work in "Peck's Bad Boy," which had been shown in special exhibition to the royal family in Buckingham palace. "The Kid" also cherishes letters from President Harding, various governors, and scads of mere mayors.

Madge Bellamy receives an endless number of books. Perhaps the "fans" have learned that she is the daughter of a college professor—at any rate, they are to a great extent deep, dark philosophy. In proof of the cosmopolitanism of her charm, Madge also received a marvelous rope of pearls from an admirer who neglected even to give his name!

Tom Mix has a pair of spurs, given him by the widow of a "lifer" whom he captured when he was a sheriff wearing a badge and toting wicked-looking weapons. Bert Lytell receives a number of tennis rackets, and Bill Hart all kinds of things that boys have made for him.

In Ethel Clayton's mail almost every day comes a frilly collar-and-cuff set. The "fans" are learning her pet hobby, apparently. And Tony Moreno's gifts come, to a great extent, from his warm-blooded countrymen in Spain, national garments of vivid hue, musical instruments of all kinds. Those fans who know him better, though, send gifts for his dog. All the men stars get lots of cigars. It is known that William V. Mong has a hog ranch in which he takes much pride—and the other day came a crate with a nice little prize piggy some farmer lad had sent his favorite actor. A short while ago Mabel Normand received two bear cubs—and Bebe Daniels is always getting animals, mostly dogs.

Clarence Burton, the prize villain of the screen, wore in a recent Mexican characterization—in which he specializes—a pair of spurs that were once the property of former President Madero of Mexico. They were presented to him as a recognition of his marvelous artistry in Mexican make-up.

All of the women stars receive considerable hand embroidery and needle work made by the girls in convents—and like it immensely. Many girls, too, place a wee sachet in their letters. It is known that Mary Alden loves children, so mothers the world over send her pictures of their own young hopefuls. And Miss Alden, to hear her talk, is just as proud of them as their real mothers!

Handkerchiefs to phonographs, sachets to animals, the gifts pour in from the four corners of the globe. So when you're slipping a wee gift into the mail for your favorite luminary, you might keep in mind this list of the things they so often receive—and make yours a little different. Or, better still, something useful. For in every single case did the stars tell me they like best to receive things with utilitarian value, something that by personal use and association comes to have a real meaning to them, and thus brings into closer contact the unknown friend whose gift it is.

As Mildred Davis exclaimed: "Tell them not to send me extravagant and useless things, but say it with blouses or hand-embroidered work, or handkerchiefs—something we can use!"

Our New Type of Screen Comedy

Continued from page 23

working mother deserted by all her children and the more recent run of sheik tales, just so long will the court jesters of Hollywood have plenty of material to work with. And if they keep it up and go as strong as they are going now, it is certain to have the effect of being a spur to the producers of serious drama to come out with some new stuff in order to get their thrills and to sink the old hokum sure-fire in the bottom of the South Seas.

It wasn't the province of the court jesters of the olden days to uplift anybody. They had no ulterior motive in getting their laughs. They weren't trying to make the king's court a better and cleaner place in which to live. Not at all. They were out to earn their daily bread, and they got their daily bread when they got the laughs, so they took a wise crack at any and everything that came along. If they got by with it, good. If they didn't, they tried another line. And so, I think, we will find it in the final analysis of the present vogue of satirical comedies. It is a return, for a time, to the court jests of *Rigoletto*.

Even Baby Peggy is waving the cap and bells, for she is making a satire on the amateur theatrical production which seems to have a close relation to "The Torch Bearers." When the babes start in to lampoon our cherished institutions—good night! And long wiggle the cap and bells!

Now—a Snow White Clay to Draw Poisons from the Skin—in Only 10 Minutes

Marvelous new radium-treated clay not only opens the pores and removes all the impurities, but completes its work by whitening the skin—then closing the pores—all in ten minutes. No mussiness—no bother—no lotions. A complete treatment in itself.

EVERYONE is talking about complexion clay. On all sides people are hearing of the seeming "miracles" performed by this great new beauty discovery. For through it, thousands of women are acquiring entirely new complexions—complexions wonderfully clear, fresh and beautiful.

And now Science announces another great advance!

A new kind of clay has been discovered, which not only possesses even greater beautifying properties than ordinary complexion clay, but which, in addition, eliminates every one of its disadvantages. For instance—

A New Complexion in Ten Minutes!

Up to now, all complexion clays have been of a disagreeable dark mud-like color, and have required 30 to 40 minutes to accomplish their work. Naturally the woman of daintiness and refinement has revolted at the idea of allowing this unsightly mud to come in contact with her skin, even though it meant new beauty.

But this new kind of clay is pure white—just as white as snow. That is why it is called Snow White Clay. Applying it is just like bathing the face with a delightful cream. There is no mussiness whatever; for this new kind of clay—triple-sifted through the finest silk—is **clean.** Furthermore a complete treatment takes only 10 minutes! You can actually acquire new beauty while you are doing up your hair!

No Lotions Needed

Up to this time, a complete complexion clay treatment called for the use of an after lotion. This was to close the pores, which the clay had opened in drawing out impurities. But this astringent lotion is no longer necessary. For Snow White Clay after it has drawn out the face poisons, actually closes the pores, thus saving any additional trouble and expense.

Nothing Else Like It

Snow White Complexion Clay is actually delightful in its purity and whiteness. No other clay is anything like it. Clean as it is when taken from its bed in the white clay deposits of England, it is made even purer and whiter by being sifted three distinct times through the finest Chinese silk! Compare Arctic snow with mud and you will have the difference between Snow White Clay and ordinary complexion clays. Try it once—and you will never return to old-fashioned clay treatments.

Evidence

"Snow White Clay is certainly a great improvement over the dark clay. I noticed the difference just as soon as I put it on my face. When I removed it my skin was soft, smooth and fairly glowed."

Ida Heiman.

"Since I have used Snow White Complexion Clay all the blackheads and blemishes have disappeared and my skin is clear and smooth."

Lillian Block.

"Snow White Clay is the best product of the kind I have ever used. One application removed many of the blackheads, and left my skin beautifully white, soft and smooth."

K. Lewis.

"In only 15 minutes Snow White Clay had whitened my skin and made it very smooth."

May De Pater.

Stimulates and Whitens the Skin

Snow White Complexion Clay has still another great advantage. It possesses a marvelous radio activity to stimulate the skin and in addition gives the skin a wonderful new whiteness and transparency. No other clay possesses this wonderful power to give the skin new life and health and to make it soft, smooth and white.

Snow White Complexion Clay is a distinct advance over all other complexion clays. No other clay is like it—no other can be like it. Already thousands of women have turned to it for new beauty, and the results are more than gratifying.

How It Works

The skin contains millions of tiny pores, with which to expel impurities. But when dust bores deeply into these pores, they become clogged, and the impurities remain in the skin. Soon pimples, blackheads and other embarrassing blemishes appear.

Snow White Complexion Clay stirs every one of these tiny pores to life. In only 10 minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful yet absolutely harmless clay draws out every skin impurity. Remove the clay, and with it comes every harmful impurity, every blemish. Then notice your complexion. See how clear, fresh and youthful it has suddenly become. You will be actually amazed at the improvement the very first treatment brings.

Send No Money

So that everyone may test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Snow White Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once. Although it is a $5.00 product, you may pay the postman only $1.75 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. In addition, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once, if you are not more than delighted with the results.

$5.00 Value Only $1.75 SEND NO MONEY

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Snow White Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works *always.* You won't have to wait for results either—they are evident in only 10 minutes.

Send no money—merely the coupon. See for yourself how this new discovery lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, new complexion—without the least mussiness. Don't delay—mail the coupon at once.

Marguerite Sullivan, Dept. 232-S, Ninth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND NO MONEY

MARGUERITE SULLIVAN, Dept. 232-S
Ninth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a jar of Snow White Complexion Clay, sufficient for two months of beauty treatments. I will pay the postman only $1.75 plus a few cents postage, in full payment on arrival—this in spite of the fact that the regular price is $5.00. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not more than pleased with the results. I am to be the sole judge.

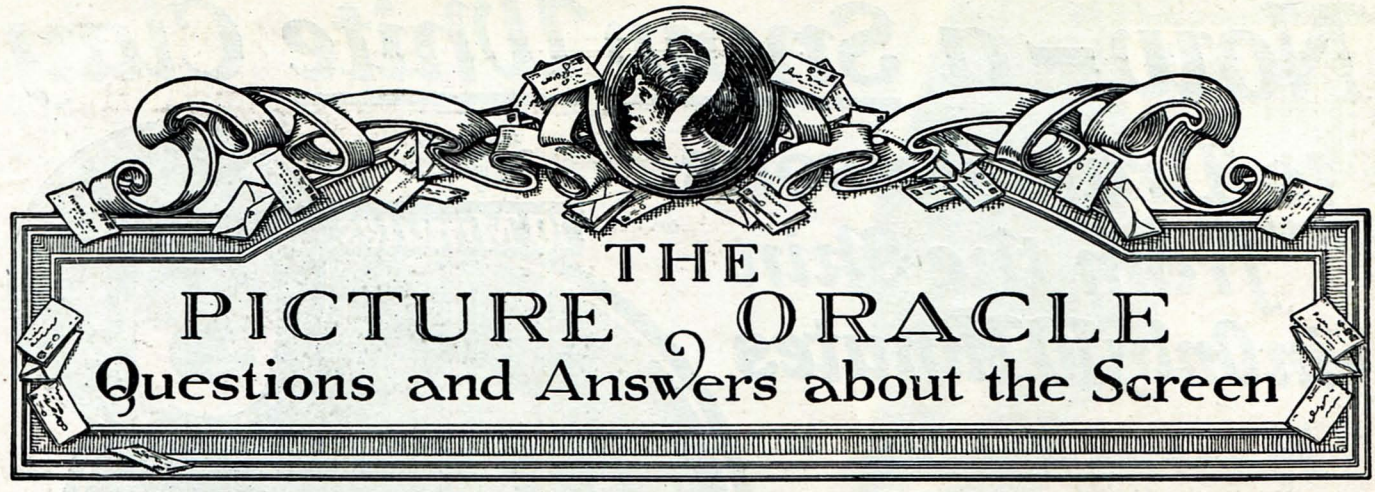
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save the postage.)

(Price outside U. S. $1.90 cash with order)



HANNAH.—"Adam's Rib" is the title of Cecil De Mille's latest production. Judging from advance reports, it promises some novel things in the way of atmosphere—dinosaurs and all sorts of other prehistoric creatures. This is the picture in which Pauline Garon makes her début as a De Mille heroine. The cast also includes your favorite leading man, Elliott Dexter, as well as Milton Sills, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Theodore Kosloff.

SEDATE A.—I can see you don't like your name. Your letter tries so hard to overcome it. Rules are rules, you know, and I can't break 'em no matter how sweetly you ask me. So you'll have to keep on racking your imagination about me. And it won't help any to send an envelope for a personal reply, either, because I can't tell you personally what I wouldn't say in the columns. No, I have no secretary, so everything you write is read personally by The Oracle. Does that make you any happier? No, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "The Age of Chivalry" are not the same picture. "Knighthood" is taken from the book of the same name written by Charles Major and stars Marion Davies. "The Age of Chivalry" was the working title of Dougals Fairbanks' latest production—the name of which was finally changed to "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood." All straight? Marguerite De La Motte played *Constance, D'Artagnan's* sweetheart in "The Three Musketeers" and Mary MacLaren was the *Queen*. "The Voice From the Minaret," starring Norma Talmadge, is the last picture in which Eugene O'Brien has appeared. You know, he was injured in an accident shortly after this picture was finished. Although he is all right now, he has not started work on anything up to the present writing so far as I know.

IVY T.—"Michael O'Halloran" has never been filmed before, but it is going to be, and by the author herself. Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter has entered the movie-producing game and will supervise the screening of many of her books. So you won't have to worry about "Michael" not being treated with the proper reverence. So far the cast for Mrs. Porter's initial production hasn't been selected.

AMBITIOUS.—It would be very difficult for an outsider to become a continuity writer because this work requires not only literary ability and experience, but also a thorough knowledge of motion pictures which can be gained only after months and sometimes years of actual work in a studio. At present, there are a great many more trained scenario writers than there are jobs, so it naturally would be pretty hard for an inexperienced person to break into a studio job, and unless you have a studio job you haven't much chance to learn about the technique of writing screen continuity.

MERRY WIDOW.—Elliott Dexter has been playing opposite Clara Kimball Young in her recent pictures. He made "The Hands of Nara" and "Enter Madame" with her, but is now back at the Lasky studio appearing in the new Cecil De Mille picture, an original story by Jeanie Macpherson. Also, it is said that Mr. Dexter will be starred by Harry Garson Productions in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," based on the famous poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

DAISY AND ELAINE.—It was Constance Talmadge who played in "Polly of the Follies." That was the picture in which she wore the Cleopatra costume. Arthur Stuart Hull played the rôle of *Leon Morse* in "A Question of Honor." Some of Ethel Clayton's recent productions were "The Cradle," "For the Defense," and "If I Were Queen," the latter her first picture for R-C. Miss Clayton's next production will be "The Remittance Woman," from the story by Achmed Abdullah. She lives in California and is the widow of Joseph Kaufman.

REAL FAN.—Your wish that Mae Murray and Robert Frazer would play together again will be satisfied because Robert has been cast in Mae's new production, "Coronation," which she went to California especially to make. The fans seemed quite enthused about this team in "Fascination," so they will be given another chance to see Mae and Robert cavort around together.

C. T.—Alice Calhoun is eighteen, and was born in Cleveland, Ohio. She is five feet four and a half. "Little Wildcat" will be released probably by the time you read this. Yes, I think Alice is very sweet.

FLO R.—The following articles regarding Pearl White have appeared in recent issues of PICTURE-PLAY: Ethel Sands' Adventure with Pearl in the May, 1921, issue; An interview by Malcolm Oettinger in the February, 1922, issue; photo in the gallery also in the February, 1922, issue; page layout on Pearl's return to serials in the May, 1922, number. If you want any of these issues write to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City, inclosing the cost of the magazines. The May, 1921, issue is twenty-five cents and the others twenty cents each.

KITTY S.—Thanks for your nice letter Kitty. I *am* pretty busy, and your consideration is much appreciated. Yes, Rodolph Valentino is just as good looking off the screen as on; many people consider him more so. He has a tiny scar on his right cheek which you can see in close-ups. Rodolph has never made any personal-appearance tours, but perhaps he might some time, and then you will get a chance to verify all the reports about his looks.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—Mary Pickford weighs one hundred pounds. She was born in 1893. Dorothy Phillips plays in the Elinor Glyn story "The World's a Stage." Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels have played together in several pictures. Some of them were "The Dancin' Fool," "Sick Abed," "The Affairs of Anatol," and "Nice People," a recent William De Mille production.

DOUBTFUL.—Yes, the motorcycle-wreck scene in "Manslaughter" was certainly a wonderful piece of work. I didn't see the stunt performed myself, but the Paramount offices issued a statement saying that the wreck was staged at Santa Barbara, California, in the presence of a hundred people, and that the man actually was driving his motorcycle at fifty miles an hour when he crashed into Leatrice Joy's car, and catapulted over the top of it. Cecil De Mille goes so far as to offer five thousand dollars to any one who can prove that the scene was faked.

RALPH W.—Nazimova's hair isn't always as bushy as it was in "Camille." It's bobbed and she has several ways of fixing it. Sometimes she wears it flat and sleek against her head, as it is naturally straight. It is only when it is curled and waved that it sticks out in the eccentric way that it did in "Camille." Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans, Louisiana.

CARLOTTA.—Write to Ethel Sands, care of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Yes, I am sure that Ethel will be very glad to answer your letter. At present Pauline Frederick is appearing on the stage in a play called "The Guilty Ones." Judging from the success it is enjoying it will be a long time before you get a chance to see Pauline on the screen again. "The Glory of Clementina" was her last picture. You can get the books of the lives of some of the stars at almost any bookstore, I guess. If your local dealer hasn't them he will be able to get them for you. Pearl White's is called "Just Me," and the one about the Talmadges, written by Mrs. Talmadge, is called "The Story of the Three Talmadges."

MAYBELLE.—Dagny Servaes played the rôle of the *Slave Girl* in "The Loves of Pharaoh" and Harry Liedtke played *Ramphis,* her lover. This picture was made in Germany by Ernst Lubitsch.

CUTE.—Well, I should say Conway Tearle has been married. The first Mrs. Tearle was Mrs. Menges, the second Corwin Hill Tearle, and the third, and present, Adele Rowland, a stage star. Conway's latest release is "The Eternal Flame" in which he plays opposite Norma Talmadge, and his next rôle will be the very delectable one of Pola Negri's Arabian lover in "Bella Donna," for whom she tries to poison her nice English husband, Conrad Nagel. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, April 1, 1902.

WALLACE REID FAN.—I'm afraid it's useless to ask me "please not to let Wallace play character parts." I really have nothing to say about Wally's stories, and if I did, I'm afraid I would much rather see him in a character rôle than in one of those automobile stories. But wait till you see "Clarence"—in that Wally is anything but the smiling, debonair, much-at-ease Wally you have always known, and I bet you will like him better than ever. He really does fine work in it.

MARGIE.—Agnes Ayres has golden-brown hair and gray-blue eyes; Elsie Ferguson has golden hair and blue eyes; Betty Compson's eyes are blue, too, but her hair is brown; Eugene O'Brien has brown hair and blue eyes, and Priscilla Dean has brown hair and brown eyes. Mary Pickford has no children. Neither has Valentino. Rodolph's birthday is May sixth.

MARGARET R.—You sound very enthused about Rodolph, but how will you be able to wait "until his popularity wanes" before writing to him? You will have to wait a long while, I'm afraid, and even then he may still have to have a secretary. I'd write now, if I were you, and take a chance on Rodolph seeing the letter personally. If you make it interesting enough he probably will. Peggy Hyland has not been making pictures lately; neither has Madlaine Traverse. But Clara Kimball Young has been working steadily. "The Hands of Nara" and "Enter Madame" are her two latest productions.

Continued on page 110

More Smiles Now

For women have prettier teeth

A new way of teeth cleaning has multiplied smiles. Millions of women now use it. It has changed dingy teeth to whiter teeth. Wherever you look now you see pretty teeth which other people envy.

This new method is at your command. A free test will be sent for the asking. For the sake of whiter, safer teeth we urge you to accept it.

Combats the film

This new way combats film—that viscous coat you feel. The old ways of brushing never did that effectively.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It absorbs stains and, if you leave it, forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar. That's why most teeth look dingy.

Film also holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles, which few escape, are now traced to that film.

Two methods found

Dental science, after long research has found two ways to fight that film. Years of tests have amply proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are advising their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, modern, scientific and correct. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are now embodied in it. It is bringing to countless homes a new dental era.

Two other enemies

Teeth have two other great enemies. One is starch, which gums the teeth, and which may ferment and form acid. The other is mouth acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to better combat those starch deposits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to better neutralize mouth acids. Thus it gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. That's another result of modern dental research.

45 nations use it

Pepsodent now has world-wide use, largely through dental advice. Careful people of some forty-five countries see its benefits today.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that you and yours should always use this method. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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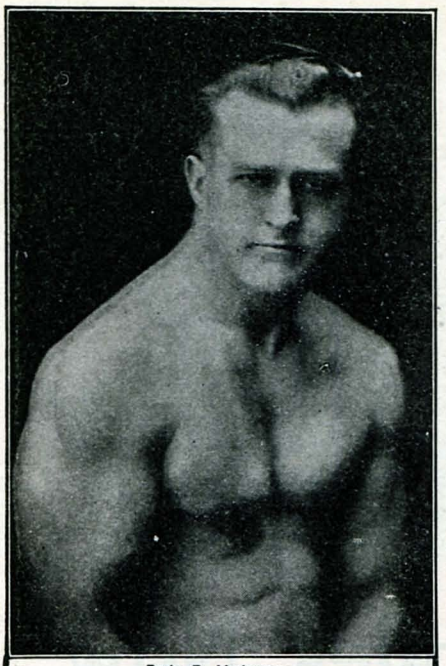

Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

Dead from the Neck Down

"He thought he was alive because he worked with his brain—but his body was fit for the undertaker."

Can you imagine such a fellow calling himself a man? And still there are thousands like him—narrow chested, round shouldered, weak-kneed specimens of humanity. They would rather take a box of pills than do five minutes' exercise.

What Kind of a Man are You?

Has life lost its thrills for you? Do you arise in the morning full of pep and ambition for the day's tasks before you? Or do you just drag yourself through life in a lazy, indifferent way?

There Is Hope—

If there is a spark of manhood left in you, I will give you a body to be proud of. I guarantee to put one full inch on your arms in the first 30 days. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. I will build out your chest, broaden your shoulders and put real pep in your old backbone. You will have the flash to your eye and the spring to your step of a real athlete. Your whole body (inside and out) will function as it should, sending life-giving blood to your brain and every part of your system. I don't just promise these things. I guarantee them. Come on now and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Send for my NEW 64-page book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 1402, 305 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1402, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." Please write or print plainly.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The Ups and Downs of Stardom

Continued from page 43

citement. She is resigned yet gracious, acquiescent yet individual. She is no Swanson fiercely battling for her beliefs, no Miss Dupont yessing you into a state of coma. She is Bebe, with her own views, but with no great desire to air them unless you feel it absolutely necessary.

This trip to New York, although ostensibly to make her next picture, a film version of Edith Wharton's latest novel, "Glimpses of the Moon," also was serving as Bebe's first vacation in three years, she told me. Just before coming to New York she completed work on two separate pictures, both of which she made at the same time.

"In the morning I would act in 'The World's Applause' for Mr. William—as Cecil's less monarchic brother is known—and in the afternoon in 'Singed Wings.'"

"How could you leap from one set to another and yet give two distinct characterizations?" I demanded.

She shrugged her shoulders. It was an illuminating answer. As if to say, How indeed?

I remember that when I was on the Coast, two years ago, every one admitted that Bebe was the most energetic worker extant. I never saw her at Sunset Inn, or the Ship, or Frank's. But she assured me that here, in New York, she was having the time of her young life. The dance-clubs and theaters appeal strongly to the brunet belle. She spoke warmly of her appreciation of Jeanne Eagels in "Rain," and told of having been to The Tent twice to dance.

"It's awfully cute," she said. "You know there are police stationed inside the door to see that the prohibition amendment is properly enforced. And about every half hour, there's a song sung about 'It's Getting Darker in the Subway,' and gradually all the lights go out. And the police look and look and see nothing——"

Bebe likes Edgar Allan Poe and Richard Bennett's acting and baked Alaska and Gilda Gray's shiver and William de Mille's directing and messenger boys and butternuts and the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles and Lila Lee and orchids. When I stepped inside the door of her apartment I thought that I had wandered into the Algonquin conservatory by mistake. Roses and orchids fairly flooded the room, poking out from every corner. Whoever had been saying it with flowers must have stuttered.

The floral mystery was partially cleared up in my mind, however, when Bebe casually let drop the news that Harold Lloyd was also in New York, "seeing—Bebe claims—the new shows." Authorities differ.

How American Pictures Gladden Japanese Eyes

Continued from page 47

tle white sheet of paper has caused it, which was brought by the man who came back to his seat. "What? Eh? Marquis Okuma dead?" somebody asks. "Yes, this extra says it!" some one replies it. And the gossip in low voice continues.

"Sh, sh! Be silent!" Gossip not yet subdues. "Shut up!"—this from the remote corner impatiently. "Be silent! *Be silent!*" The gossip suddenly stops. And once more the expectant silence reigns through the whole theater. I felt great irony when I found the precious news which reports the death of the world's famous historical personage—the press so call Mr. Okuma—was too slight to avert the attention, being hushed to silence, of the audience whose hearts are rejoicing in vamping Theda. No more nothing to disturb the sacred solemn quietness of the hall, the picture ends with the death of *Cleopatra*. And the whole audience is pulled back to the tumultuous impure-aired reality.

Ten minutes later, again I am amidst the crowds going incessantly to and fro, some vacantly looking up at the oil painted picture scenes, and some gazing absent-mindedly upon the photos of the movie stars, gnawing their nails. Suddenly my attention is drawn to the jingling of the bells. I behold a running extra man shouting madly, *"O taihenda, taihenda!"* It's a great news—with the bells ringing noisily at his waist. A young chap who has been contrasting his manliness with Harry Carey hails the extra man and buys one sheet. His eyes dwell one moment on the paper, then he says briefly curt, "Oh, old man died at length! All right!"—casting away the precious paper which tells the death of Japan's greatest benefactor to the tread of the passers-by. Scarcely the paper reaches the ground he again returns to big Carey and begins to imitate his grim heroic smile.

The wind becomes chilly and the heaven cloudy, foretelling the coming of the snow. So, I say good-by to the Coney Island of Japan.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 64

admires Nita almost as much as I do. Then when we leave Nita we can run on down to Bayside and see Rubye de Remer. There is always an interesting crowd at Rubye's house. She has been operated on for appendicitis, you know, and every one is trying to cheer her up. She was just about to start a picture when she was taken sick, and now it will have to be postponed indefinitely.

"And speaking of postponements Mildred Davis is going to be starred, but when? And the same company that releases Florence Vidor's pictures is going to have Madge Bellamy as a star soon. Do you suppose there is anything we can do to get Theda Bara to hurry with her first production? I'm so tired of waiting for it. Every time I see her she looks so perfectly calm and unhurried that I don't believe she is a bit anxious about her return. She is going to do 'The Easiest Way,' you know. Clara Kimball Young did it years ago—perfectly to my mind. But then I'm prejudiced, I was in it. At the end of the picture where Clara said, 'I'm going to Montmartre and to hell,' the scene flashed to Montmartre, and there I was sitting at a table, drinking celery tonic and trying to look wicked."

"Fanny," I ejaculated in shocked tones. "You never told me that you had been an actress."

"I wasn't," she assured me blithely. "That's why I'm not even trying any more. And that's why I appreciate how wonderful real actresses like Lillian Gish are. And that reminds me—busy as Mary Pickford was, she went down to the dock with Lillian to see her off to Italy. And they both cried because it was the first time that Lilian had ever gone away on a long trip without her mother. Mrs. Gish is much better now, but not nearly well enough to make such a long journey.

"I have a new test of friendship now; all the people who give the wrong answer to a question are automatically ruled out of my circle of friends. I doubt if I'll even go on speaking to them."

"But what is the question?" I urged.

"Are you sure that Lillian Gish's first production with her own company will be the greatest picture ever made?"

But the answer to that is easy, and Fanny and I can go on being friends: of course, it will be.

An Easy Way to Make $500.00 in Spare Hours

Would YOU like to make $500.00, or more, right at home without interfering with your regular duties? Would you like to turn your wasted hours and dull moments into profit and pleasure? If so, read every word below—it may be the turning point of your whole life!

NOT long ago we put a big advertisement in this magazine. In it we said: "Thousands of people can write stories and photoplays *and don't know it.*" We offered to send anybody anywhere a free book, *"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing,"* which would positively prove that people like yourself—men and women, young and old—can and *do* make money writing stories and photoplays.

Among others, a busy New York housewife sent for this free book. She wanted to write plays for the movies. Her friends laughed at the idea. "That's foolish," they told her. "One must be a *Genius*, to write." But the busy housewife was not so easily discouraged. She knew there was nothing to lose if she failed, but a great deal to gain if she succeeded. So she resolved to try. In her spare time she wrote a photoplay—just a few pages of manuscript. When completed it was sent to one of America's foremost movie actresses. Shortly after, the manuscript was purchased for $500.00.

Think of it! $500.00 for her first photoplay! $500.00 for a few pages of manuscript! $500.00 for a bare idea, written in spare hours! *And this woman attributes most of her success to the fact that she wrote for our free book and followed its suggestions!* She frankly admits that our help was largely instrumental in bringing success so quickly.

Wouldn't YOU like to develop a fine new talent like this? Wouldn't YOU like to make money in such a dignified, honorable way? Wouldn't YOU like to turn your spare hours into dollars as this woman did?

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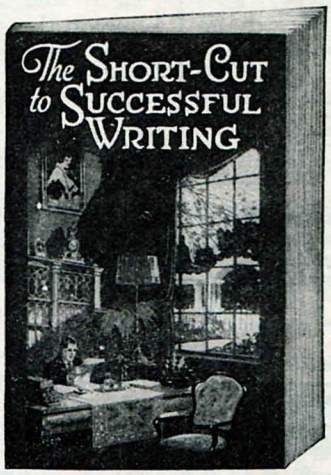

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The Seven Dolors of Pauline

Continued from page 74

Garon, with the amount of enthusiasm she possesses, plus an apparently unusual business shrewdness, could. I wouldn't advise any ambitious young girl to follow her example of impulsiveness, but certainly there are many things about her that are stimulating, not to say inspiring.

She came to New York with seven dollars in her purse, and in two days had a job. She spoke very bad English, and wasn't "good enough" for the chorus because she couldn't dance, so they gave her a part as a French maid. Her rise commenced right then. For she had another offer at double her first salary in two weeks, and she promptly broke her contract and went with the new show, naïvely remarking to her expostulating first manager that she was "bettering herself." The manager undoubtedly wanted to sue her, or have her thrown in jail, or electrocuted, but for some peculiar reason he didn't. Luck and impulsiveness sometimes live on the same side of the street.

When she came to New York she took rooms at the Commodore Hotel. She didn't stay there, of course; for her initial salary was only thirty-five dollars a week. But at least she arrived in style, despite her seven dollars, or "seven dolors" as she persisted in calling them, although she asserted almost simultaneously that her French accent was really gone forever.

"A friend of mine had told me that I ought to come to New York, but he had also said that never under any circumstances must I come without a chaperon," recounted Miss Garon. "Chaperon! Me with a chaperon! One of these—ah—ah——" And she made the semblance of a lorgnette with her finger, holding it up to her eye and mimicking inimitably some grandiose dowager.

"As soon as I arrived I called my friend up on the phone. It was about eight o'clock in the morning.

"'Is your mother with you?' he asked.

"'No,' I said, 'I'm with—that is, I'm alone.'"

"'H'm!' he murmured. He was still half asleep. 'Tell me, what can I do for you?'

"'You can take me to lunch,' I came back at him, thinking of my seven dolors."

When we went to luncheon he introduced me to several men, one of whom was a close friend of Lee Shubert. He asked me why I didn't go on the stage. He said that there undoubtedly would be work in the chorus of Lew Fields' new musical show. And he said that because he was such a good friend of Mr. Shubert I could consider myself already hired. I hadn't heard any tales about managers then, and I believed him, and what he said was perfectly true. I don't believe those tales about managers even now, because I never have had any cause to do so."

Miss Garon's intuition has never apparently failed her in successfully progressing on her career. She has gone straight ahead, not step by step, but leap by leap. From her father she inherited and imbibed legal instincts, and this has always enabled her to get excellent contracts. She's made several big producers angrily tear up their agreements before she actually accepted, and she has never wavered until she was sure that everything was as she wanted.

For instance, Henry King hired her under exceptional circumstances, and he would not have taken her had other and later circumstances prevailed. It was because she had rehearsed in the stage play, "Sonny," and also because he noticed her enthusiasm at a performance of "Deburau" that he engaged her for the picture "Sonny." He had attended the play in company with some friends, and Miss Garon was one of the party. He was so impressed with the way that she became absorbed in the drama that he told her that some time he would like to have her appear in one of his pictures. She just missed playing in "The Seventh Day," which would not have been an auspicious opportunity for her, but she was engaged for "Sonny." Then while she was making this film she also started appearing in "Lilies of the Field." She had the rôle of a subdeb golddigger, and she was so utterly different from her real self that Mr. King told her that if he had seen her in "Lilies of the Field," he would never have hired her.

Such then is the chameleonlike quality of her personality—or at least her acting. She is impossible to define as yet. At first sight she looks vaguely artificial when you view her on the set. She seems too white and gold to be quite real. Her hair particularly seems like an aureole of the unreal, but then I have a prejudice against blond hair of doubtful authenticity. Her eyes carry out the golden impression, because they approach the amber shade. Her features are nice, regular, affording therefore, so the camera man told me, no great difficulties in photographing her.

Let her take one step or make one move, and you are conscious that a shaft of charm has shot forth brightly from somewhere in her being. There is revealed a touch of the Gallic glow. When she talks her animation becomes kaleidoscopic. You behold more colors than a spectrum would show, and above all you are conscious of the fact that her heart beats the melody of life.

She is on the defensive ever. Determined, well-nigh courageous. She was placed in a cast of experts when she was secured for Mr. De Mille's picture, "Adam's Rib." She admitted to me that it made her shake, that she was still shaking. But it is also whispered that she once said —"There are four big actors playing against me, but this is my big picture, and nobody is going to get a chance to take it away from me."

She is reputed to be brave enough to face the thunderous voice of C. B. De Mille when he is angry without quaking. Few actors can do that gracefully, but it is even told that she sometimes does it defiantly—that is, in charming defiance.

"When he scolds," she declared, "I always say that it is *Tillie* that he is scolding and not me. *Tillie* is the name of my character. I won't have him scold me, so I just pretend.

"The other day I forgot for a minute and started mumbling on the set. He was looking through the camera sight at the time. He saw me mumbling, and he said, 'Now see here Miss Garon, if you don't stop mumbling you won't be able to act.' But I kept right on mumbling, until the rumpus was over. I knew that if I didn't I would break down and cry. And I wouldn't!"

Rex Ingram—Idol Smasher

Continued from page 83

making two endings for "The Passion Vine," and exhibitors can take their choice. One will be the right one, the unhappy one, in which the hero kills himself in the most beautiful and dramatic way imaginable. The other will be a happy ending.

"Sometimes I think I'd rather stop making pictures than go on changing stories so that they'll sell," he declared. If he does give up picture making for that reason, I predict that this young Irish idol smasher will have his fling before he retires from the field, and will make one picture that will be what he wants it to be and not give a whoop whether it sells well or not. And may Heaven be kind and bestow on me a season pass for the New York theater where it is shown!

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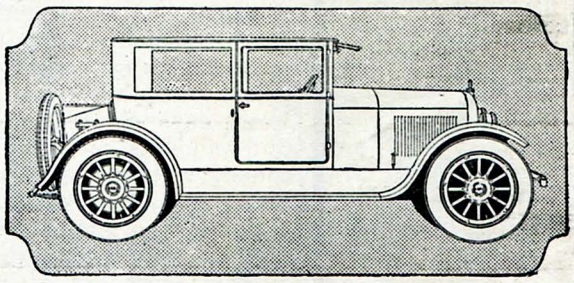

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What Every Extra Knows

Continued from page 68

such things have no time to hang about extra sets talking of the future. It is unwise to be rude to such people, but just avoid them.

Don't give money to any one to "get you into the movies."

Don't ever leave your valuables about. If you take a costume with you, lock your other clothes in a suit case. If you have an expensive fur, carry it on the set with you. Never leave silk stockings or gloves in an unlocked bag. I think myself that any one who would steal from a struggling extra should be hung. It is so miserably hard to get the stockings and gloves necessary for the better-class pictures, and such a tremendous loss to the girl who makes her bread and butter in the studio. I should think even a thief would have a heart, but they haven't. It is done every day. So lock up your clothes and valuables, and take only enough money with you for your car fare and lunch, and don't leave your make-up case in the dressing room. You can take it on to the set and put it down just out of range of the camera, where you can glance at it once in a while.

Don't prolong an interview. When you go to ask a director for work don't talk him to death. If he is interested he will ask you questions. You can tell him you are wonderful, of course, and that you have had experience, and mention the last wonderful work you have done, *but get out before there is any danger of being shown out.* Get your little speech all fixed beforehand, make it short, say it with a smile and leave. If he tells you to "call up," you should do so, but don't make him hold the receiver while you enlarge upon your attractions.

Don't ask people questions about themselves or what they are doing. If they are writing, for instance, they probably do not wish to tell you what it is. Every one in pictures, I think, has tried to write a scenario. They are a little ashamed of trying it as a general thing. If they are writing a letter it is even less of your affair. And if they are reading, it is a perfect nuisance to have to stop and tell what the name of the books is and how they like it.

Don't overact. Overacting is affectation, and affectation kills any one in the eyes of the director. Try to think about what you are supposed to be, and your hands and eyes and everything else about you will express what you are feeling.

Don't crab. It will not make you feel any better to groan and moan because you have to sit in the draft all night, or because you are late getting back for lunch. And no one likes you any better for complaining.

Don't talk about the size of your check. If you happen to be getting less than the other person they will look down on you, not for being worth less, but for not kicking and getting more. If you are getting higher pay than your neighbor he will resent it and perhaps mention it in his complaint to the director. In fact, don't talk very much at all. You can say enough on general topics so people won't think you are upstage, but there are many things to avoid.

Don't go about asking people's opinion and being influenced by every new adviser. I know a very pretty girl who came to visit in Los Angeles, and, like most young people with average intelligence, she was deeply impressed with the opening for youth and beauty in pictures. Her relatives asked a neighbor who was a director to disillusion her, and then sent their niece to call upon him. He looked her over critically and said:

"You need to dress up more. Put some paint on your face and get a little pep into you. You would need some flattering photographs, you are not above the average you know. If I were you, I'd get some good-looking young actress to go with you and pick out a suit and hat."

In about a half hour the would-be star returned to the house. Her face needed no rouge, it was the color of an American beauty. Her eyes were very shiny, and her lip had a slight tremble. She never mentioned pictures again. The director had done what the conservative relatives of the girl desired, but he had not told her what her real handicap was. She was actually very well gowned. She was too young and blooming to need flashy clothes or paint to give her pep, but she was spoiled and self-conscious. She was perhaps fitted to act, but utterly unfitted to break into pictures. No one can tell offhand whether you will make a success on the screen. Many people would have told ZaSu Pitts that it would be hopeless for her even to work extra, and yet she is a successful and fascinating little player. If you have decided to go into movie work, go into it determinedly and don't hamper yourself by other persons' contradictory opinions.

Don't sit at home and expect work

to come to you. No matter how much directors promise, you have to keep yourself before them. Get out and follow up every little opening. Very few people are followed by directors.

And one of the biggest don'ts of all: *Don't Get Discouraged!*

A Final Warning.

Acting for the screen is a profession, not a pastime. To succeed in movies requires either influence, or unusual talent, or both. The field is overcrowded, and it takes a year or so to get a start, even if you are good looking and clever. Don't take a train to Los Angeles to go into pictures unless you have return fare, or intend to live there.

An Easy-chair Career

Continued from page 34

ment—one of those specials where you hide the bed and kitchenette and things in cubby-holes—is decorated in somber blues, with a flash of rose. Mahogany furniture, conventional pictures, everything of good, solid, mediocre quality. None of those sensational fripperies with which many screen actresses attempt an exotic environment that does not match their homespun personalities. The only artistic things in the room were a lovely black-and-gold Chinese scarf on the table—and Doris.

Heaps of books, not stuck in a case, but piled all around. A few highbrow, mostly novels and semi-intellectual. Pretty well thumbed. Somebody must have been reading them, and, as Doris lives alone, I guess we'll have to give her credit for their perusal.

Friends of hers tell me that she has a quality, unique here, of minding her own business, of never meddling in other people's affairs. Perhaps that accounts for her general popularity, though she doesn't mingle much. Not that she's up-stage—she's rather a good fellow among those boys and girls of her intimate circle—but she believes that by keeping a little reserved she will avoid unpleasant entanglements, which she hates. Therein perhaps she proves herself wise—though I believe it would be for her own good if she'd get out and fight a bit with the world.

Her story may seem prosaically dull. But for two reasons I won't embroider it. First, all the fans would be out ku-kluxing me. Besides, Doris can stand on her own two feet. And I almost wish life would quit poking easy-chairs at her and give her a chance to prove it.

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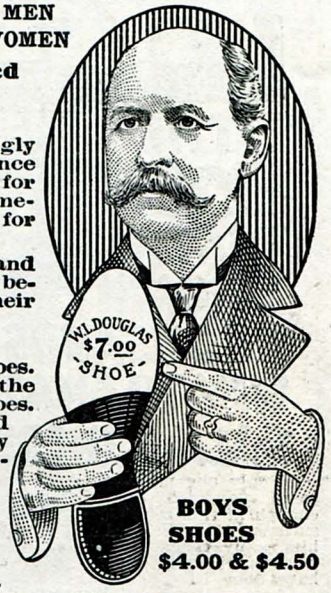

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The News Reel

Continued from page 84

stance was Pola's acquiring of the Mary Pickford dressing room. It had been unoccupied following Mary's departure, except by the scenario department, whose presence had caused no stellar jealousies. But when Pola was allowed to enjoy its Japanesque atmosphere, there was a violent though subdued murmuring in quarters less elegant.

And now, it seems, Pola has manifested a superstition regarding cats. Nothing could be more disastrous to her popularity. Cats are a sacred subject at the studio, almost as sacred as they are in Egypt, or wherever it is that cats are worshiped. There are hundreds of the feline species at Lasky's, and they have lived long and multiplied exceedingly, all unmolested.

But Pola has regarded their presence as inauspicious. In fact, she is reported to have become quite catty about the cats, and to have ordered them exterminated, or at least exiled.

Whereupon, Gloria Swanson, who is not shy on temperament herself, and who by some prerogative both valid and ancient, it appears, is guardian of the cats, rose in wrath and forbade that aught be done to her wards. And so the matter stands at a deadlock, although somebody smartly remarked that it was beginning to look like a real catty catastrophe.

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

Continued from page 71

non Day, to meet Mr. Mayer himself, beside Fred Niblo, Enid Bennett, Hobart Bosworth and see Anita Stewart again.

All of those were thrilling experiences, though they weren't as long as some of the other "adventures" I told you about. One of the shortest "adventures" I ever had with a big star, but at the same time one of the most thrilling, was my meeting Alla Nazimova. She was one of my three original movie idols. Not exactly a crush, but she stood for all that was great acting to me. I looked up to her as one might to Bernhardt. She seemed so great and far removed that I never even dreamed of actually meeting her even when I was in Hollywood. It never entered my head that a mere fan would ever get the opportunity to see *her*. When I learned I was going to be taken over to the United Studios where madame worked, I could

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But it is worth finding out, certainly. For if you *want* to write stories—if in your day dreams, you make up tales, even tales about yourself—you are *creating*. And remember, it does not take fine writing, just the instinct to create and a knowledge of photoplay construction.

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hardly believe it was true. I was told I probably wouldn't get the chance to speak to her as madame is hard to reach, but I didn't care—*seeing* was enough.

At first we just stood on the outskirts of the crowd of studio hands, camera men, and other people, and watched what was going on. Several actors stood around in make-up and dressing gowns waiting to go through their tests. I instantly recognized the man who was sitting near the set as Charles Bryant, but my eyes were searching for Nazimova. It wasn't hard to single her out. She was the busiest person on the set and seemed to be doing everything. Her small, agile figure was here, there, everywhere—only pausing to ask Charles Bryant his opinion or advice.

Work let up a bit, and I was introduced to Mr. Bryant, who seems a serious, impressive man, and then to Nazimova! I'm sure my heart skipped a couple of beats when I shook hands with her. She wore a simple cream-colored frock and looked positively girlish—she is so little and slight, you know. She has the face of a tragedienne with a sad smile and fascinating long, narrow eyes. What surprised me most was a shock of vivid red hair, but I believe that was only a wig for her character.

There is something just as strange and odd about her in person as there is in her unique shadow self. She speaks with an accent that is most bewitching. When I told her the picture plays I liked her most in, she said:

"Ah, but you only mention my best pictures. What about the bad ones?"

I told her that none of them seemed bad to me as long as she was in them, and she laughed.

"Did you see 'Camille?' You must see it. I consider it my best picture.

"Do you know—I am hungry, are you? Ah, then, you have had your lunch—I have not. You must come again when we are working on the picture."

I walked out of the studio in a trance. All that I could think of was that I had really met her—that I had spoken to her—the great Nazimova! Only for a few minutes, but it was worth more than hours with some other stars to me!

In the next issue Ethel Sands will tell you how her attitude toward the movies and her ideas about the players have changed in many respects as a result of these adventures. It is perhaps the most illuminating article she has written.

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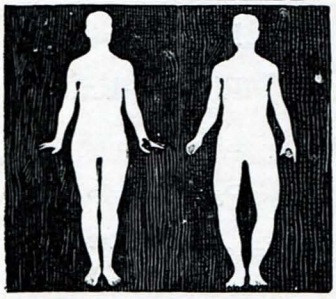

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

is bound to accompany his spectacular rise; his colorful personality has obscured in even critical minds his genuine dramatic gift; and, above all, he has been dubbed "The male vamp"—an especially difficult hurdle to surmount without coming a cropper. However, if he happens to possess a character sane, enduring, and resolute enough to balance his present popularity, with a measure of self-understanding and a dash of good fortune, he will retain and increase his hold.

Here's luck to him!

AVALON R. HEATH.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Down With the Glooms!

While all the glooms are criticizing I want to call attention to the fact that a great many more good pictures are being made now than I can ever remember having seen before.

Why, "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Monte Cristo," and "The Storm" were all running here in Washington the same week and were closely followed by "Manslaughter" and "The Eternal Flame."

Every one of these pictures is worthy of honorable mention, and yet the glooms continue to seek small items to criticize.

We're a funny public, though, aren't we, and very fickle? You know, while I would without a moment's hesitation proclaim Norma Talmadge and Lillian Gish the best actresses on the screen, if I had my choice of seeing either of them or Mae Murray, I am afraid it would be Mae Murray.

JEAN STEWART.

Riggs Road, Brookland, D. C.

King Charlot.

We live and learn.
I found the other day
The only woman in the world
Who didn't like our Charlie.
She saw him in his very earliest comedy
And never went again.
I became evangelistic—
I prayed and pleaded with her
And vowed quite earnestly
That I would show her
Times had changed and those first pies
Now hung as mute on Charlie's walls
As if their souls were dead.
I dragged her in to see "The Kid,"
And, sitting there, I watched her change her mind.
I never had to change mine—
I've always knelt at Charlot's feet
And, kneeling, laughed my cares away.
Now that he has chosen
To show his sadder side,
The little boy Dick Whittington,
Clutching his cat, comes to our mind,
And mission bells, like those of London town,
Seem chiming out the message:
"Play again, play again, Chaplin,
Twice-crowned King of Screendom—
Of Sadness and of Mirth."

J. O'HARA.

Box 343, Santa Rosa, Calif.

The Six Most Promising.

The six most prominent players of the year, in my estimation, are: Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Ramon Navarro, Virginia Valli, Edward Burns, and Barbara La Marr. Miss Joy being the most notable because of her wonderful work in De Mille's "Manslaughter."

Players who should be starred because of their many faithful screen portrayals are: Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Harrison Ford, and Helene Chadwick.

Ending of this year yet finds Lillian Gish premiere actress of the silver sheet.

Oh, yes, my vote for *Ben Hur* and *Peter Pan*—Antonio Moreno and Mary Pickford.

ANTHONY A. ABBOTT.

Utica, N. Y.

Why Are People So Blind?

We all have our ideals. Some of us want quiet, happy futures. A cozy house, his great overcoat hung on the rack behind the front door, a trail of ashes across the parlor carpet, shaving soap all over the guest towel, and best of all, his own adorable self across the tea table, laughing and teasing. Then—sensational careers, fame, luxury, adulations o.. all sides—some of us want that. But if I could have one thing to pick, I would ask for the magic invisible cloak of the fairy tales. Once mine, I would be happy forever. I can just imagine my joy when I wrap myself up in it, and jump in the first train headed for Los Angeles. Arriving at last, I would simply *fly* to a certain house in Beverly Hills. For in that certain house lives the most wonderful, the most beautiful and ideal person in the world.

Why are people so blind? How can any one think of liking such everyday people—in comparison to "my lady faire"—as are the rest of the stars? If I were an artist I would spend my life painting her picture. As it is I intend to follow her around, watching every move and gesture and listening to every word, for the rest of my life—with the help of my aforesaid cloak.

But perhaps I haven't been fair in thinking that all of you are unappreciative. By some chance you may not have seen her pictures, and so may not know of the marvels you have missed. If such is the case, I have compassion on you, and will give you the key to this wonderful garden of loveliness. Next time you see the naïve Priscilla Dean gleaming at you from the front of the theater, don't stop to think of "how, when, or where;" just grab a ticket and enter. Then——

Some day I know you will write and thank me for having told you all about her.

MATHILDA NATHAN.

110 East Seventy-eighth Street, New York City.

A Rebuke From Across the Sea.

I am an English reader of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, having read it for just three months.

"What the Fans Think" amuses me greatly, but it also annoys me much. American "fans" appear to me to be *altogether too critical!* Why don't they leave the criticism to the proper persons, namely, the critics? For instance, Dorothy Brehr's letter in the November copy—she has all the best actresses and actors, in her estimation, labeled and pigeonholed. I don't think it fair to the players themselves. I'm sure she, herself, would be upset if she read such letters about herself or her work—if she does any. It's all very well saying, "But 'What the Fans Think' is run expressly for fans to air their views." Perhaps, but to me some readers' views appear very rude and personal.

In England, though we have only two movie magazines, one *never* reads such letters. American fans seem unable to enjoy a film unless they pull it to pieces first.

Continued on page 106

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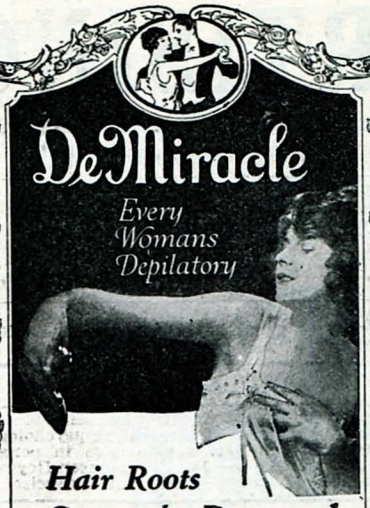

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

If they saw some of the old stuff we have to contend with here occasionally, they might have cause to grumble. Also, in conclusion, Dorothy Brehr, Milton Sills *can* act! Yours faithfully,

PAUL TRERE.

The Park, Buxton, Derbyshire, England.

Why Can't We Express Our Opinions?

I notice that in the October number of PICTURE-PLAY I am criticized for my attitude toward Miss Swanson. I thought that this department was open to those who wished to show their approval or disapproval of the stars. But lately, it seems to me, that instead of criticizing the stars, they are more inclined to vent their feelings on other *fans!*

Mrs. Greene has a perfect right to think as she does about Gloria. But so have I a right to think as I do. If every one in this world were perfect, what would there be to criticize? Don't we all read the melancholy and usually pessimistic reviews of current plays by Robert Benchley in *Life?* We don't always agree with him, perhaps, but can we say, therefore, that he doesn't know his business? What about the pungent satire of George Jean Nathan's reviews, or those of Agnes Smith, who so rarely commends, but usually condemns? And now that we have our own private, personal corner to fire our guns from, why can't we express our opinions there? As a young Spaniard who wrote concerning my letter said, *"Criticism makes the stars work and think."*

When the movies cease to be optical amusement and we have to use our heads, too, then a lot of good-looking clothes won't mean so much. But why not combine them, as in the case of Nita Naldi? There is a vampire what *is!*

And why don't a few fans tell how much they enjoy Lois Wilson's fine work? She's the one star I know who looks and acts like an everyday, human American girl.

In closing, let's all give three cheers for Ethel Sands and try to imitate her clever, kind way of writing.

MARY LORRAINE BENEDICT.

1210 Wood Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.

This British Fan Thinks Differently About Offering Criticism.

I wonder whether there is, or has been, a bigger burlesque on the screen than "When Knighthood Was in Flower." I consider it is an insult to English intelligence.

Quite fifty per cent of the incidents never happened at all. Of course, the photography is excellent, and the settings are glorious, but, oh, Marion Davies! Whoever cast her for that part? She simply walked through. Had it not been for Lynn Harding the film would have been a complete fiasco—which will be seen by the fact that it has only run a few weeks at the Scala, London, and has been replaced by that masterpiece, "Orphans of the Storm."

And not only that, but our Prince of Wales was present at the first presentation—he was there to support charity—and he went out before it was half finished.

Well, that's off my chest.

Now a few remarks about Rodolph Valentino.

I will admit that I was very prejudiced against him, being so much boomed, but since seeing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" I think he is fine, and his work superb. I fervently hope they will not give him poor material now, and spoil him, because that is what has happened to Charles Ray, who is a back number over here now, as is Eugene O'Brien; you will hear people say, whenever the latter's name is mentioned, "Oh, yes, he used to play with Norma Talmadge, didn't he?" Perhaps "Voice From the Minaret" will "bring him back."

I think the man that holds the English public is Wallace Reid. He is always so refreshing, his stories are always bright, and he works as though he is enjoying it, which very few do. Another one who is fast gaining popularity is Cullen Landis.

I wonder how many have noticed that the stars who have held their own for years are those who have had to start right from the bottom and work very hard to attain the positions they now hold: Mary Pickford, the screen's greatest artiste; Pauline Frederick, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Ethel Clayton, Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, whom I remember over here years ago in "Broadway Jones," and several others.

They will live because they are not "made-in-a-night" stars, like Lila Lee, Wanda Hawley, Martha Mansfield, and one or two others, who have been compelled to go back to the ranks, and who will eventually die out altogether. Why? Inexperience. Take Edna Purviance. What has she done besides being with Chaplin? Nothing, and I doubt if she will. Inexperience again.

I suppose I shall be ragged to death by some fans, but, nevertheless, "them's my sentiments."

Before I wind up, a few words about photos. I wonder why it is some players send photographs without demanding money and others ask it? I would like the fans to know what a nice thing Rodolph Valentino did. I wrote him for a photo, which he sent, but when it reached me the photo had been extracted, and I received an empty envelope. I wrote him about it, and nearly by return of post I received another, a large one, with the envelope sealed, and no payment asked. He has gone up one hundred per cent in my estimation.

I wonder if any one has ever received a photo from Ethel Clayton? I never have, and I don't know of any one who has.

BILLY BARNES.

5 Lindore Road, Clapham Common, London, England.

How One Fan Sizes Up Audiences.

I want to say something about Katherine MacDonald. I wish that the critics would leave her alone for a while and give the dear a chance. She is not a poor actress by any means, but a good one. I expect some day that she'll be among the greatest. So far as her beauty goes, there is no one who can deny that she is the most beautiful actress or person in the world. She is one actress about whom I feel instinctively that she must be very good. There is a sadness in her eyes which makes me believe and think that she has gone through a lot of unhappiness. There is something about her expression which seems to say that she wants some one to confide in and tell her troubles to. I like to make up imaginary life stories about all my favorites. I hope some day I will have the

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opportunity of seeing and talking to all of them.

If I were to judge audiences the way I think they should be judged, according to their intelligence, I would say this:

He who knows and knows that he knows is wise. Follow him. Four per cent of the audience.

He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep. Wake him. Nineteen per cent of the audience.

He who knows and knows not that he knows not is a fool. Shun him. Seventy-five per cent of the audience.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not is simple. Teach him. Two per cent of the audience.

ALEXANDER ARNOLD.
468 Dayton Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

How They Draw in Grand Rapids.

In Mrs. J. T. Taney's letter she starts out by saying she does not care for Bebe Daniels or Mary Pickford, and ends by saying "Give me the refined ones every time." I've never seen many of Bebe's pictures, so won't express my views of her here, but Mary's I have seen—every one since "The Good Little Devil," and I wish to say that any one who doesn't consider Mary Pickford refined must have an odd conception of refinement. I hope when I am a hundred years old that I have one tenth of the refinement of Mary Pickford.

What Mrs. C. Greene has to say about Gloria and Elinor Glyn is absolute truth. If between Elinor and her director Gloria isn't ruined, she'll be an actress. As it is, she is little more than a clothes model—and *such* clothes! I work in a movie theater here, and I tell you people are sick of Gloria in such things.

Our theater is packed quickest for Mary Pickford, Valentino, Fairbanks, and both Talmadge girls. Charles Ray draws well. Harold Lloyd jams 'em in. Charles Chaplin's "The Kid" drew well, but none of his other stuff is liked as well as was "The Kid." "Orphans of the Storm" played to a full house both afternoons and evenings. A return engagement of "Hearts of the World" did the same thing.

Wally Reid has a large following in this city, too. The last two pictures he played in here were "Champion of the World" and "Nice People." I heard several girls remark, "Wally makes up his lips too much. A man shouldn't have such a cupid's-bow."

Thomas Meighan's following here is rather falling off, and so is Katherine MacDonald's. May Murray's following has dropped on her last two pictures here. I loved her in "On With the Dance." I saw that picture in Cleveland, Ohio, and it ran five weeks in the largest movie house there, and then played eight weeks more around the city!

People here are talking of Coleen Moore and Lois Wilson as the coming stars. Sincerely. PEGGY RAN.

29 East Pleasant Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Public Rarely Goes Back.

That my opinions have been many years forming have made them none the less decided. I have seen many stars come, and many go. We have had them work slowly up the ladder, as did Norma Talmadge; we have had them come to the screen already famous, as did Pauline Frederick and Douglas Fairbanks; we have had them gradually endear themselves to us, as did Mary Pickford; and we have had them wildly heralded by enthusiastic press agents, as was Lila Lee. But never, in all the history of moving

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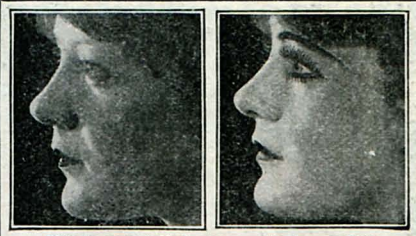

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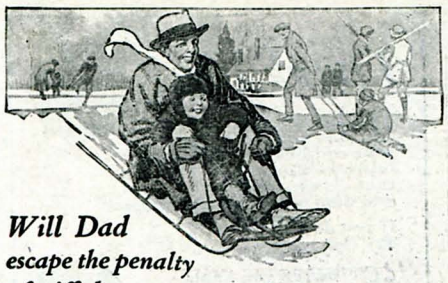

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pictures, have we had quite such a one as Rodolph Valentino. No wonder he has stirred up endless comment.

Time, time, and again one hears the statement that once this Valentino craze has passed the public will return to its erstwhile favorite, Wallace Reid. That is nonsense. The public rarely goes back. It goes on to something new. Even if it should tire of Mr. Valentino, it would take a more powerful personality than Wallace Reid possesses *now* to win back its favor.

Did you ever stop and think that if Mr. Reid had been filling his place satisfactorily Mr. Valentino might not so easily have usurped it?

Now we remember Wallace Reid when he made a living, breathing, impetuous creature of *Jeff*, the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation." We also remember his highly incompetent *Peter Ibbetson*. Instead of putting up a good fight and giving Valentino a run for his money, Mr. Reid is fast going from bad to worse. In "The Champion" he stumbled, in "The Dictator" he slipped, in "Nice People" he fell. Mr. Reid has always had the very best to be had out at the Lasky studios, and it seems to me that he has not lived up to his opportunities.

As for Mr. Valentino? Personally, I do not think the "Valentino craze" will soon pass. The wild admiration heaped upon Rodolph Valentino will probably soon become more normal, and if he only keeps up the good work he has started in "Blood and Sand," *and retains June Mathis*, there seems no reason for his falling into disfavor. To see him play, if only once, a more wholesome character, might be interesting. Then we should see if he can be both fascinating and lovable.

I have just seen the beautiful Ramon Navarro. Mr. Valentino need not fear him. He was very interesting, much more handsome than Rodolph, and a competent actor. He will always, however, suffer from comparison, for Mr. Valentino was there first.

Realizing that I sound like the most ardent Valentino fan, assurance to the contrary must be ridiculous. Still I dare it. I have many favorites but no idol. Chief among them are Lillian Gish and Charles Chaplin, because their understanding is the greatest. My dislikes are not numerous except for such overrated stars as Agnes Ayres, Mary Miles Minter, and Katherine MacDonald. Foreign stars, even Pola Negri, leave me cold.

With thousands of others I'm awaiting the day when censorship will be so managed that sensible pictures not necessarily intended for an eight-year-old child can be viewed by an adult audience without large parts of plots and action being conspicuous by their absence, and when suggestive pictures, so veiled as to pass the present system and luridly used as box-office attractions, will be effectively suppressed.

HARRIET ADAMS.
820 South Claremont Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

More About Stars' Photographs.

In reading this "What the Fans Think" I quite agree with Mary Eames in what she says concerning "The stars that ignore us." Personally, when I want a photo of any of my favorite stars I write to the company who is featuring that star; you can always obtain a photo from the company for twenty-five cents; the difficult thing is to get the photos signed by the stars themselves.

My opinion is that in nine cases out of ten the photos never reach the stars at all, but simply remain in the hands of the secretary, who waits for some convenient moment when Mr. or Miss So-and-so is in the frame of mind to sign them, and, alas! they are forgotten. I take it that in most cases the secretaries of stars are instructed to send photos—of which they have a supply—to any fans requesting same. If you do not receive your adored one's photo it is because Miss Secretary's supply has run out, and by the time the next supply arrives your request is forgotten. Well, I had to make three attempts to get Bill Farnum's signature, but the third was successful, so the old proverb holds good: "If at once you don't succeed——" I lost two photos of Bill, so the last time I just cut a tiny slip of paper and asked him to sign his name on that, then I could fix it to one of his photos. I got it back in ten days. I am still suffering from the shock. Dear Bill, I *do* hope he was not overworked. I think his secretary must have been on vacation. Well, enough said, but —why blame the stars?

ETHEL C. RANDALL.
8936 Seventh Avenue, N. W., Seattle, Wash.

There seems to have been so much discussion on the subject of sending for the stars' pictures that I thought I would write about some of my experiences. I have more than eighty autographed photos; not so many as some have, but still quite a collection.

One of your readers, Dorothy Brown, of Pittsburgh, wrote that she was unable to obtain a photo of Viola Dana. I sent twenty-five cents with a request, and received a lovely professional photo that is quite large, and on it was written, "Compliments to Betty Connolly—Sincerely, Viola Dana."

I drew a pen-and-ink sketch of Mae Murray, which I sent her with twenty-five cents and a nice letter, but I received, about four months later, simply a cheap reproduction of one of a certain magazine cover of which her head was the subject. It was even smaller than the one my friend had received complimentary.

On the other hand, I sent a sketch but no money to Bebe Daniels, and I received a wonderful large picture on which she had written my name and an autographic note of thanks and appreciation.

I sent no money to either Mabel Ballin or Alice Calhoun, but from them both I received lovely photos and real, honest-to-goodness personally written letters!

I sent twenty-five cents to Gloria Swanson quite some time ago, but have never heard from her.

I have three personally signed letters from Mary Pickford and twelve different photos of her, so you can easily see she is my favorite.

Two years ago Marilyn Miller sent me a beautiful and very large personally signed photograph, but now, as her popularity has increased, she sends the ordinary five-by-seven pictures.

Both the Talmadge girls send free exactly the same photos for which they charged a quarter six months ago. I must say these movie methods are difficult to understand.

And I do wish the stars would be a little more speedy in sending pictures. It's terrible to have to wait four or five months for them.

I wonder if any one has ever received photographs of Corinne Griffith and Vivian Martin? I never have been able to acquire any.

BETTY CONNOLLY.
1625 Perry Street, Columbus, O.

Please, may I write to "What the Fans Think?" I have read so many of them

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City and State.....

it seems as if I can keep still no longer. I am only eleven years old, but would like to tell of my correspondence with the stars.

I first wrote to Betty Compson, and I received a pleasant little reply stating that for from twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents she would be pleased to send me her photograph. Then I wrote to Thomas Meighan, and I received a splendid little photograph. I then wrote to Wallace Reid and received a card exactly like Betty Compson's. Then to my favorite, Rodolph Valentino, and I received a photograph and also a pleasant little letter. Then Bill Hart, and he sent me a very large photograph. Then to-day I received a photograph of Viola Dana.

Now for my favorites.

At the head of my list of women stars are: Gloria Swanson, Viola Dana, Norma Talmadge, Elaine Hammerstein, Marie Prevost. But I like a great many others.

Now for the men:

First, Rodolph Valentino, then Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan. But there are many others that are fine.

I do not agree with many of the criticisms, but I do hope that you will keep on printing them. Sincerely yours,

LAMAUD ZEIGLER.

Nampa, Idaho.

See Americans First.

What is this sudden flare of Madame Nita Naldi? A certain article said that she possessed rare beauty. I agree with them—indeed, it certainly is rare—so rare that I just simply can't find it. And Valentino! I had the fever but I recovered with no ill effects.

I have heard it said that life is never really appreciated until its bitterest dregs are quaffed.

I really didn't appreciate clean American pictures until long after I had seen "The Sheik," and now I wonder how I ever sat through that brutish, nasty, and vulgar picture—seven times! Valentino's meteoric rise is very meteoric. A sudden flare and then it is gone. His popularity is on the wane.

I am with Mrs. C. Greene when she says she hopes Elinor Glyn will return home and let some one else write the future vehicles for Miss Swanson. "See Americans first" and let an American write for an American actress.

As to Nita Naldi, I hope I am wrong, but it seems to me that she would be the ideal type for a Chinese girl.

VIOLA M. HERRING.

309½ West Noble Avenue, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Our Fan Critic.

In the December edition, in "What the Fans Think," Miss Trix MacKenzie bemoans the fact that George Ade is writing for pictures, that everybody does not understand politics, and that Thomas Meighan is being wasted in such stories. I have heretofore refrained from getting into this fans' argument every month, though I have been an interested spectator at the ringside; but then you ask, "Does any one disagree with this?" and, like the bright little girl in school, I rise to reply. Emphatically, I *do* di agree, at the risk of offending Miss MacKenzie, who seems such an able critic in many ways.

Aren't you afraid, Miss MacKenzie, that Mr. Ade will write a fable about you? I'd be. I expect most any day now to see the "Fable of the Misguided Author and the Raging Movie Fan." Where, oh, where is your sense of humor, when you say that the "Bachelor Daddy" and "Cappy Ricks" far surpassed "Our Lead-

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ing Citizen?" As for politics, if young girls and women don't understand them, isn't it about time they learned something about them? We have been making such a fuss about getting the vote; isn't it rather amusing to complain because a picture that features a very simple little small-town political intrigue can't be understood by anybody but middle-aged men? I'll admit I don't know too much about politics myself, but I had no after effects from the mental strain required to understand that situation. Wouldn't it be rather a good idea for Mr. Ade to give us some more instruction along such lines? And as for the middle-aged men, why shouldn't they have some fun, too? When a picture appeals to middle-aged men, I'd consider that quite a boost for the picture.

As for "wasting" Mr. Meighan on George Ade pictures—*how can you?* I would go anywhere to see him in anything, but I'll confess I was getting rather tired of seeing him as a model for mothers, a kind-hearted crook, or a superheroic hero who could do no wrong and never got licked. Do you want to shove him into the matinée-idol class? After some of his late pictures, it was a good thing he got some first Ade to help him out of it. A dear old lady said the other day, "I've seen Tommy Meighan in so many goody-goody parts lately that I wish he'd be real bad again, like he was in "The Miracle Man." Yes, that's just what she said, and she was a *very* respectable old lady, too. It's now up to Tommy to take up the challenge of the call of the wild; our best "leading citizens" are demanding it.

Of course, I'd probably still have hopes for Mr. Meighan if he adopted a whole orphan asylum in a picture; but I'd like a picture once in a while which I could recommend to my grouchy maiden aunt, who doesn't care particularly for kiddies, and to my hard-boiled younger brother, who doesn't like a mush diet. Of course, Mr. Meighan doesn't overdo things very much, and he is evidently quite sincere; but there are times when he is ominously suggestive of *Sentimental Tommy.* And he can be so very human and real and sane if he wants to. After the splendid performance of his in "Manslaughter," don't you think it's about time the fans let him grow up and play parts where he doesn't have to adopt any children or annihilate any tough guys, or do any of the things that matinée idols do so much that we're all quite blasé about it by this time? Loyalty hath its limits, even the loyalty of a mere movie fan. And from matinée idols—Allah deliver us!

I only hope that when Mr. Ade writes his next story for Mr. Meighan he makes it a much stronger one than "Our Leading Citizen," which was good, but not good enough, considering its source.

HELEN E. RICHARDS.

601 West Cypress Street, Santa Maria, Calif.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

ELLA AND THE FIFTY.—Some club! You must have gay old times. Much as I would love to make you all happy by having Rodolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres play together in another desert story, I'm afraid I can't "take it up with the managers." Even if I were rash enough to try such a thing, they wouldn't give my petition the respectful attention that you, perhaps, think it deserves. But since this couple did make such a tremendous hit in "The Sheik," perhaps the producers will cast them together again in a similar story. You never can tell.

WALLY'S ADMIRER.—Throw your letter into the waste basket? I should say not! I never treat my fan mail so irreligiously. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and Norma Talmadge in Niagara Falls, New York. I don't know of any magic method that will guarantee your getting a personal reply from a movie star. You'll just have to write as interesting a letter as you can, send it through the regular channels, that is, to their studio addresses, and live in hope for a while. Sometimes you get very prompt replies, sometimes you wait for weeks, and in some cases it is not unusual to have to wait more than a month. Then, again, you may not hear at all. Mary Pickford does not make as many pictures as she used to because she has her own company now and can make them just as she likes, instead of being under contract to some producer to furnish so many pictures a year. In this way, Mary can spend as much time as she thinks necessary on each production to make it as nearly perfect as possible and can have nice long rests between pictures, things which aren't possible when you work for one of the regular large producing companies. At the rate at which Miss Pickford is working now, she releases a picture about once a year, and will probably keep up this schedule for some time.

MARGARET H.—In "The Three Musketeers" Nigel de Brulier was *Cardinal Richelieu;* Thomas Holding was the *Duke of Buckingham;* Adolphe Menjou was *King Louis XIII.;* Barbara La Marr was *Milady De Winter;* Leon Bary was *Athos;* George Seigmann, *Porthos;* Eugene Pallette, *Aramis,* Boyd Irwin, *De Rochefort;* Willis Robards, *De Treville,* and Lon Poff, *Father Joseph.* Sorry, but I can't give you the names of any of the extras in this production. So long as they remain extras they'll be nameless, so far as the public is concerned.

MOVIE VIOLIN PLAYER.—I bet the fans in your town envy you—seeing all the pictures for nothing. "The Pride of Paloma" is being screened but not with your choice, J. Warren Kerrigan in the leading rôle. This picture is being produced by Cosmopolitan, Frank Borzage is directing it, and Forrest Stanley is the lucky player to get the rôle of *Don.* But cheer up—Mr. Kerrigan is back in pictures after his two years' vacation, and will play the lead in "The Covered Wagon," a story of the plains in the early days of the gold rush, which will be made by Famous Players. Lois Wilson will have the leading feminine rôle in this.

BOBBY.—It is always proper to ask for a player's photograph if you do it politely. Some fans have a peculiar habit of demanding what they want without thinking of how their letter is going to sound to the reader. They probably don't mean to be rude, but their thoughtlessness will certainly never help them in getting the pictures. Percy Marmont's address is in this issue. He plays the rôle of *Mark Sabre* in "If Winter Comes," you know. Some of the scenes were filmed in Europe, but Mr. Marmont is back in this country now finishing the production.

ALEXANDER A.—Gloria Swanson has had two husbands so far. Charles Hutchinson is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. Richard Barthelmess has been married to Mary Hay two years. Rodolph Valentino is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and fifty-six pounds. Yes, he has a small scar on his right cheek. It is noticeable in close-ups. At present writing, the title of Theda Bara's first picture for Selznick hasn't been announced, but it is expected that Miss Bara will have a vampire rôle.

WORRIED.—Valentino, Valentino! How he disturbs every one. That bigamy charge against him was dismissed but now Rodolph is mixed up in another legal tangle. When "The Young Rajah" was finished, and when everything seemed to be rosy for him again, Valentino went to New York for a visit, before starting work on "A Spanish Cavalier." When he reached there, he suddenly startled everybody by starting suit against Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for breach of contract, saying that they didn't give him enough publicity on "Blood and Sand." It is thought that Rodolph wants to break his contract with Famous so that he can go with another company at a much larger salary. So I can't tell you when Rodolph will begin on his next production. It all depends upon how the suit is settled, which at present writing hasn't come up for trial.

WRITING BLUES.—I'm sorry you're so lonesome and you haven't enough correspondents to keep you busy. I know of a fan in South America who would like to write to some fans in this country, and if you send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will give you his name and address so that you can get in touch with him.

H. J. K.—Guy Bates Post's next production will be "Trilby," in which he will, of course, play *Svengali*. The name of the actress who will have the title rôle hasn't been announced at this writing. Any suggestions?

SO DISAPPOINTED.—It must be very sad for you not to receive personal answers to your "nice, friendly letters," but it happens that the stars you wrote to receive hundreds of letters weekly from fans, all of whom would like personal replies, but it is impossible for the stars to send them, even though they would love to show their appreciation by writing to each fan personally. That is the penalty of being interested in some one who is also the object of the admiration of thousands and even millions of other people; you can't expect to have much of a share of their attention for yourself. But, since you seem to be so keen about receiving personal answers, why don't you try writing to some of the less well-known players? There are some leading men and women, for instance, whose fan mail is not yet so very large and who might have more time for personal replies.

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ALICE.—Well, I might do a lot of things "just once for you," because you seem to be a nice girl, and I'm susceptible to the name of Alice. But, to paraphrase George Washington, I cannot break a rule. Really, I'm surprised at the way some of you fans want me to answer forbidden questions when you frankly admit that you know The Oracle isn't supposed to answer them, but think that I might do it just once because you want so awfully much to know, and it really wouldn't hurt any. Well, it wouldn't hurt very much—but we have very good reasons for making certain rules, and there can't be any special dispensations. I'm sorry!

F. G. R.—Maurice Flynn is that actor's real name. He plays in "Omar the Tent-maker" with Guy Bates Post. No, Lloyd Hughes is not a newcomer to the screen. He has been in pictures for about four years, but you probably just happened never to see him before.

C. B. T.—Here is the cast for "Way Down East:" *Anna Moore,* Lillian Gish; *Her Mother,* Mrs. David Landau; *Mrs. Tremont,* Josephine Bernard; *Diana Tremont,* Mrs. Morgan Belmont; *Her Sister,* Patricia Fruen; *The Eccentric Aunt,* Florence Short; *Lennox Sanderson,* Lowell Sherman; *Squire Bartlett,* Burr McIntosh; *Mrs. Bartlett,* Kate Bruce; *David Bartlett,* Richard Barthelmess; *Martha Perkins,* Vivia Ogden; *Seth Holcomb,* Porter Strong; *Reuben Whipple,* George Neville; *Hi Holler,* Edgar Nelson; *Kate Brewster,* Mary Hay; *Professor Sterling,* Creighton Hale; *Maria Poole,* Emily Fitzroy. At present writing Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish are working on "Fury." The title of his next production after that hasn't been announced yet.

TIDDLE DE WINKS.—Awfully sorry, but *The Oracle does not give personal addresses of the players.* Studio addresses of screen players are listed at the end of The Oracle every month, and if you use these regular mailing addresses the players will receive your letters all right. Richard Dix weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds and is six feet tall. He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1894. Richard is not married. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois.

BOBS.—Hello there! The last "Bobs" I heard from lives in New Mexico, and now you come along from Alabama. This seems to be a popular nickname with the short-haired girls all over. I think you are about the first person that ever asked me Thomas Meighan's nationality—most people figure, correctly, that Tommy couldn't be anything but Irish. Awfully sorry, but I do not answer questions about the religion of the players.

MODERN MOVIE FAN.—Well, naturally when you ask too many questions I have to skip some of them, and since you don't express any preference how am I to know which are the more important to you? The thing to do is to be content to ask a reasonable number at a time; then you will have them all answered. Gloria Swanson was born about twenty-seven years ago, the exact day and month not given; Thomas Meighan was born in 1884. Gloria Swanson's first starring picture was "The Great Moment," but she had been featured in the Cecil De Mille specials for so long and gained such prominence that her actual advent into stardom did not make as much difference to Gloria as is usually the case with new stars. A few years ago she was starred in a Triangle picture, but that hardly counted. Rodolph Valentino stars in "The Young Rajah," and Wanda Hawley plays opposite him. Bebe Daniels' hair is not bobbed, at least it wasn't when I last heard from Bebe.

DOROTHY A. J.—James Kirkwood married Gertrude Robinson, but they are divorced now. Mr. Kirkwood has been appearing in the productions of Famous Players lately. He acted in "Pink Gods" and "Ebb Tide" for them. The addresses of players are always to be found at the end of The Oracle in every issue.

SKEPTICAL.—Well, I should say the players do take risks when filming their pictures. Of course, the stars sometimes have doubles to do the stunts that require trained athletes, and which, though they are all in the day's work for a professional stunt performer, would be certain injury or perhaps death for a person not possessing the necessary skill and training. But when it comes to stunts that do not require a special kind of ability but lots of nerve and daring, the players take many serious risks. Did you see Alma Rubens hang over the snowy mountain cliffs in "The Valley of Silent Men?" Players take this sort of risk time and again, and lots of times something goes wrong. Not long ago Anna Q. Nilsson, while making a picture, ran a locomotive through a forest fire. The fire got beyond control and Anna was severely burned about the face and shoulders; two other men in the locomotive were hurt also. Cullen Landis is always breaking a rib or two, and Marguerite Clayton, while playing in a serial, was hurt badly when she got hit on the head with a board in a water scene. While making the duel scene in "To Have and To Hold" Bert Lytell sprained his ankle and Theodore Kosloff got a severe sword cut on his wrist. So you see players have to have more than their looks to take them safely through motion picture.

BETTINA.—Yes, Pola Negri is in America now. Her first picture, which will be made at the Lasky Studios in California, will be "Bella Donna," from the story by Robert Hichens, and Conrad Nagel has the rôle of her English husband. There is an interview with Miss Negri which will answer the things you're so curious to know.

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KITTY.—No, Barbara Little is not a movie star. She is one of PICTURE-PLAY'S staff of writers. I shall show her your letter—I confess that I am puzzled as to where you got the movie-star idea. So you wrote to Lois Lee? I'm glad, and I am sure that Lois was, too, and will certainly answer you if it is possible. Does Hope Hampton overdress? My dear Kitty, my job is to answer questions, not to pass judgments. I'd have the fans jumping on me right and left if I answered questions like yours.

LYTELL FAN.—The title of Bert Lytell's next picture after "Kick In" hasn't been announced at present writing, but it will probably be under the Famous Players banner. Thomas Meighan's next release after "Manslaughter" will be "The Man Who Saw To-morrow" and "Back Home and Broke."

LORETTA M.—What a list of addresses you want—a regular movie directory. Of course you must know that I couldn't possibly give you all of them, but some are printed in this issue, enough to keep you busy writing for photographs for a while. Don't forget to inclose a quarter with each request for a player's picture. Not all of the players accept the money, but the majority of them do, so you'll save a lot of time if you send it in the first place. If it is not the custom of a player to charge a quarter for a photo she will return it when sending the picture.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Marion Davies, Forrest Stanley, and Alma Rubens at the International Studios, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Ethel Clayton, Harry Carey, Helen Jerome Eddy, Johnny Walker, and Jane Novak at R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Pola Negri, James Kirkwood, Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Kosloff, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels, Anna Q. Nilsson, Conway Tearle, Antonio Moreno, Pauline Garon, Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Jacqueline Logan, Leatrice Joy, Wanda Hawley, Kathlyn Williams, J. Warren Kerrigan, Lila Lee, Wallace Reid, Walter Hiers, Jack Holt, Bert Lytell, Dorothy Dalton, and Conrad Nagel at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor at the Glendale Studios, Hunterspoint, New York.

Richard Barthelmess, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Shirley Mason, William and Dustin Farnum, John Gilbert, William Russell, Tom Mix, Charles Jones at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Carol Dempster, Henry Hull, and Virginia Magee at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Claire Windsor, Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, Mae Busch, Lucille Ricksen, and Marshall Neilan at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, Barbara La Marr, Ramon Navarro, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, Billie Dove, Blanche Sweet, and Clara Kimball Young at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, Elaine Hammerstein, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Phillips, Guy Bates Post, Owen Moore, and Niles Welch at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, Hobart Bosworth, and Bessie Love at the Warner Brothers Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Walter McGrail, John and Lionel Barrymore, and Percy Marmont at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Herbert Rawlinson, Virginia Valli, Gladys Walton, Priscilla Dean, Reginald Denny, Mabel Julienne Scott, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, Lon Chester Chaney, Maud George, Kerry, Lon Chaney, Maud George, Baby Peggy, Hoot Gibson, and Art Acord at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady, care of Paramount Pictures, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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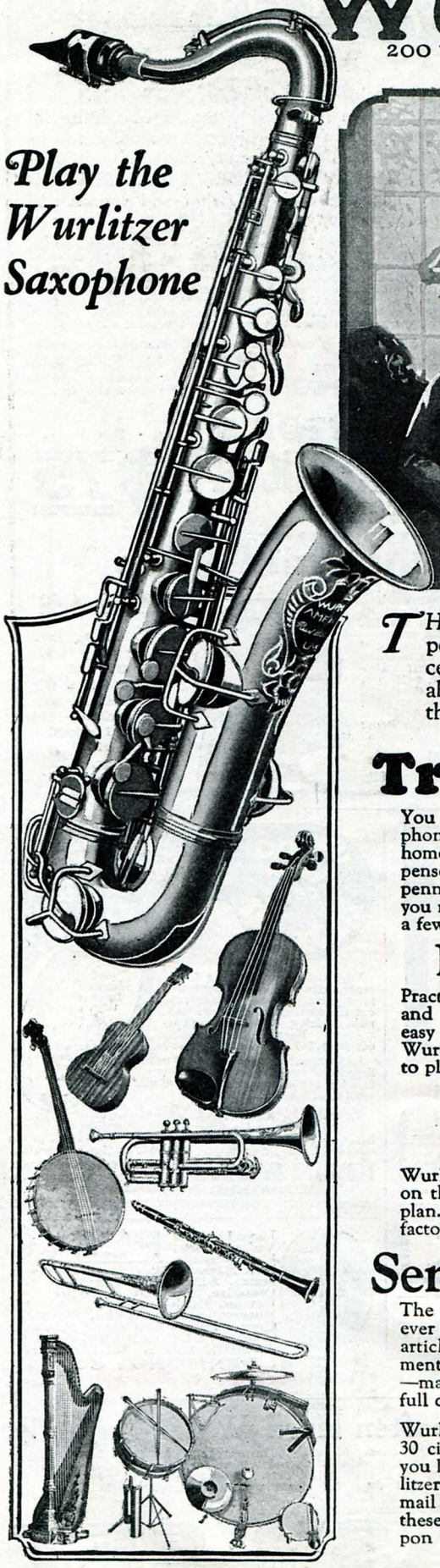

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